Nov. 28, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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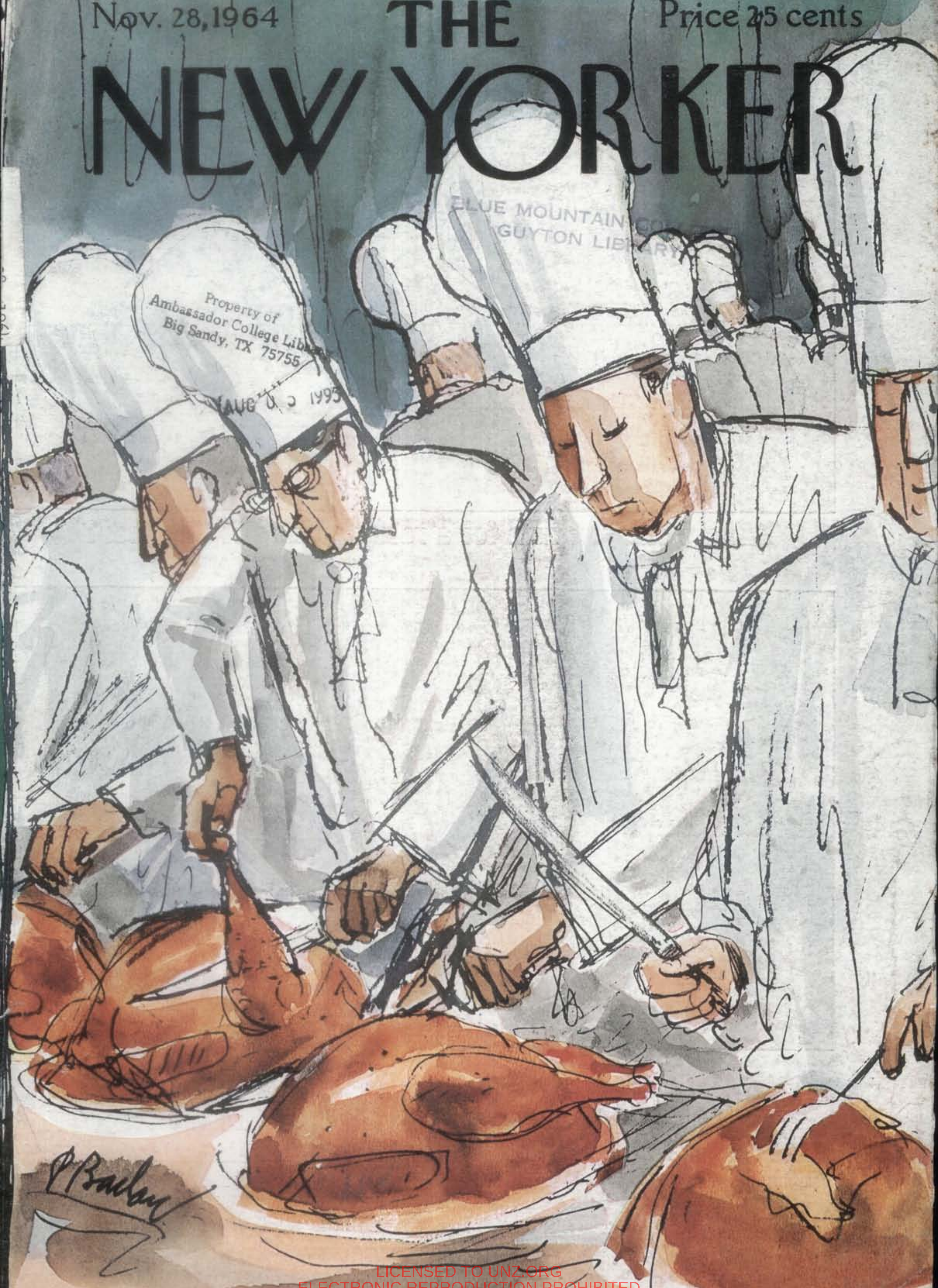

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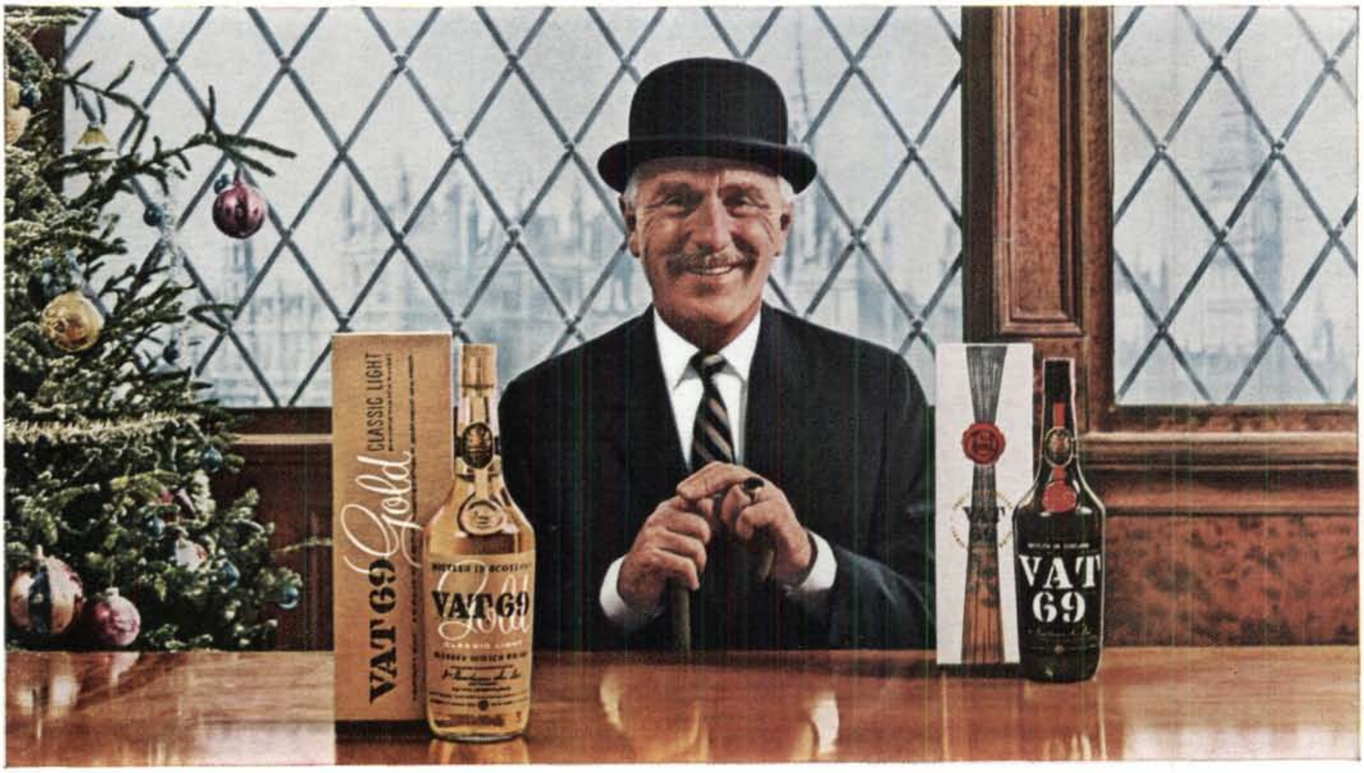

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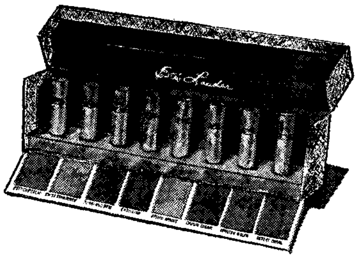

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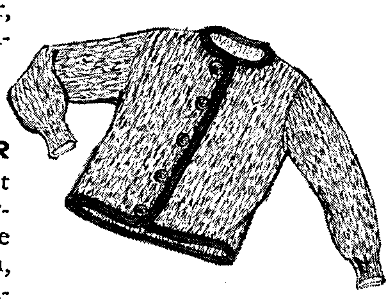

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—An eccentric professor who needs a job and his eccentric family try to persuade a corporation spy that they are utterly normal. An admirable company of players, led by Fred Clark, do very well by this comedy, which was written by Ira Wallach. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Nightly at 8:20. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

Luv—A funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—and has been wonderfully arranged by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. The play has been skillfully directed by Arthur Storch, and has a set designed by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

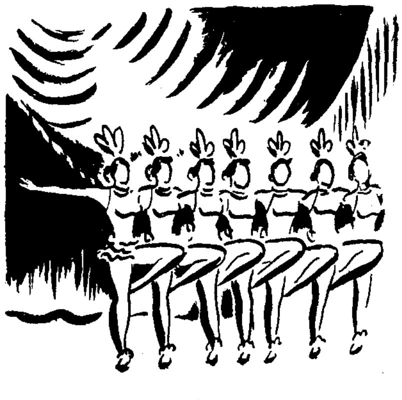
The Physicists—How a trio of alleged nuclear scientists, presumably a little soft in the head but also presumably right up there with Newton and Einstein, spend their time in an insane asylum. A very vague drama by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, in which Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, George Voskovec, and Jessica Tandy figure to some purpose. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

Poor Bitos—A clutch of upper-class bounders out to make mock of a poor, proud member of the proletariat. Very old hat, although Jean Anouilh wrote it only a half-dozen years ago. Donald Pleasence is exciting as the put-upon non-Establishment man. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

P. S. I Love You—Geraldine Page in a comedy adapted by Lawrence Roman from André Roussin's "Un Amour Qui Ne Finit Pas." (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A parcel of sorely mixed-up characters in Greenwich Village. Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley are prominent in Lorraine Hansberry's play. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik concerning the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is wonderfully ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill. Kay Medford and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little to recommend it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—Joan Littlewood and a couple of collaborators have assembled all kinds of compelling sidelights of the First World War for this revue, and the old songs of the period are still arresting. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Zizi—Roland Petit's Paris revue, with a company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians headed by Zizi Jeanmaire. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Ronnie Welsh plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Jeff De Benning plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at

Page
BOOKS 238
THE CURRENT CINEMA 202
FOOTBALL 136
MUSICAL EVENTS 234
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
CHRISTMAS GIFTS 207
THE RACE TRACK 132
A REPORTER AT LARGE 143
THE THEATRE 131

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

2:30.) . . . **What Makes Sammy Run?**: A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Bajour—A musical based on the articles about gypsies that Joseph Mitchell wrote for this magazine, with a book by Ernest Kinoy, music and lyrics by Walter Marks, and a cast that includes Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr. Directed by Lawrence Kasha and produced by Edward Padula, Carroll and Harris Masterson, and Norman Twain. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels are the entire cast of this play by William Hanley. Directed by Joseph Anthony and presented by Hume Cronyn, Allen-Hodgdon, Stevens Productions, and Bonfils-Seawell Enterprises. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 30. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special preview matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

One by One—A play written, directed, and produced (with Walter A. Hyman) by Dore Schary. The cast is headed by Donald Madden, Donald Woods, and Sharon Laughlin. Previews through Monday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special preview matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Poor Richard—Jean Kerr's new play, with Alan Bates, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Pettet. A presentation of Stevens Productions, staged by Peter Wood. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy," with David Wayne, Joseph Wiseman, and Hal Holbrook, is the second in this season's series of four plays. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, all at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 3, at 7:45. Other performances Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Changeling," by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's "After the Fall," Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 7:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

Schiller Theater—The final performances in a two-week repertory, in German, by this company of a hundred from West Berlin. Through Sunday, Nov. 29: Schiller's "Don Carlos," with Ernst Deutsch. . . . ¶ Starting Tuesday, Dec. 1: Carl Zuckmayer's "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," with Carl Raddatz. Simultaneous-translation doodads may be rented at each performance. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:15; Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A five-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. "The Mikado": Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8; Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance": Sunday, Nov. 29, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore": Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Amato Opera Company—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day at 8:15.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. Nice singing and dancing by a refreshing young cast. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—A prankish and tiresome production of Marlowe's masterpiece. Except for James Ray's Mephistophilis, there are no performances worth mentioning. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Knock at the Door—A revival (with Jessie Royce Landis and Staats Cotsworth) of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the first volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, to be followed in three weeks by "Pictures in the Hallway," the second volume. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thanksgiving Day.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, and Sundays, at 8:40; and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory—Dramatizations by Robert Lowell of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno." Of the two, Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is an easy winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play well performed. "My Kinsman," whatever its merits as literature, makes an annoying curtain-raiser. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's fine Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

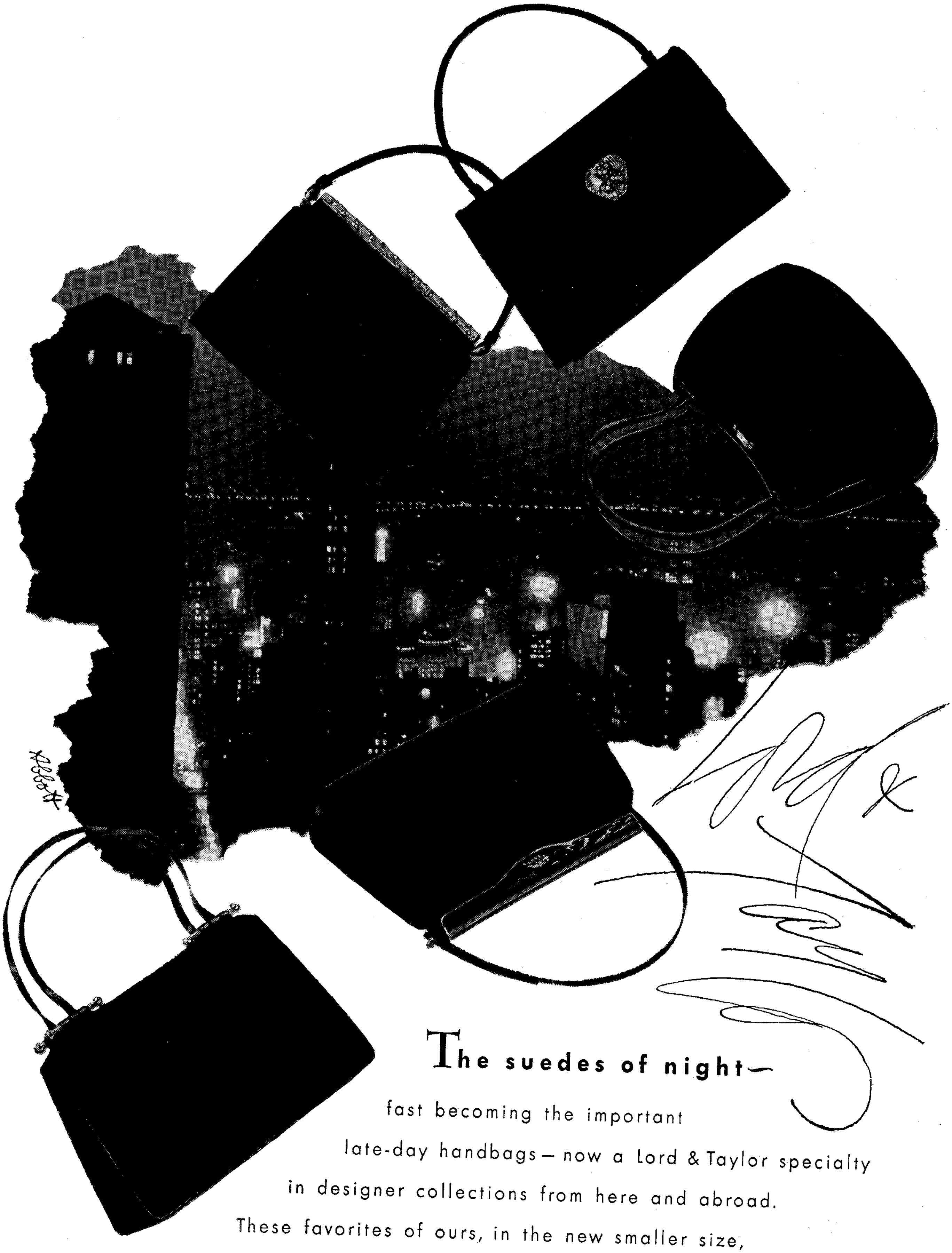
That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of bright, sharp satires about Eden and Hell, one of them set at the World's Fair and the other in Las Vegas. Will Holt is the author of both, and he has written some extremely effective songs for the second play. His cast does him proud. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thanksgiving Day.)

BALLET

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—A return engagement of five performances. Friday, Dec. 4, and Monday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "Bayaderka," excerpts from "Giselle," "The Corsaire Pas de Deux," "The Nutcracker," and "Taras Bulba." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," Act II of "Cinderella," and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Taras Bulba." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30: "Swan Lake." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Friday, Nov. 27, so that Monique Van Vooren, a girl who loves to climb into fancy clothes, will have a place to show them off while she's singing, which she will be doing at dinner and supper. The dance tunes go on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It doesn't matter when the sun sets on this sector of the British Empire, for none of its colonials would be caught dead in daylight anyway. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The veteran Freddie Fassler, who may have been second fiddle while Rome burned, is the music in the Champagne Room. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—As it was in the beginning, this enterprise is once more a chipper and merry night mayor's nest. Angelo's threesome gets to the little dance floor at nine, and Bobby Gosh's wee-small-hours piano and songs start not long after.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A marching brass band will arrive on Friday, Nov. 27, to start playing "Happy Birthday to You" in honor of Mr. Twain, patron saint of this, the finest of our remaining floating palaces. Already, Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five and Riverboat Ramblers, the permanent parties here, are offering up music, ancient and modern, to dance to. Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—Milt Shaw's dance band has just moved into winter quarters in the Seven Hills, one of the best residential districts of Rome. Mario Peralta and his mighty bandonion, a concertina of infinite possibilities, moves in every evening at eight from the hotel's Place Lautrec, to alternate with the Shaws. One o'clock is curfew. Thanksgiving Day, the music will run from four to nine. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, is, though, given every Monday off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Robert Goulet, handsome is as handsome does, roams the Persian Room at dinner and supper, singing plenty of songs in leading-man fashion. The small talk with which his sessions are sprinkled is ground exceeding small. On Wednesday, Dec. 2, Jack Jones, twig of a theatrical tree (he's the son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey), will take over the job of singing. The sonorous band of Emil Coleman and the scampering band of Mark Monte will be staying put. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play water-cress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the trickery of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's heart-and-soul violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is curfew. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in the firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—That old *concours d'élégance* known as the Maisonette offers the roseate orchestra of Peter Duchin and Quintero's practically peerless Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Nothing is more up-to-date than the country dances and city dances (the newest is the Urban Sprawl) executed (which is the *mot juste*) by the crew of athletes that haunts this Egypt of another day. The music is issued by computers, untouched by human hands, and it rolls on from eight to four every night.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Boys and girls together, sidewalks of New York, and bar-and-grill—all of which make for one of the biggest conversation pieces in town. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music, and on this schedule: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, under the guidance of the bountiful basso of Aldo Bruschi, it should be Italian Old Masters; beginning on Thursday, Dec. 3, it should be the "Kismet" version of Borodin. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements's solo piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, whose piano is simultaneously succinct and succulent, and whose hours are generous—six-thirty to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along the way by half a dozen musicians eternally on the prowl. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Stanislaus Radulovic, Fulbright Scholarship painter, is using his newest atelier as a reaffirmation of his admiration for Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, who is not above tossing in a few Americanisms, too. He begins at eight in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): An earlier Radulovic affirmation of delight in everything Span-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—José Luis Franco's guitar—is also largely a love letter to Spain. He absents himself on Mondays. Closed Thanksgiving Day.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio through the week, a jazz duet on Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. ... **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cookery leads a nice, easy life—Joe Candullo's cheery dance threesome from eight-thirty on. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the *zimbalon.* Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays.... **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission the bandonion with which he later appears in the Hilton's Seven Hills. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until seven. Closed Sundays.... **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to nine every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman quietly plies her golden harp; the rest of the week, Joyce Rosenfield does the honors. ... **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. During the week, they come out even (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out on Sundays (sound effects from one to nine). The Sunday galaxy will be repeated on Thanksgiving Day, from one to nine.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these). Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Show tunes get a nice, casual hearing from Al Valenti's guitar, which is front and center in this minute but regal bar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. No dining.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner keeps a cool head and a cool keyboard going on and on from five-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays.... **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully sculpted music flows gently through every evening but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day.

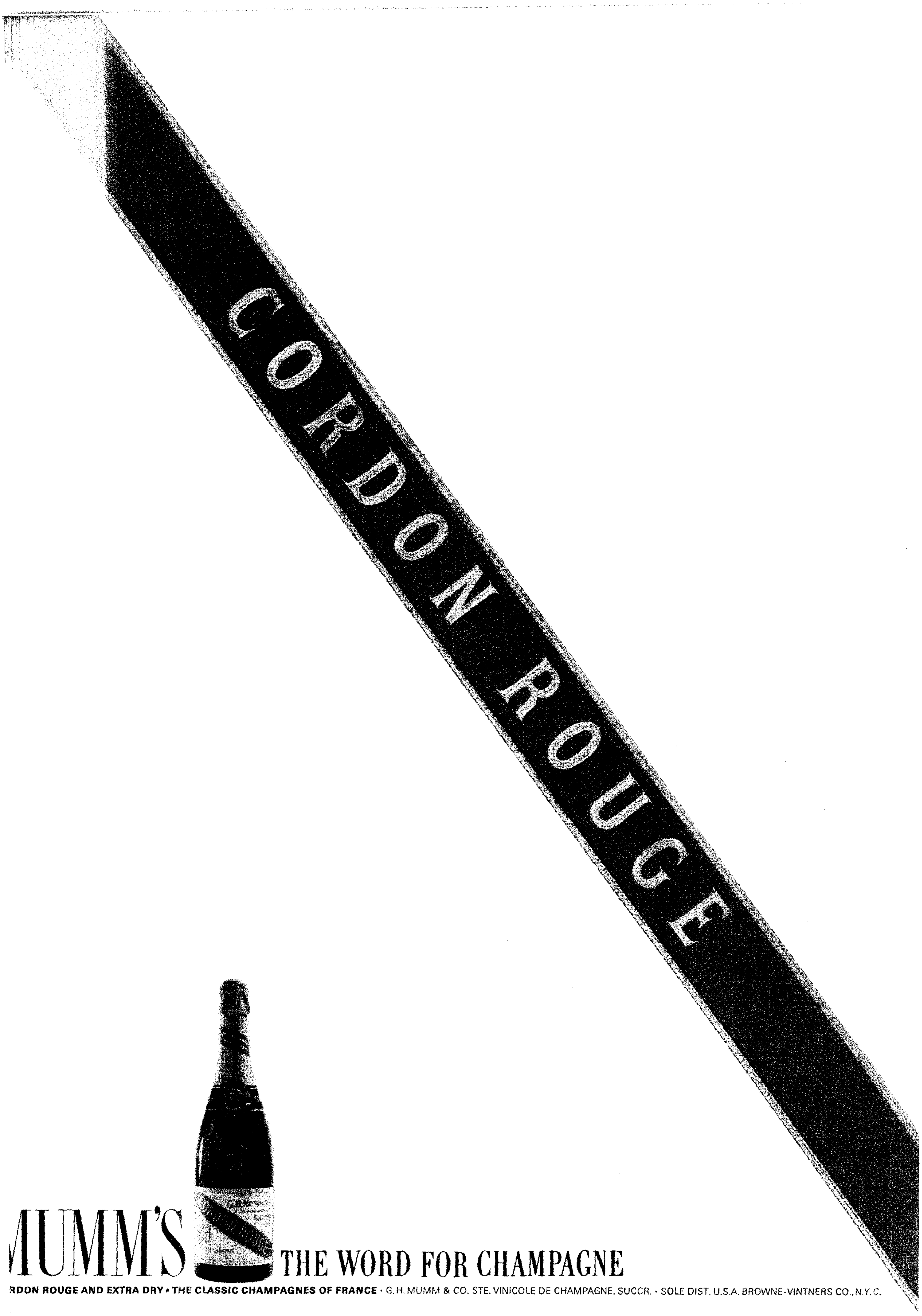
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The new unacademic year here has just begun with "Tonight's the Night," a campus caper choreographed to the hilt by Richard Barstow and replete with young womanhood. It is further seasoned with the customary astounding variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, the death-wish French ballet of the Caron family, a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence, the very British Dagenham Girl Pipers. The New Zealand rock-'n-roll group is, though, just grin-and-bear-it. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Kaye Stevens, a long (and a trifle long-winded) blonde, is quite funny in a *non-compos* fashion, and Nipsy Russell is quite funny as a flip commentator when he is not scatological. The Copa ballerinas are very, very lively lilies of the field. On Thursday, Dec. 3, a new cast takes over—Jane Morgan, an elaborate intoner of ballads, and Milt Kamen, a *sui-generis* comedian. Dancing.... ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if we were living back in the Roaring Forties. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The analytical mind of Shelley Berman, the local conversationalist, is more often than not self-analytical, and wry is the merriment that evolves from this situation. Della Reese applies self-taught judo to her ballads. Closed Sundays.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Burlesque by any other name ("Minsky's Follies of '65" in this instance) smells sweeter, looks better, sounds funnier. The young ladies are in fine fettle and almost no feathers, the comics are Irving Benson and Jack Mann (a hard pair to beat), and there is a pantomime routine by George Carl that enthralls the eye. Wednesday, Dec. 2, is the last night for this pleasantry; next evening, another bring-on-the-girls revue arrives.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In romping rhetoric that is both contemporary and Congreve, the way of the world is cajoled, chivied, and contemned in a revue—Julius Monk's fourteenth, "Bits & Pieces, XIV"—that rises and shines above all other ventures into the medium. The swift completion of its merry-go-rounds is accomplished by Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the newcoming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A stampede of tiny feet, all of them belonging to señoritas firmly devoted to flamenco, attains many a crescendo during the evening, and the Moorish ululations that go with such footwork are in ample supply; the anchor man is Pedro Vargas, a calm senior citizen whose tenor makes benedictions out of a host of songs of passion. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the exhibition dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and a show at ten-thirty.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of lunacy, is the prize of a tiny revue, "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself is erratic. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. ... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The British spoof called "Cambridge Circus," involving half a dozen young Britishers and one girl compatriot, is having its ups and downs here. Ray Bryant's threesome is the musical background. The charivari takes



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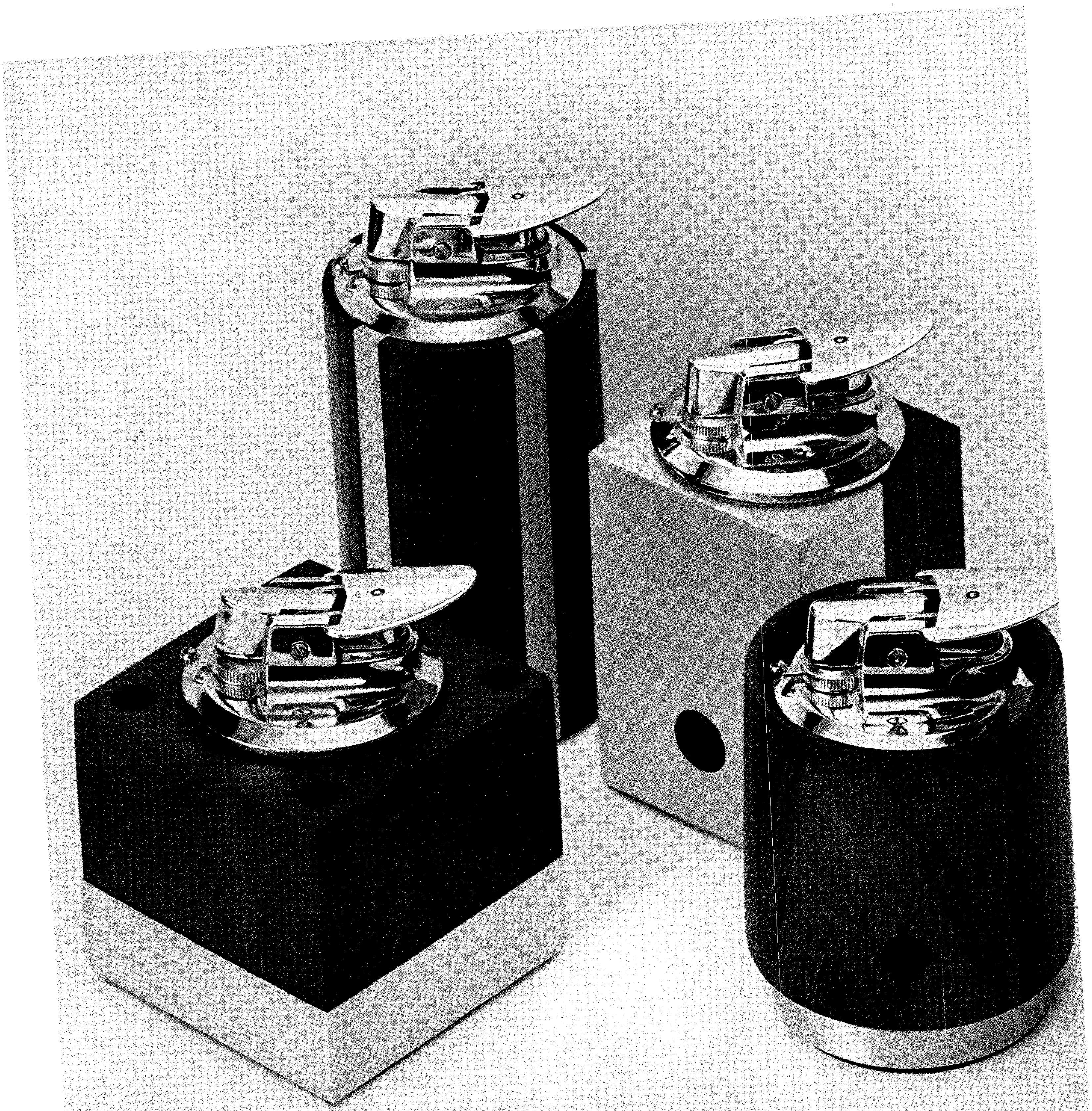

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

place at eight-thirty most nights, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays; there are Sunday matinées at three. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sound of Bill Evans' piano is mordant, magic, and mystic—sort of djinn and bitter lemon, you might say. It is attached to his trio, which takes turns on the stand with the duo of Roland Hanna. On Thursday, Dec. 3, a new assortment of musicians will take over. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. No music Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): the Swingle Singers, a set of French explorers, have great new ideas about what to do with old music, some of it old enough to be classical. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Cree folk singer, is a solo soprano; Herbie Mann's septet is a group venture into Caribbean and African methods. On Sunday, Nov. 29, the Swingles add a four-o'clock matinée, and that evening they cease and desist for good; Miss Sainte-Marie retires the same night. On Tuesday, Dec. 1, Mongo Santamaria's band moves in, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, Dick Gregory (now more a campaigner than a humorist) will be added to the mélange. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Max Kaminsky leads a bumptious band (Jake Hanna and Bob Wilber are in it) into action, and Red Allen's musketeers help them out. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Hot and heavy (accent on the latter) is the work of Woody Herman's Herd, which shares the bandstand with Les McCann's trio. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Contrane's dizzying flights (up one scale and down another) are the feature of his quartet, which will vanish on Thursday, Dec. 3, so that the foursome of Tubby Hayes can move in next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson, timeless, precise, imperturbable, and cheering, fingers a piano for the benefit of a trio, and Randy Weston's six-man band considers the problems of more modern music. On Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram assumes command. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of, ah, yesterday musicians—Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris is in it) use this period piece to make music that matches it. A trio replaces the group on Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): A fairly Junior League, and a fairly informal one, spends the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The pick of the Village coffeehouses. Danny Meehan, a mass of show tunes, vim, and vigor, turns every ballad into a ballet, and Dick Cavett, a novitiate wit, is practicing. The Bitter End Singers, who take a trim view of folklore, will depart on Monday, Nov. 30, and on Wednesday, Dec. 2, Mike Settle, one of our good young folk minstrels, will also come aboard. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract plaster sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Semi-abstract oils and watercolors; through Dec. 12. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BRATBY—Figures in interiors, landscapes, and sea pictures by a young English artist; through Dec. 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

DANIEL BRUSTLEIN—Portraits, landscapes, and other subjects; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD BUFFET—Landscapes and flower paintings; through Monday, Nov. 30. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St.)

MINNA CITRON—Abstract oils, constructions, and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Tasca, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

ROBERT DAVIDSON—Semi-abstract prints and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Arkep, 171 W. 29th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative sculptures in stone; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED FARR—Sculptures in bronze, mainly of prancing chargers and other animals; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings (1923-64); through Dec. 12. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT GLEIZES AND THE SECTION D'OR—Paintings by Gleizes, against a background of paintings and sculptures by Léger, Lhote, Archipenko, and other participants in the 1912 exhibition the "Salon de la Section d'Or;" through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Dec. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HARVEY—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID V. HAYES—Semi-abstract figure and animal sculptures in forged steel and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DORIS KLEIN—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Granite, 63 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

HANS MOLLER—Semi-abstract oils of Maine; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Abstractions by a Nicaraguan artist; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN MÜLLER (1922-58)—Expressionist paintings;

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through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Abstract wood sculptures; through Dec. 12. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Raymond Parker—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Serge Poliakoff—Abstract oils and gouaches by this Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Prints and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

James Preston (1873-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by this close friend of the artists of the Ashcan school; through Dec. 12. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Richenburg—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Georges Rouault—The first New York showing of the set of fifty-four paintings (1930-38) used in making the wood engravings for André Suarès' poem "La Passion;" through Dec. 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jason Seley—Welded-steel sculptures; through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Mel Silverman—"Collages: People and Places;" through Dec. 12. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—Drawings, dating from 1927 to the late forties; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—Portraits of relatives, friends, and family retainers, in an exhibition marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Dec. 15. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

John von Wicht and Robert Cronbach—Paintings by the former and sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andy Warhol—Pop art; through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wilhelm Woeller (1907-54)—Expressionist paintings and drawings, plus sculptures, by this German artist; through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day until 4.)

Karl Zerbe—Recent acrylics; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—Selected oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Wednesday, Dec. 2. (Pepsi-Cola Building, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Americana—An exhibition of weathervanes, music boxes, paintings, trade signs, decoys, decorative eagles, and toys of the last century, from the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont; through Dec. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca american heritage**, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **grand central moderns**, 8 W. 56th St.: Leo Manso, Victor Candell, and Kenneth Campbell are three of the painters and sculptors represented in "Preview 1965;" through Thursday, Dec. 3. . . . **sloan**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Dec. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **deitsch**, 24 E. 81st St.: "Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: "3 Generations," a loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures covering the period from Brancusi and 1910 Cubism through Abstract Expressionism to pop art; through Dec. 26.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **durlacher**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Old-master drawings (late fifteenth to early nineteenth century) by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Piranesi, Ruskin, and G. F. Watts; through Dec. 31. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Dec. 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit loan exhibition, "Important European Paintings from Texas Private Collections," including works by Cézanne, Klee, and Modigliani; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by Pierre Bonnard; through Sunday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres in the round; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Paintings by the contemporary Korean artist Kim Whanki; through Friday, Nov. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures from the collection of Caroline and Erwin Swann, including pieces by Francis Bacon, Degas, Miró, and Rodin; through Dec. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne;" through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 16. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture from the Collection of Jay C. Leff," a display of objects from some thirty West African tribes. There are antelope headpieces of the Bambara, Ashanti brass figures, Benin court jewelry, and Senufo and Dogon masks. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day and Monday, Nov. 30, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Carlo Bergonzi, Nicolae Herlea, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Manon," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Verreau, Gabriel Bacquier, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Otello," with Raina Kabaivanska, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8: Act I of "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Otto Edelmann, and Barry Morell. Act I of "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Carlo Bergonzi, Calvin Marsh, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. Act I of "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland and John Alexander. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Teresa Stratas, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, and Hermann Prey. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Jeanette Scovotti, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Carlotta Ordassy, Sándor Kónya, Nicolae Herlea, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Arturo Sergi, Paul Schöffler, John Macurdy, and Karl Dönch.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2:15 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone); Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 29, at 3 (both with Daniel Barenboim, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano, and the United States Military Academy Band).

Boston Symphony—At PHILHARMONIC HALL: Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30,

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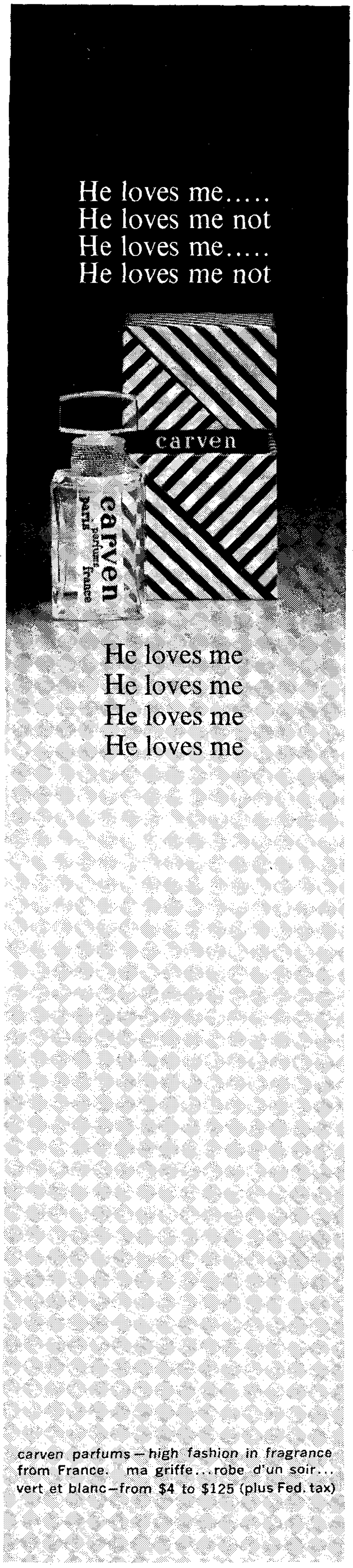

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Leonid Kogan, violin. . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** Richard Burgin conducting; no soloists. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Thomas Dunn conducting an all-Handel program. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Jascha Horenstein directing the American première of Busoni's "Doktor Faust" in concert form, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano; George Shirley and Paul Franke, tenors; and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

PHILHARMONIA OF NEW YORK—Edward Gerber conducting, with Marni Nixon, soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 5:15.)

AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; John Ferrante, countertenor; Blake Stern, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; and Harriet Wingreen, organ. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

IRINA ARKHIPOVA—The mezzo-soprano of the Bolshoi Opera, in her first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30, the second and third in a series of six varied programs. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30, the last two in a series of three all-Beethoven programs.)

CLAREMONT STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano, with Joseph Iadone, lute; Morris Newman, recorder; and Barbara Mueser, viola da gamba. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

HARRY BELAFONTE—Ballad singer, with Greek singer Nana Mouskouri, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

TOBY SAKS AND EDWARD AUER—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra directed by Ezra Rachlin. The second in a series of four concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Cowell, Mayazumi, Myrow, Xenakis, Kontonski, and Brown. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:40.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

CESARE VALLETTI—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

WILLIE RUFF, ROBERT HELPS, AND ISIDORE COHEN—Horn, piano, and violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 5:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of early baroque music of Italy and Germany. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

NOTE—The Beaux Arts Trio of New York will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 30, *in the* order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

MANTOVANI—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

FOLK-SONG CONCERT—Pete Seeger, Alan Lomax, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Odetta, Gerry Mulligan's band, and Joe Bushkin's trio. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at midnight.) . . . ¶ Ray Charles, pop singer, and his orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 4:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

BOXING—Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. José Torres, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 27. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 5.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Nov. 28: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ *Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill,* at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 29, at 1:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 12. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28; and the Remsen, Wednesday, Dec. 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Alfred Drake, narrator, and Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 11.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN:** A program of sacred music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W.

57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **PENCIL BOX PRODUCTIONS:** "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, Sundays at 12:30, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Friday, Nov. 27, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 11.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space." Starting Tuesday, Dec. 1, there will be a new show, "The Skies of Christmas Past." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The nineteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Dec. 1. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ John Berryman and William Meredith reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and several paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Monday, Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 1:45: Oriental art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 1:45; Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 1:45; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 1:45: French and other Provincial furniture and decorations, from the collection of the late Roslyn Rosier. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 28.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Les Abysses—A modish French thriller, directed by an excitable newcomer named Nico Papatakis. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Babo 73—A rough-and-tumble satire, filmed at very low cost and in very high spirits by Robert Downey, and featuring the molasses-tongued Taylor Mead. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St., SP 7-3810. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 2.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Dec. 1.)

The Finest Hours—A documentary about the greatest living Knight of the Garter. Of course worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Guns at Batasi—Gorgeous nonsense about a British outpost in impertinent Africa. Richard Attenborough is something to behold (and hear) as a regimental sergeant major. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—A grim thriller about an attempted escape from a Paris prison. Directed by Jacques Becker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 1.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 2, tentative.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. Showings daily at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at midnight. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Troublemaker—A lively stroll through Greenwich Village in company with a chicken farmer from New Jersey who wants to set up a coffeehouse where intellectual airs can flow freely. The cast will not be unfamiliar to former patrons of The Premise. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 2.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—A three-part comedy designed to show the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 2, tentative.)

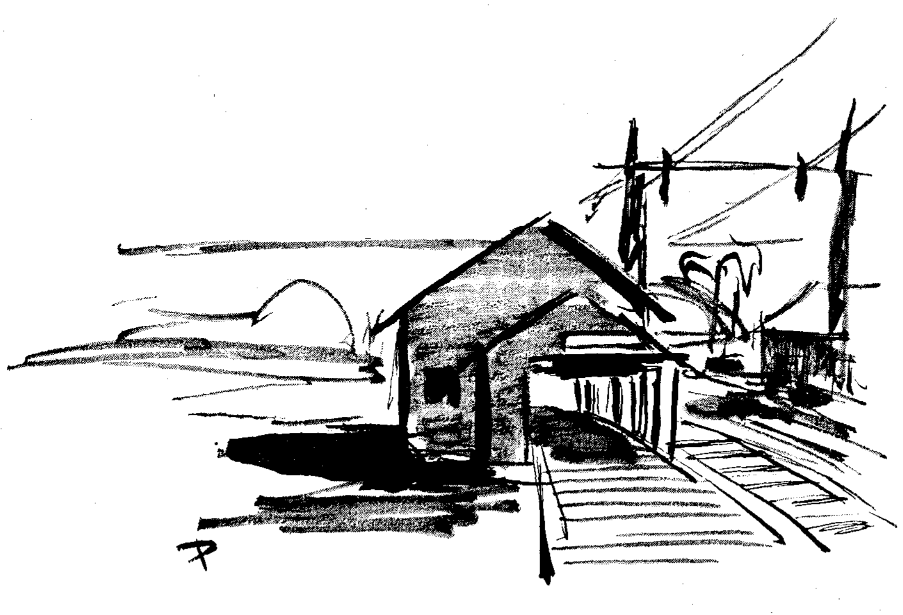
REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 27.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 30.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 26.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 27-30.)



Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 27-30.)

Don Quixote (1961)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 26.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 26.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 1, tentative.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 27-30.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Dec. 1.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 26.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 1.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 2, tentative.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Dec. 2.)

Road to Life (1932)—The wild children of the Russian Revolution and how the Soviets handled them. In Russian. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov 28-29.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Dec. 2, tentative.)

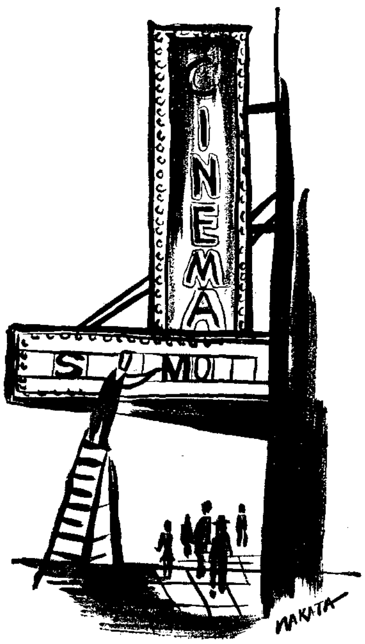
Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 2, tentative.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Dec. 1.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 28: "Easy Living" (1937), with Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Nov. 29-Dec. 2: "Sullivan's Travels" (1942), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thanksgiving Day, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 1: "Roustabout," Elvis Presley, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Dec. 2: **QUO VADIS**, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Model Murder Case," Ian Hendry.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Unholy Desire" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Adventures of Scaramouche," Gérard Barray.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **THE SERVANT**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 1: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.
From Dec. 2: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Ocean's 11," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 1: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Dec. 2: **BECKET.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 1 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER**, revival; and "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Dec. 2 (tentative): **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Model Murder Case," Ian Hendry.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Terrace" (in Spanish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Ready for the People," Anne Helm, Everett Sloane.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LES ABYSSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
GUNS AT BATASI.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Goodbye Charlie," Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Through Nov. 29 (evening performances only on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27): "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
Nov. 30: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
From Dec. 1: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FINEST HOURS.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE SERVANT, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 1 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 1: **CLEOPATRA.**
From Dec. 2: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 1: "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries; and "Cavalry Command," John Agar.
From Dec. 2: **QUO VADIS**, revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 26: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
Nov. 27-30: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
From Dec. 1: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-3810)
BABO 73.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 1: "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 1: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Dec. 2: **BECKET.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 1: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis; and "Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.
From Dec. 2: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn; and "Night Train to Paris," Leslie Nielsen.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 1: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "The Safety Match" (in Russian), revival.
From Dec. 2: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 1: **CLEOPATRA.**
From Dec. 2: "Malamondo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Creation of the Humanoids," Don Megowan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Nov. 26: **DON QUIXOTE**, revival; and "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.
Nov. 27: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 28-29: **ROAD TO LIFE** and "Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
WEST SIDE STORY, revival.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Inheritance," a documentary film on the American workingman, narrated by Robert Ryan.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Adventures of Scaramouche," Gérard Barray.

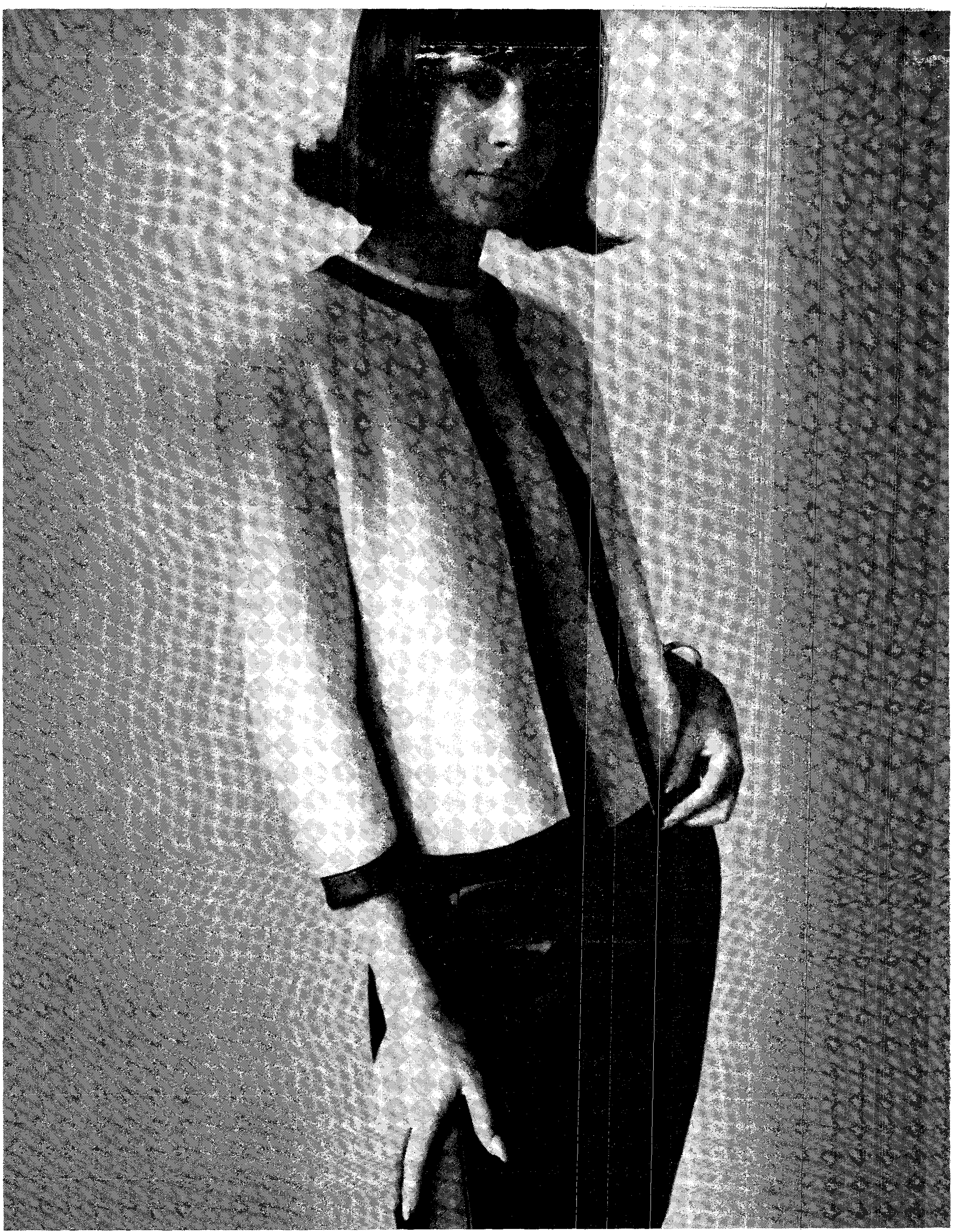
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 1: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival.
From Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 26: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and "Magnificent Sinner," revival, Romy Schneider, Curt Jurgens.
Nov. 27-30: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 1: "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale; and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 1: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Dec. 2: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**; and "Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.



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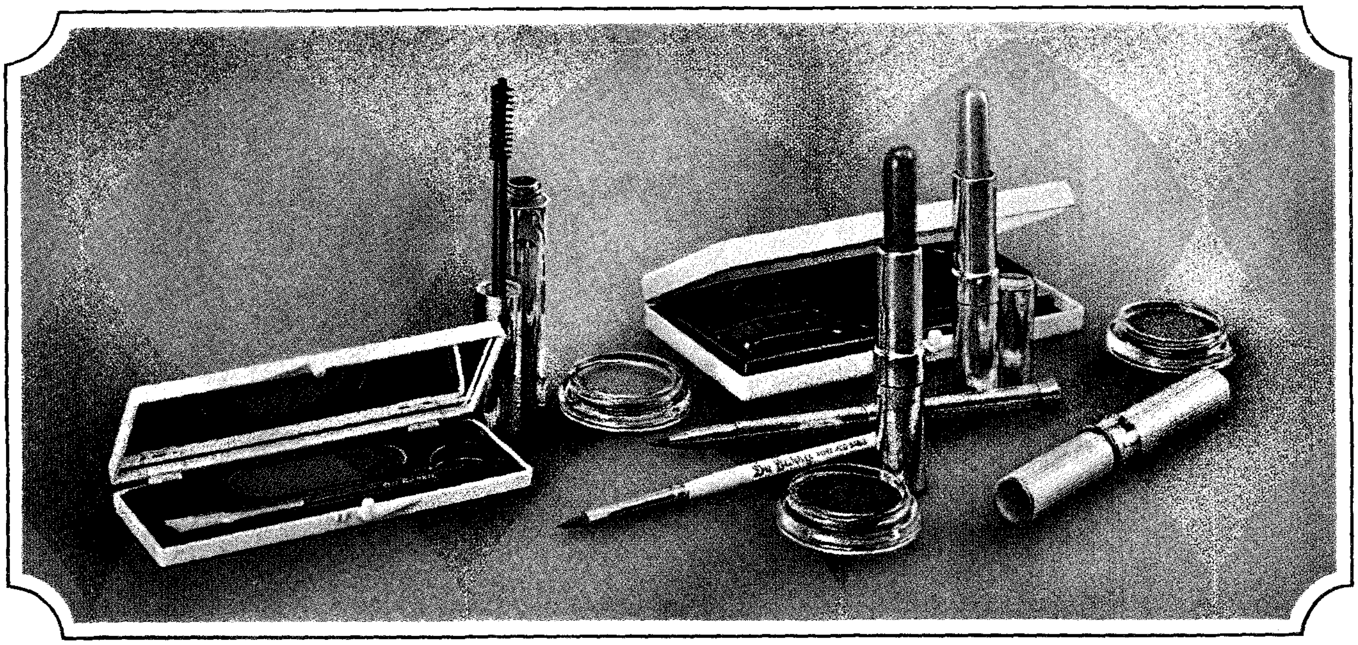

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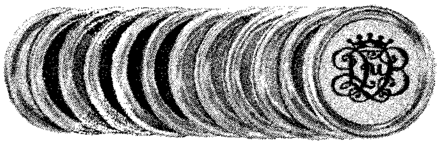

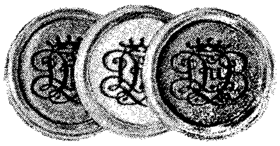

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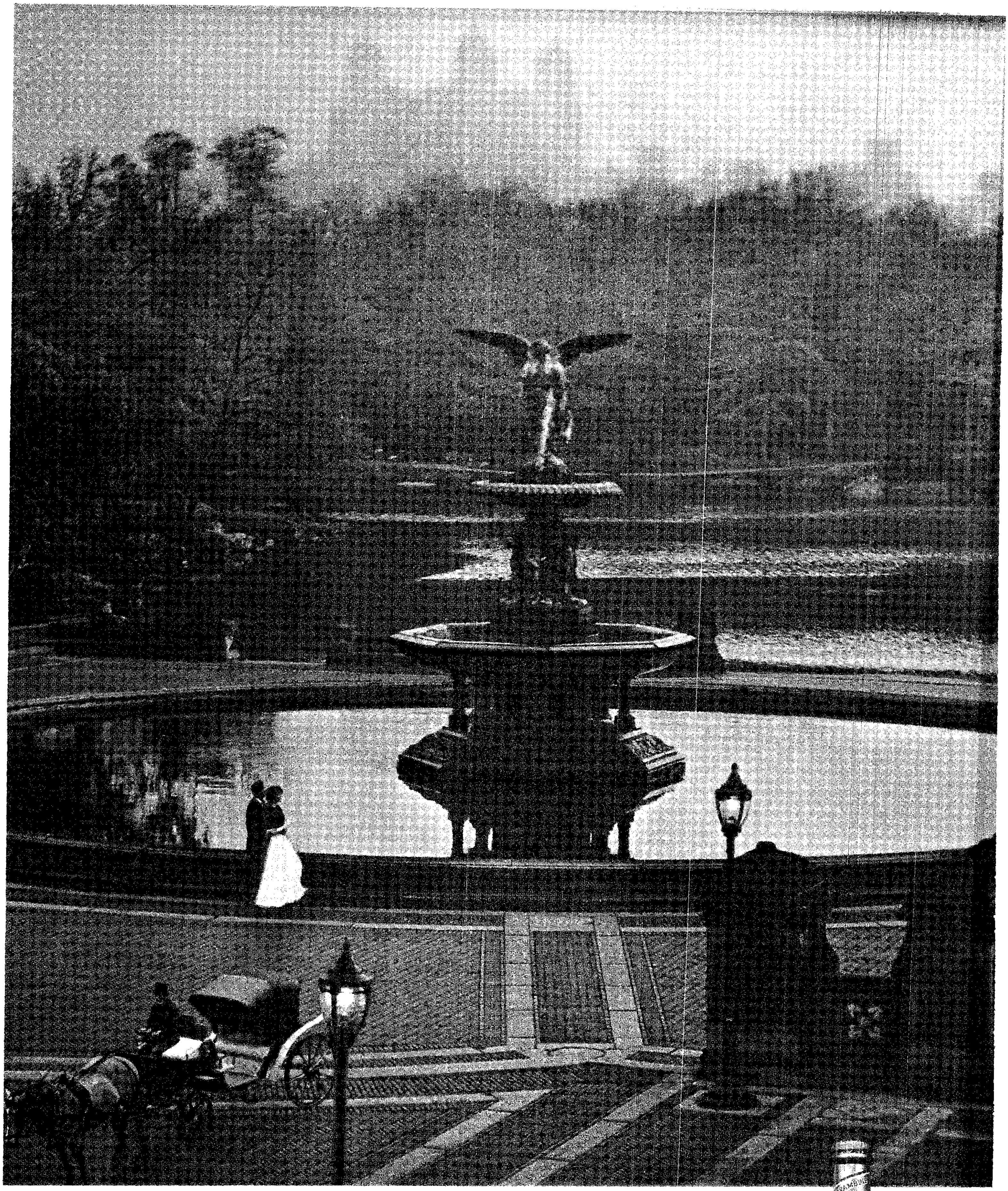

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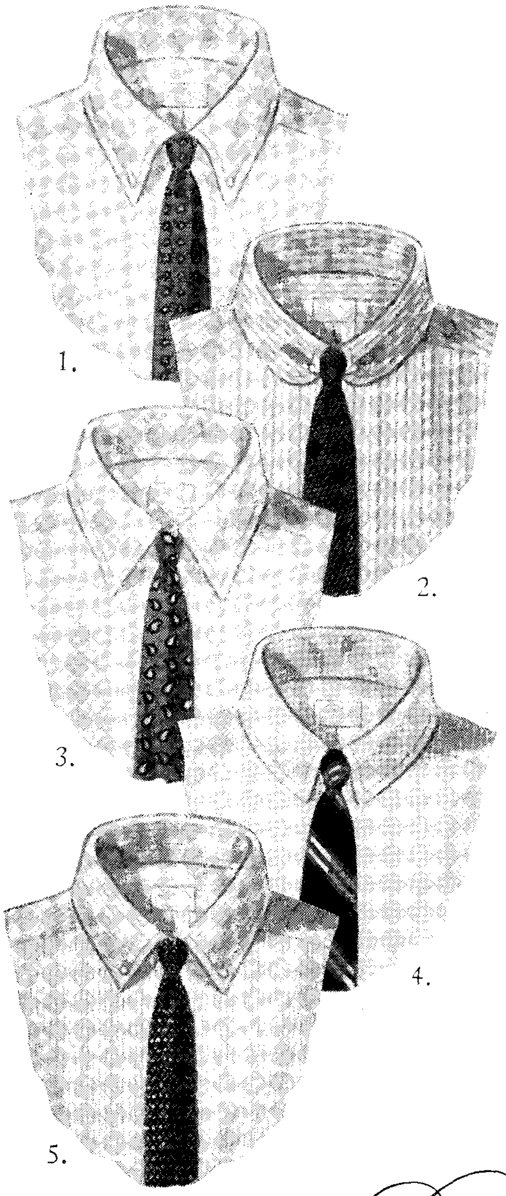

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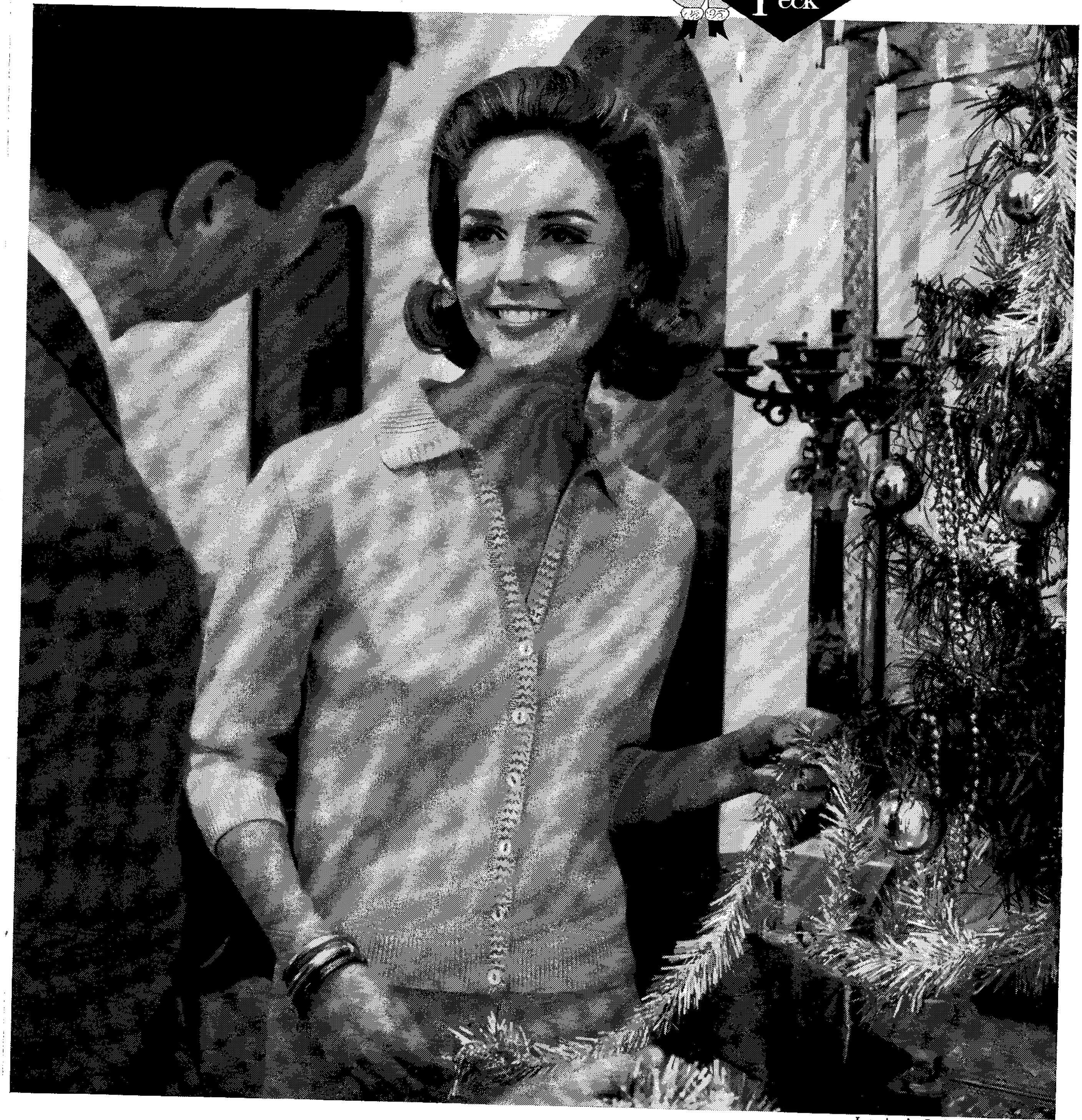

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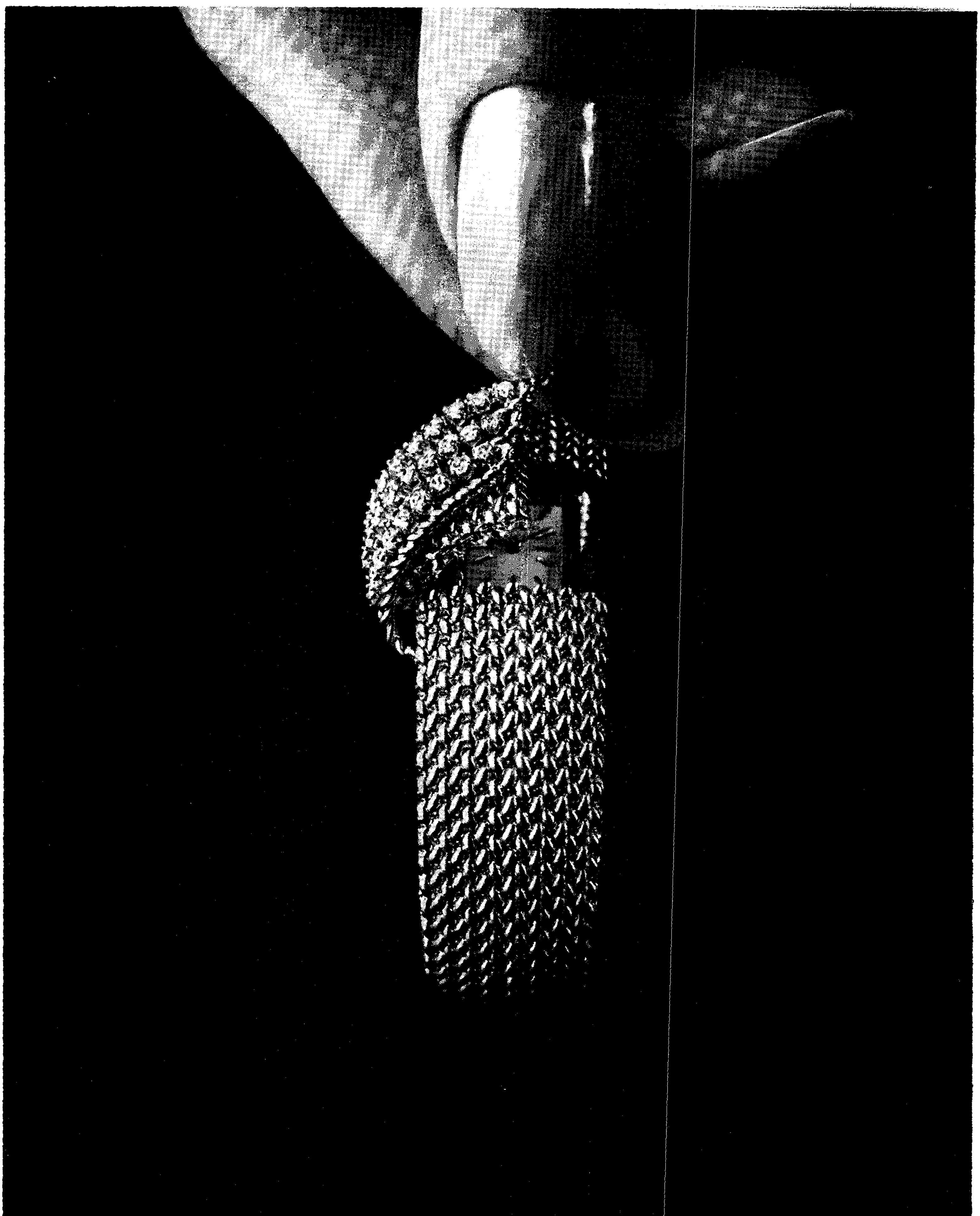

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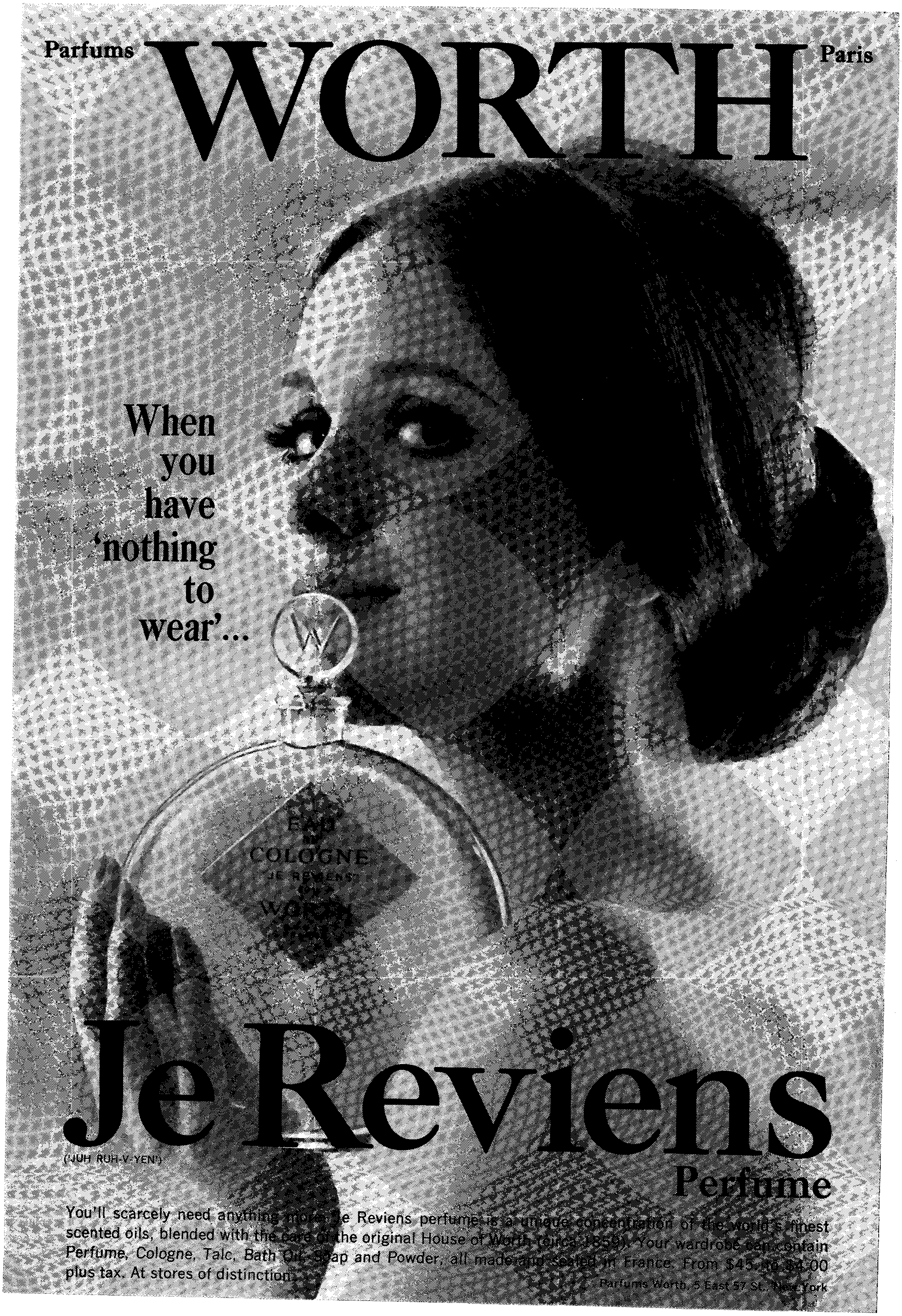
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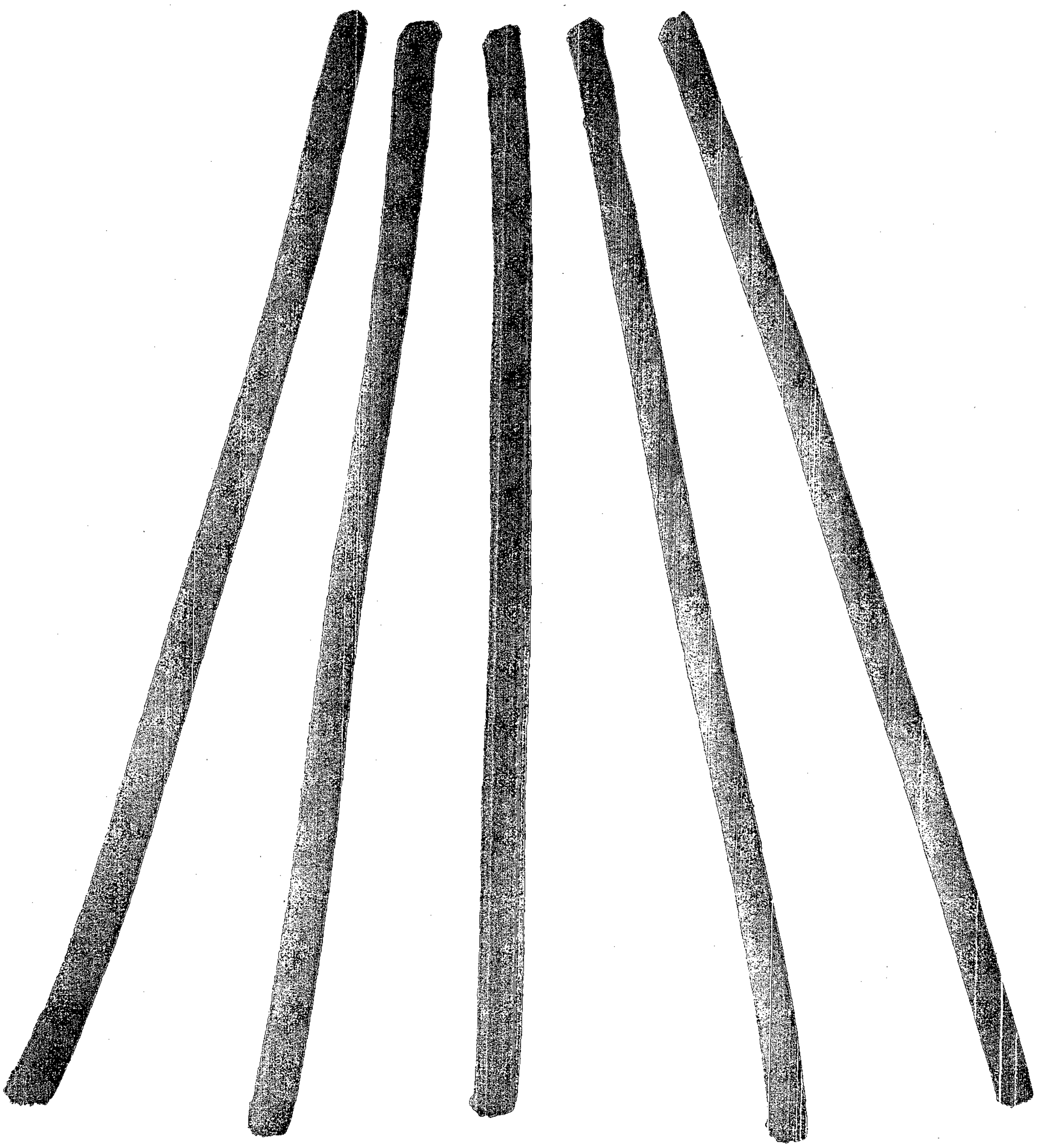

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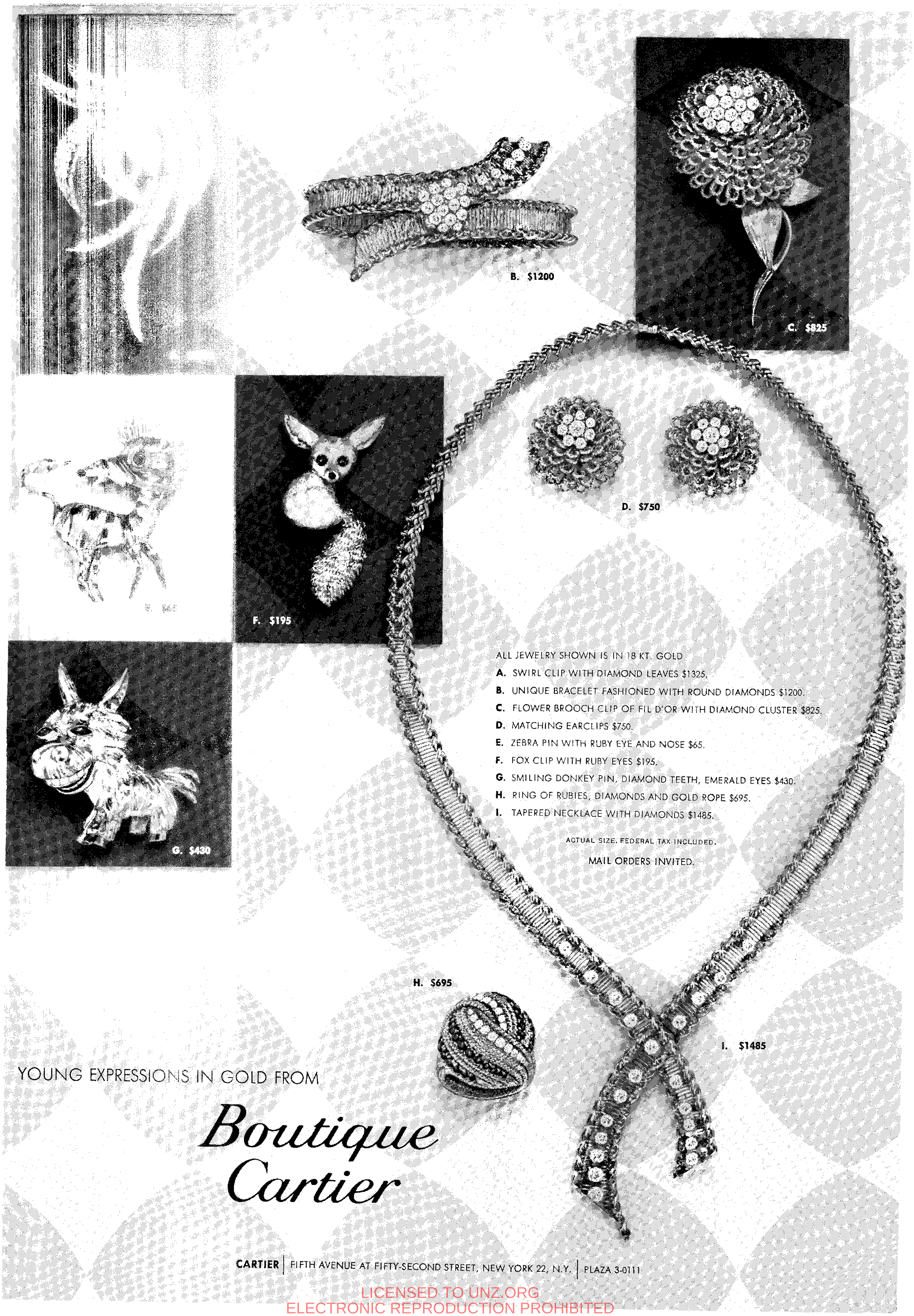

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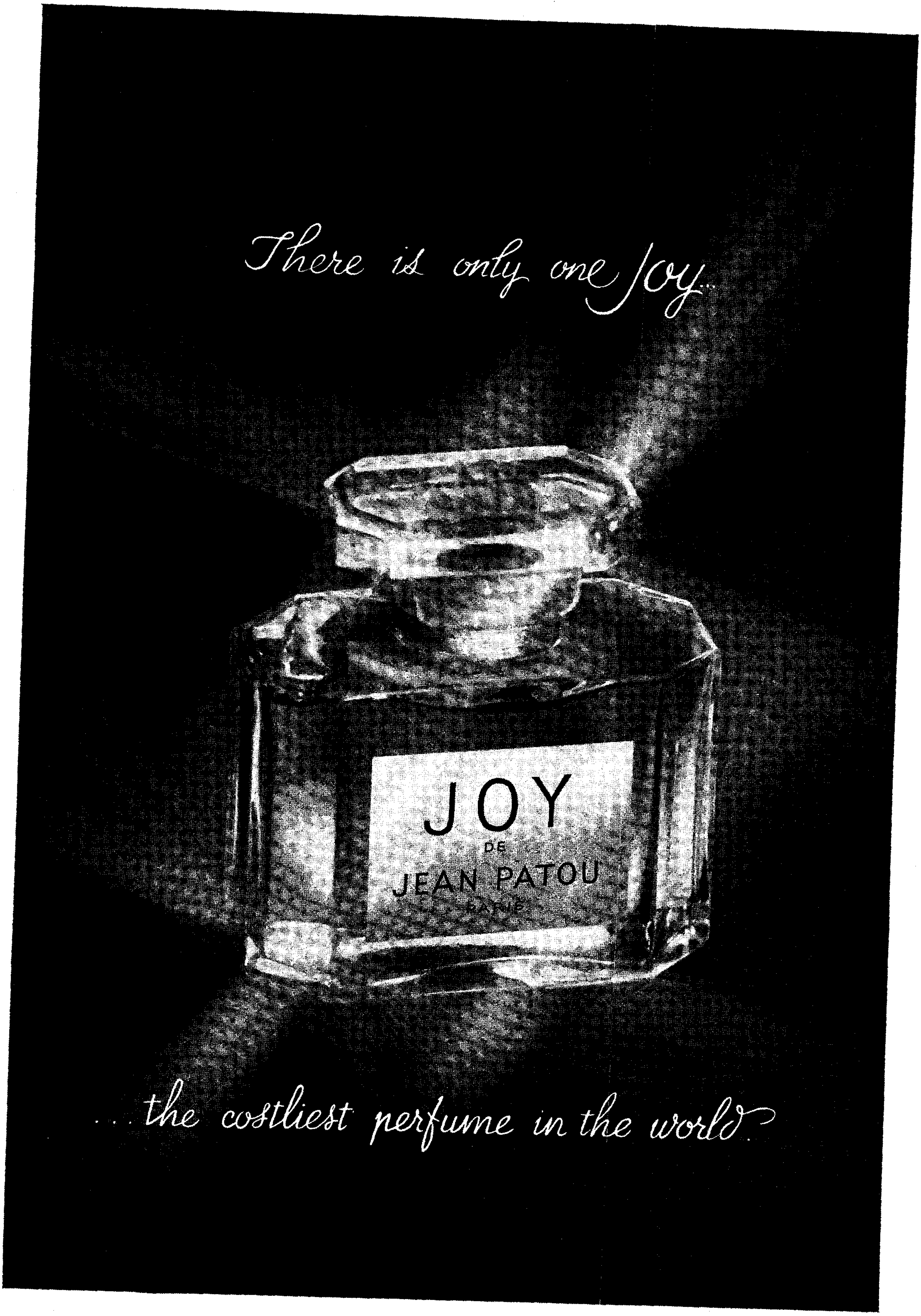
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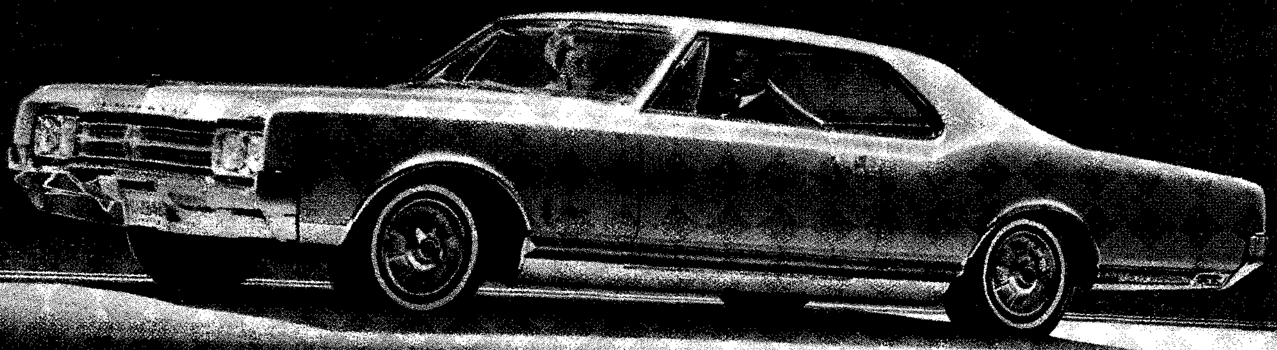

You see it standing there, poised and eager, every sleek line tingling with anticipation. And it seems to whisper, "Let's go. Let's *fly!*" You pause only long enough to buckle into the leather-appointed bucket seat. Then, a turn of a key . . . a flick of the console-mounted T-stick Turbo Hydra-Matic Drive or 4-on-the-floor—and 370 high flying horses put wings to your wheels! That's Oldsmobile's Starfire, the car that makes luxury a sporting proposition. But more than that: An invitation to adventure. Hear it calling? *Let yourself go!* Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corp.

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(It feels like cashmere and wears like wool)

YOU ARE looking at the world's first Lochlana knits—shirt and cardigan. They feel *amazingly like cashmere*. And they refuse to fade, mat, tickle or shrink.

Hathaway imports Lochlana from a remote mill in Europe, where it is spun from a mixture of cotton and wool "tops" (the mink of the wool world). The wool and cotton are spun together in *every single thread*—which accounts for Lochlana's sumptuous texture.

Now look at Hathaway's tailoring. Note how the shirt collar has been cut to lie *flat* and *smooth*. And the casual roominess of the double-knit cardigan. All very well-bred.

As for that color, it is the same green as the official shade of the British racing drivers' team. Rich, dark—and unmistakably masculine.

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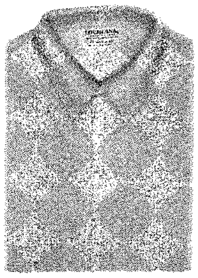
For store names, a free swatch of Lochlana and a pocket *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.



Lochlana knit shirt about $14.00.

"*Never wear a white shirt before sundown!*" says Hathaway.

A quarter says Avis cars are in better shape than yours.

LIBERTY
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In hard cash.

Now maybe you think that a quarter isn't much for us to risk.

But it's all we can afford right now.

In fact, this offer is subject to withdrawal if it puts us back in the red.

A color we're not long out of.

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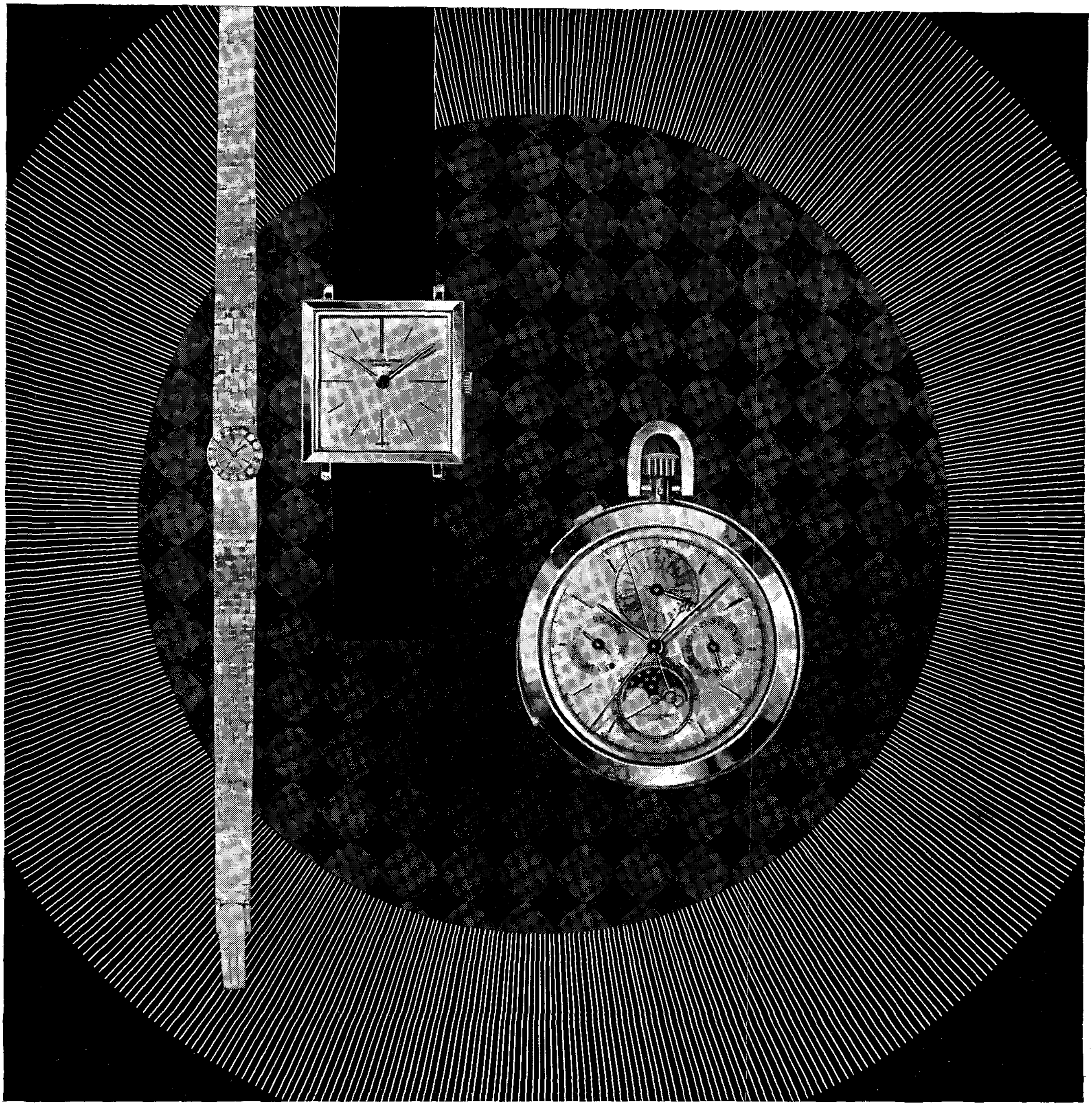

Left: *Ladies' watch in yellow gold studded with diamonds.* Centre: *The world's thinnest men's watch, in 18 kt. gold.* Right: *Perpetual Calendar: names the day and the month; remembers whether the month has 31, 30 or 28 days and in Leap Year also remembers that February has 29. Shows the moon phases. Chimes sweetly at hours, quarters and minutes on request. And acts as a stop watch as well.*

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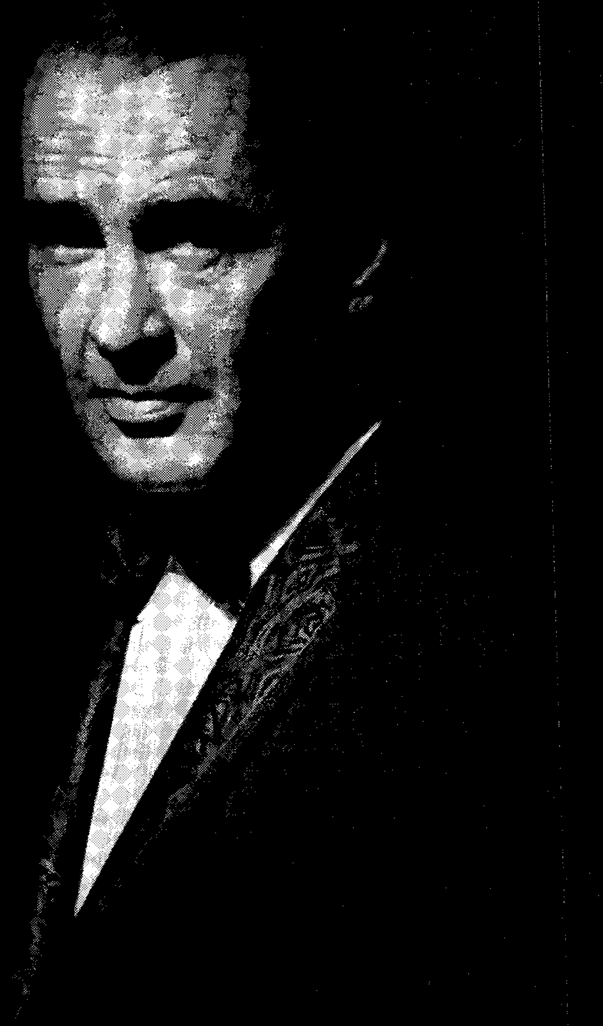

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and the lady approves! . . . Patterned silk lapels dramatize a contemporary dinner suit. A luxurious blend of kid mohair and worsted . . . one hundred and forty-five dollars at fine stores. Lord West, 101 West 21 Street, New York City.

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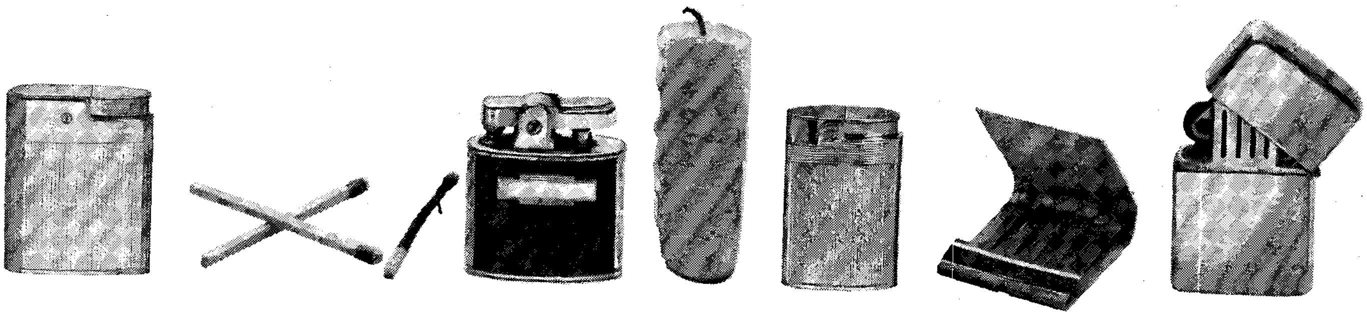
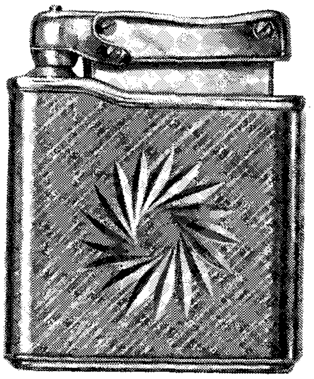


...you have to do more than just shed warmth and light.

You have to work like blazes.

Or like Colibri.



You can't misfire with Colibri. It always lights. We call it Positive Action. No other lighter has it.

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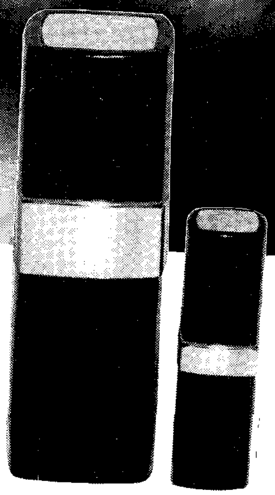

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Did you know that each piece of Fraser's Stainless carries a beauty mark? Look carefully or you'll miss it . . . On some pieces it reads, "WMF". On others, it reads, "Fraser's".

To the eye, Fraser's Stainless has the richness of pewter. To the touch, it's flawlessly smooth. In hard use, it's a treasure. Live with it and you'll soon see what we mean.

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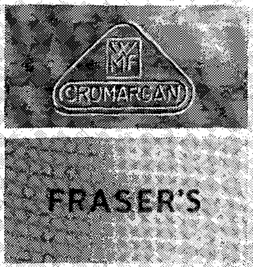

Close-up of our beauty marks:
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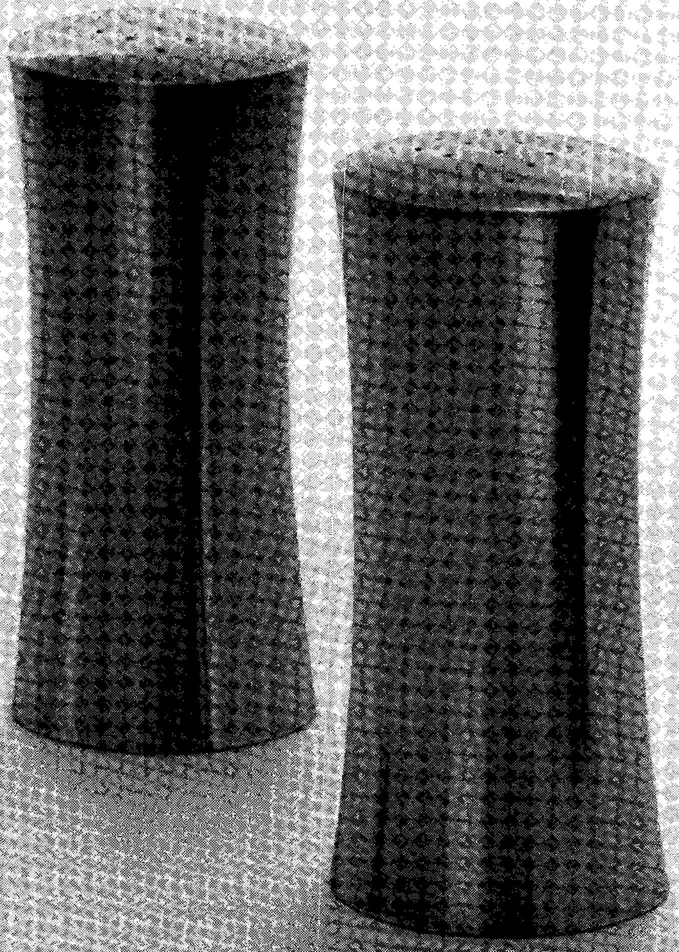
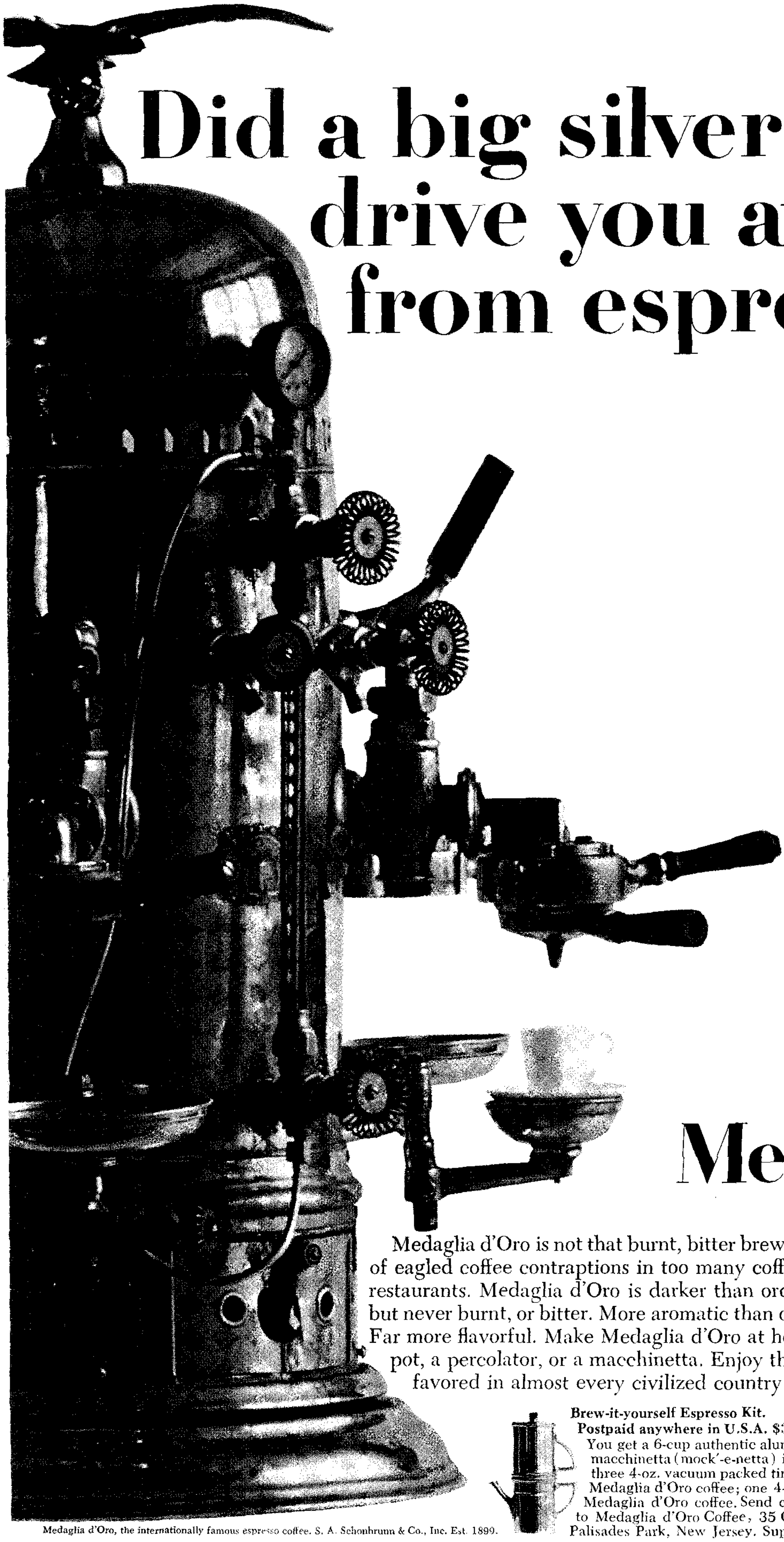


Fraser's Stainless Salt and Pepper Shaker Set. (Shown actual size). $8.95.

Did a big silver eagle drive you away from espresso?



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Medaglia d'Oro is not that burnt, bitter brew that oozes out of eagled coffee contraptions in too many coffee houses and restaurants. Medaglia d'Oro is darker than ordinary coffee—but never burnt, or bitter. More aromatic than ordinary coffee. Far more flavorful. Make Medaglia d'Oro at home. In a drip pot, a percolator, or a macchinetta. Enjoy the coffee that's favored in almost every civilized country on earth.

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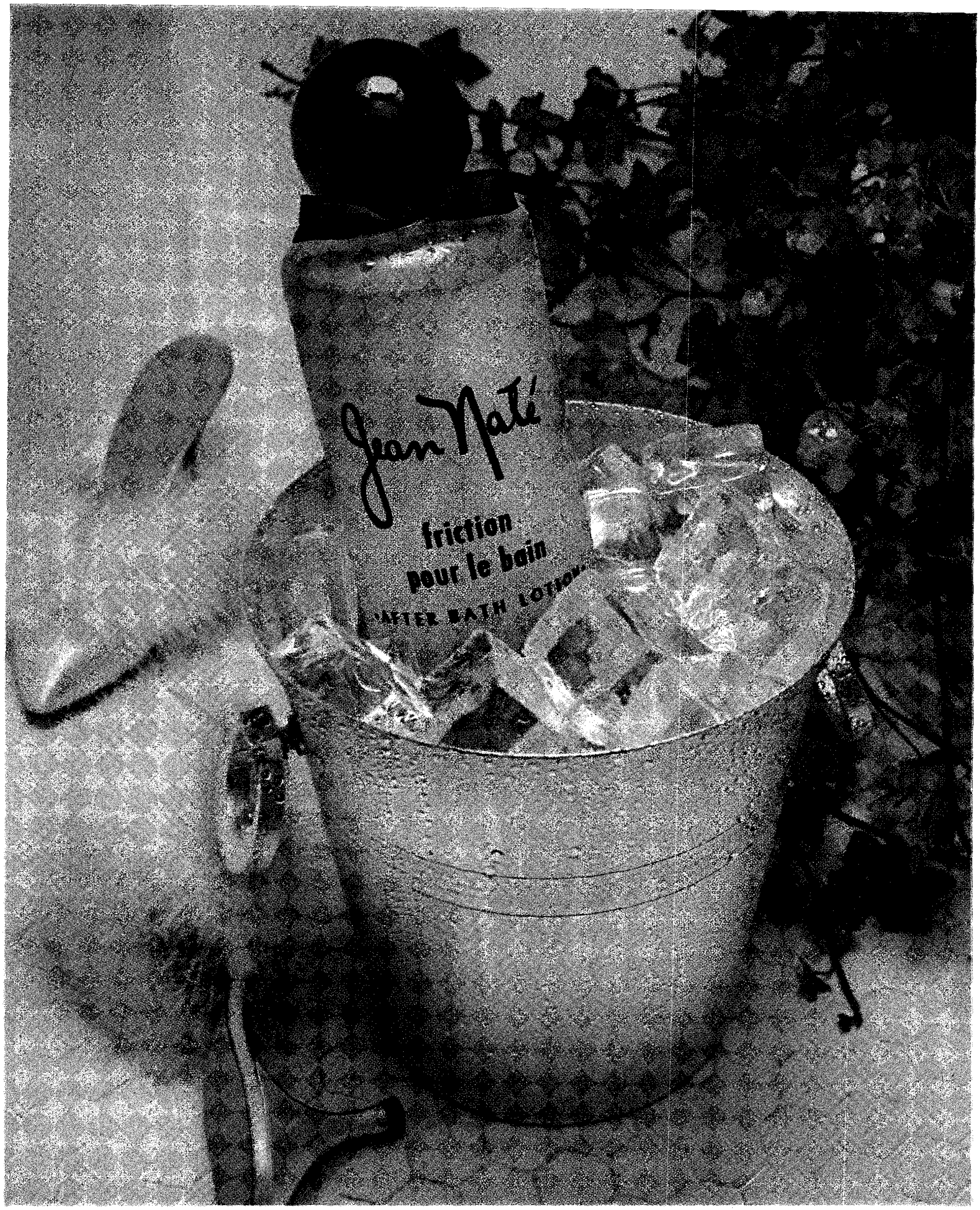

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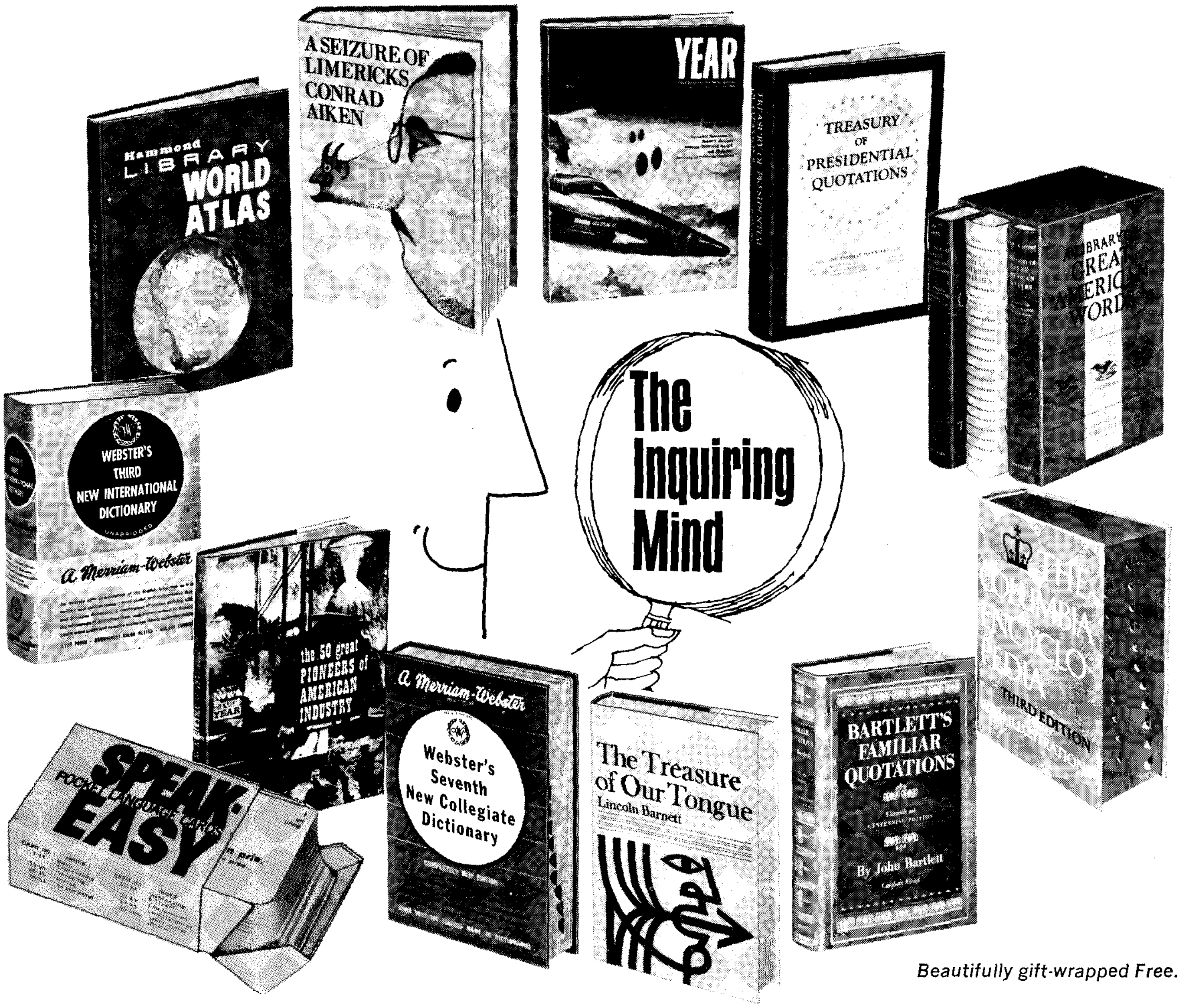
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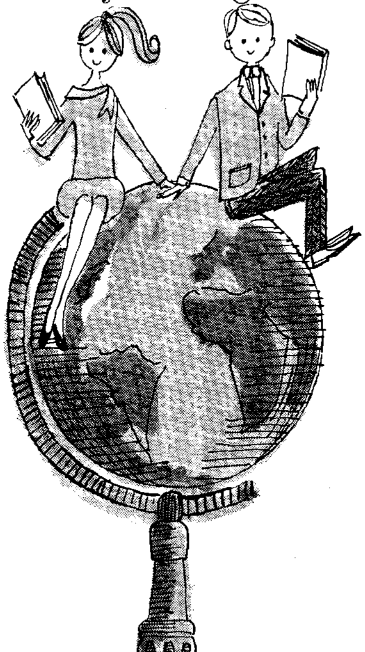

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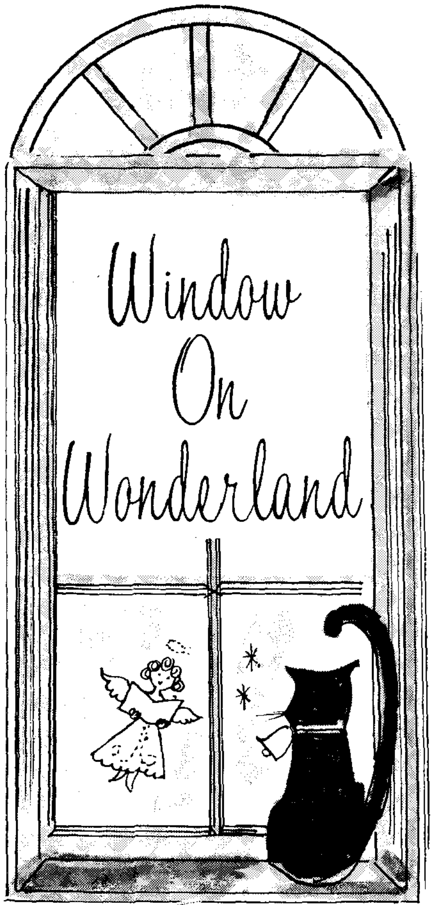
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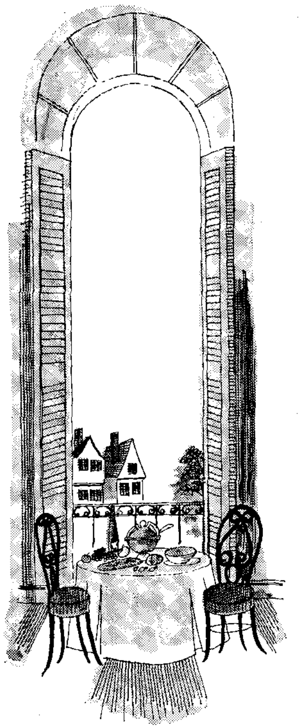

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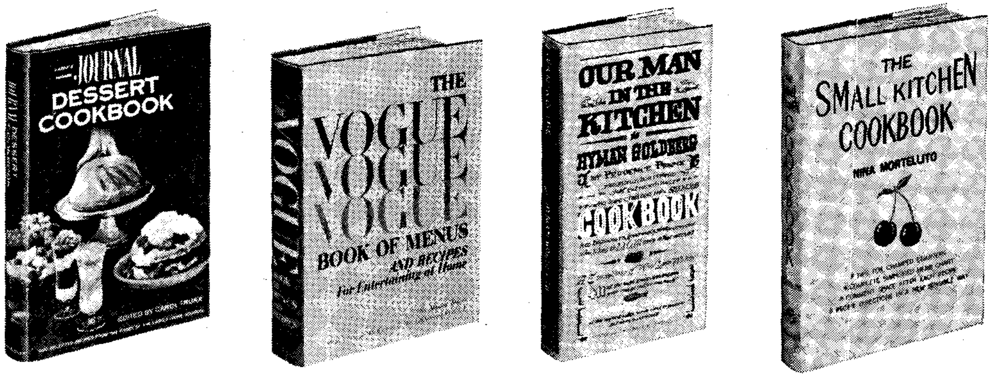
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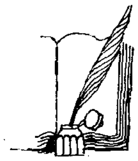

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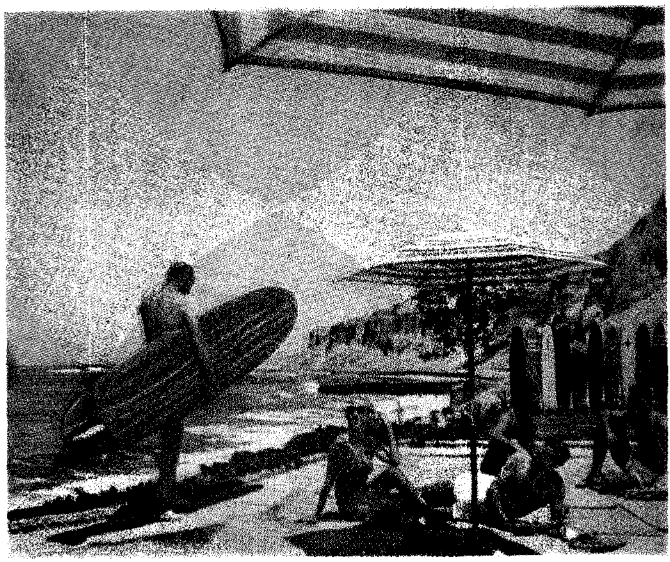

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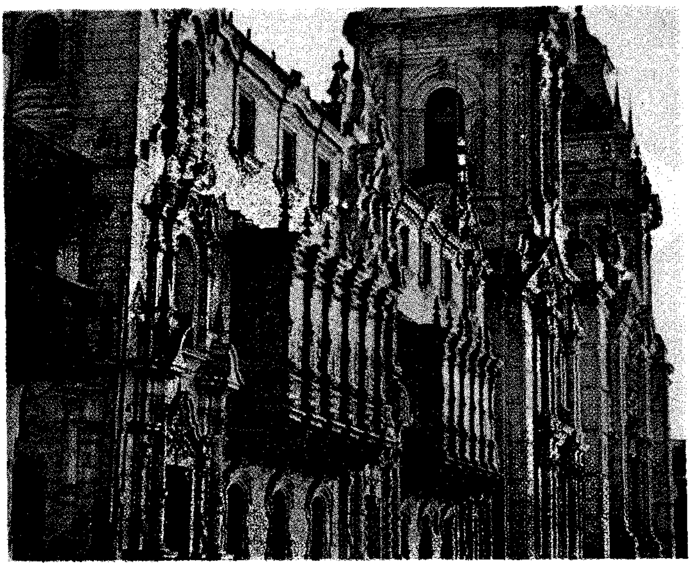

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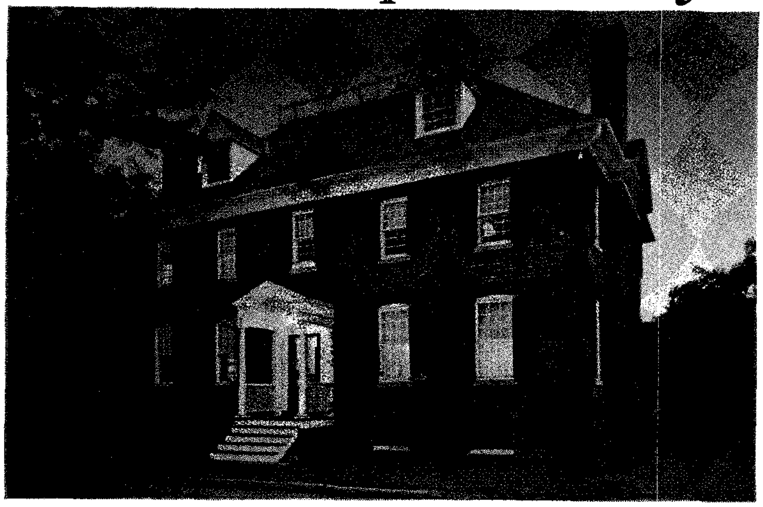

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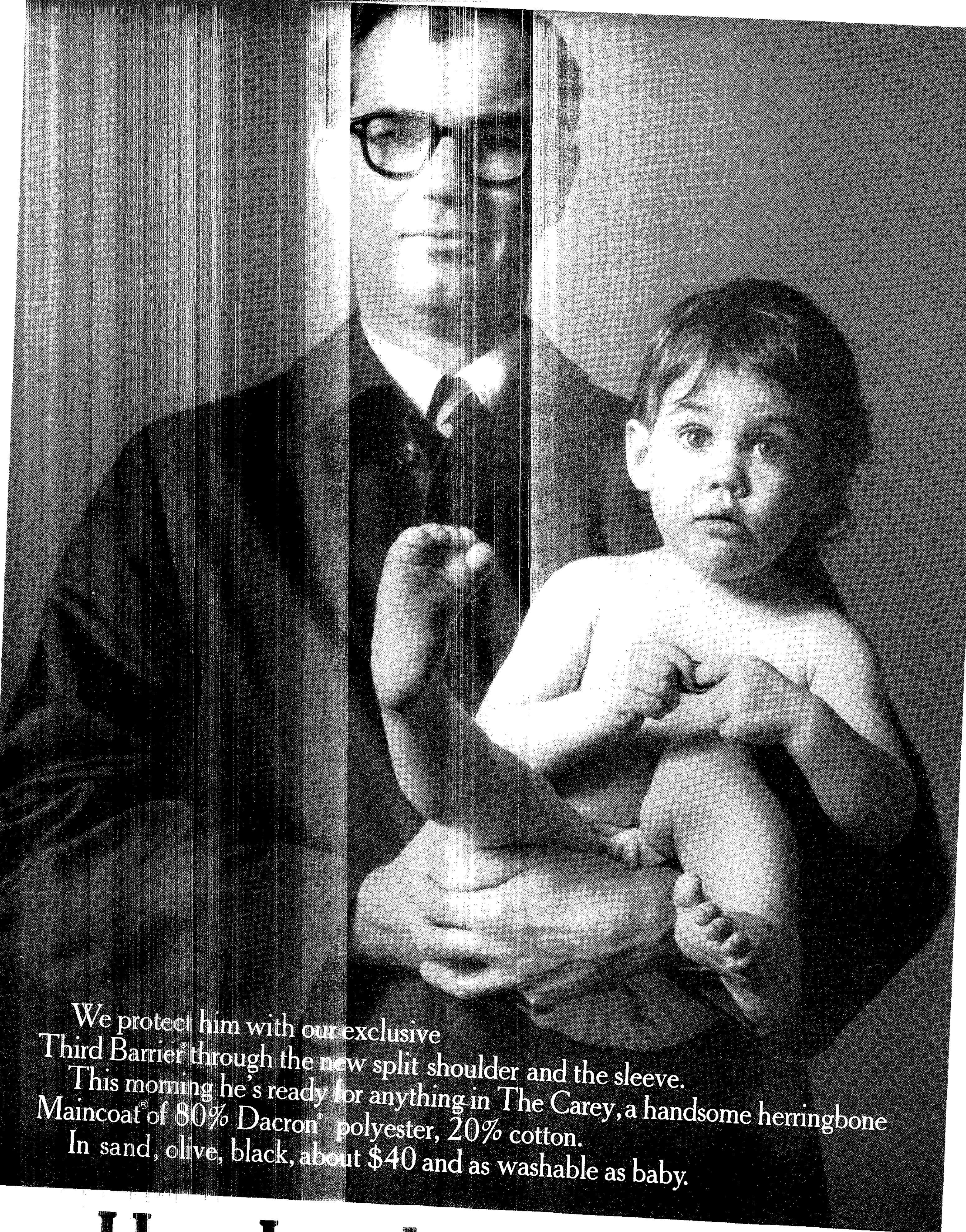

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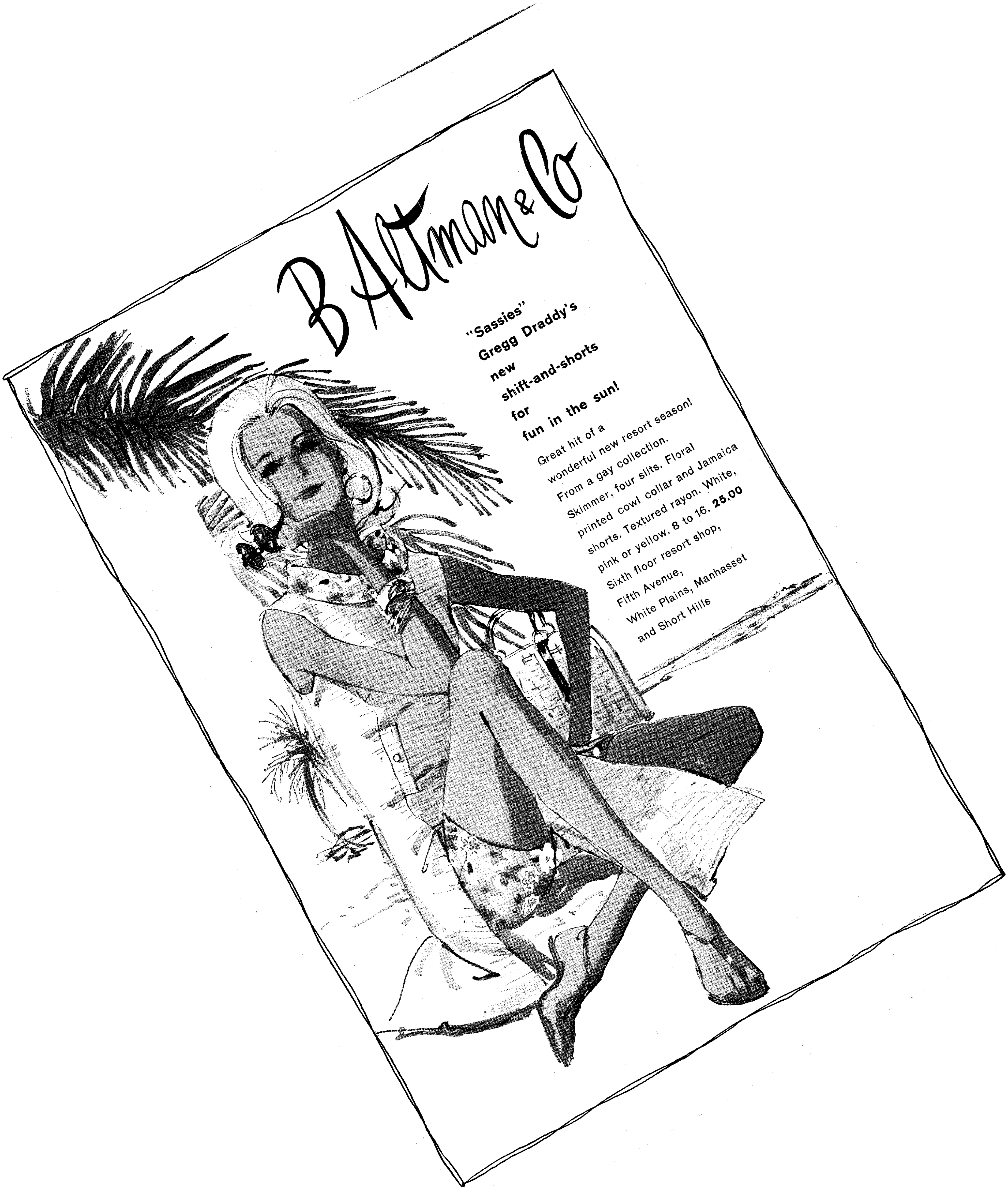

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THE NEW YORKER

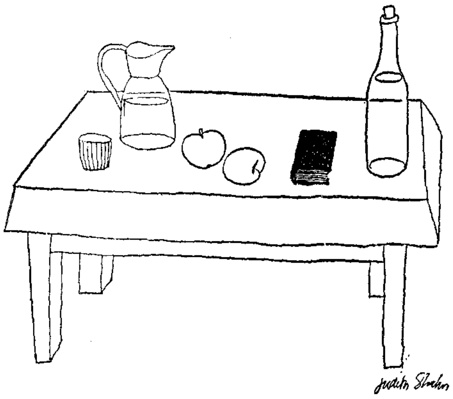
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

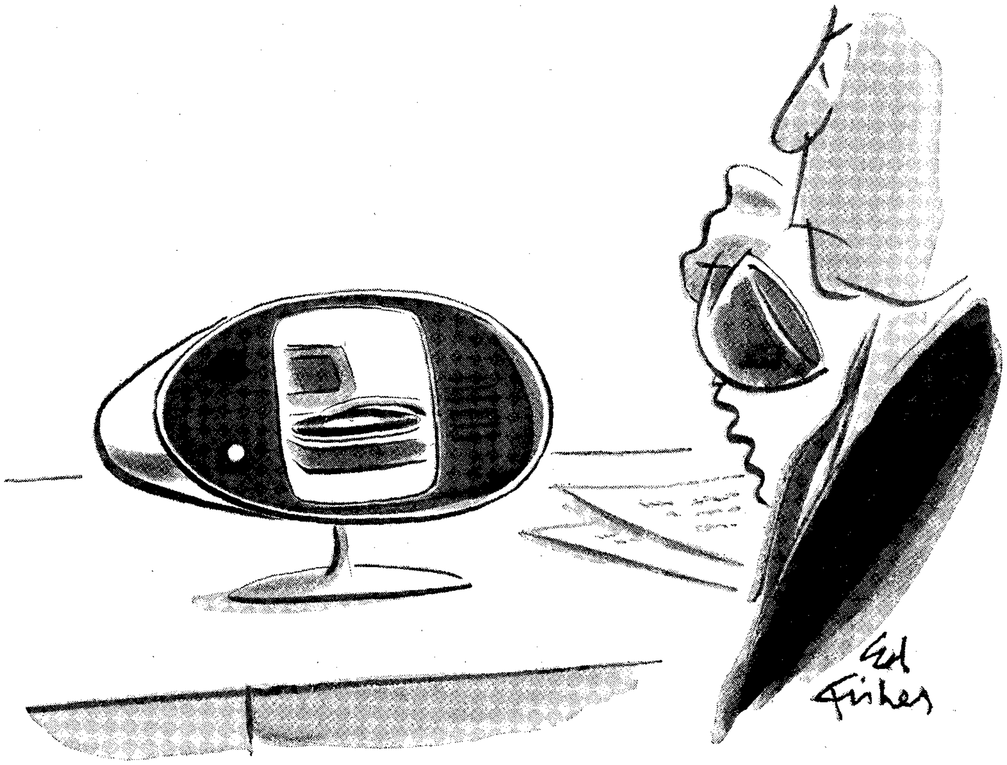
TROFIM DENISOVICH LYSENKO was born in the Ukraine in 1898. In 1925, after graduating from the Kiev Institute of Agriculture, he began a series of experiments in plant breeding, and these convinced him that characteristics acquired during the life of a plant, such as resistance to weather and other environmental factors, could be inherited by succeeding generations of plants. That series of experiments aside, the entire weight of biological research in the twentieth century shows without any question that this doctrine, in the form in which Lysenko stated it, and in the form in which he claimed to have proved it, is false. In brief, only changes that are made in the genes themselves—the units that control the hereditary mechanism—can change the pattern of inheritance. Such changes, or mutations, which can be caused by the action of X-rays or chemicals, are at present uncontrollable and are generally harmful. In most scientific communities, Lysenko would have been dismissed as an innocuous crank, of the type that can be found haunting the annual meetings of any of the large scientific societies. However, he managed to convince the Soviet leaders, and especially Stalin, that his doctrine was the only biological theory consistent with Marxist-Leninist political philosophy. Therefore, until the death of Stalin modern biology simply did not exist in the Soviet Union. Under Khrushchev, Lysenko played a somewhat less significant role, but, as a recent dispatch in the *Times* notes, his doctrines were propagated through the mass media, and it is quite likely that Khrushchev's own views on agriculture were influenced by them. The *Times* dispatch goes on to point out that since Khrushchev's downfall a remarkable thing has happened in Russia: "Trofim D. Lysenko, the controversial Marxist biologist, was criticized by name today for the first time since a campaign against his genetic views began with Nikita S. Khrushchev's downfall last month. At the same time, Professor Lysenko's foes were given the forum of the Moscow radio and of *Izvestia*, the Government newspaper, to publicize the principles of molecular biology, the basis of the latest Western achievements in the genetic field." A subsequent *Times* dispatch adds, "The Soviet Union faces a problem of retraining 80,000 biology teachers." Scientific truth, at any rate, will out.

Across the Narrows

LATE one afternoon last week, a few days before the official opening of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, we went over to Brooklyn and, starting at the Fort Hamilton end of the new span, took a walk to Staten Island—an experience that, unfortunately, we shall never be able to have again, because the bridge has no footway for pedestrians. The span of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, as everybody undoubtedly knows by now, is the longest and heaviest in the world. The total length of the bridge, including the approach structures, is thirteen thousand seven hundred feet, the length of its suspended structure is six thousand six hundred and ninety feet, and its main span, which stretches four thousand two hundred and sixty feet across the Narrows, between the Brooklyn tower, at Fort Hamilton, and the Staten Island tower, at Fort Wadsworth, is sixty feet longer than the main span of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and seven hundred and sixty feet longer than the main span of the George Washington Bridge. The weight of steel and concrete in the suspended structure, including its upper- and lower-deck roadways, which have a total of twelve traffic lanes, is ninety-three thousand five hundred tons, and this immense burden is supported by the two towers, which are of steel and rise six hundred and ninety feet (or approximately the height of a seventy-story building) above mean sea level, and by four massive cables, each made up of twenty-six thousand one hundred and eight steel wires that are approximately a fifth of an inch in diameter and can support seven thousand pounds apiece. The weight of the wire in the four cables is thirty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety tons. But we found that all the facts and figures about the bridge's cables and towers shrank into insignificance in comparison with the grace of the bridge itself—with the beauty of the moment when, having climbed an approach ramp at the Brooklyn end, we started out across the side span toward the Brooklyn tower, nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, whose tall arch framed an orange sun that, setting in the western sky over Staten Island, was gleaming on the rising roadway, on the dipping cables above it, and on the hundreds of vertical suspender ropes that connected the two.



The Brooklyn tower, like its counterpart at the Staten Island end of the bridge, rests on a granite-faced concrete pedestal, which, in turn, is supported by a huge underwater foundation. Upon reaching it, five minutes after we started out, we took a moment's refuge from a chill northwesterly wind by peeking into an open doorway in its side, and found ourself looking at a



"This is a recording."

honeycomb maze of steel pierced by the shaft of a maintenance elevator. Then we struck out across the main span, not stopping until we reached the center of the bridge. The sea—two hundred and twenty-eight feet below—was streaked with waves, and from the seaward side of the bridge the parachute jump at Coney Island seemed to be a tower of only minuscule proportions; the beaches of the southern shore of Staten Island, laced with rickety wooden piers, stretched away for miles; and, far ahead, Sandy Hook merged with a gray sea that was becoming grayer in the fading light. Turning into the wind, we crossed to the other side of the roadway, and looked out over the whole expanse of the Upper Bay to the Statue of Liberty—a green speck about seven miles off—and to the skyscrapers on the Battery, which were glowing with the light of the setting sun. Half a dozen freighters, waiting for berths, were strung along the Staten Island shore, and as we looked at them, the one nearest the bridge weighed anchor and, accompanied by a few gulls, started up the channel toward the inner harbor. Then, being reluctant to part with the view (especially since we knew that, except through an automobile window, it would never be ours again) but breathless from facing into the cold wind, we started the descent to the Staten Island tower and the toll plaza at the end of the side span beyond it.

When we reached the toll plaza, we left the roadway and cut back toward the bridge, across several hundred yards of red clay that was undergoing final grading, until we drew abreast of the anchorage, a massive concrete structure situated beneath the end of the side span, where steel chains forming extensions of the giant suspension cables are secured far below the ground. There we stopped at an engineer's trailer, asked the man on duty if we might take a look inside the anchorage, and were mildly surprised when he handed us a flashlight and told us the door was open. The Staten Island anchorage, like the anchorage at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, is about ten stories high, and is shaped rather like a lopsided triangle that has sunk at a tilt into the ground. The four giant suspension cables disappear into the anchorage at the apex of the triangle, pass over splay saddles, and divide into two hundred and forty-four strands, which are fastened to the steel anchorage chains. These are a hundred feet long and are buried for ninety-five feet of their length in reinforced concrete. The anchorage is pierced at ground level by a large shaft that opens, pyramid-style, into an immense interior chamber. Entering this shaft by the open door, we found ourself facing a slanting concrete wall, from which protruded the ends of the two hundred and forty-four steel chains. Affixed to them in wool-hank fashion were the strands into which the cables had been divided when they passed over the splay saddles. Standing in the darkened chamber, we felt as if we were in the interior of some gigantic stringed instrument.

After leaving the anchorage, we passed underneath the side span and followed a winding dirt road to the ruins of a granite-block fort that was built at the water's edge, just north of where the bridge is now, in 1847, as a protection against potential invaders. The old fort is surrounded by a seawall, which extends into the channel about as far as the Staten Island tower of the bridge, and from the seawall, at sunset, the great span flung across the Narrows looked like a majestically festive gateway. The towers were still holding the last, pink light of the sun, and a pale moon, rising above Coney Island, hung between the suspension ropes, where it was surrounded, as if by stars, by hundreds of mercury-vapor lights on the cables and on the roadway beneath.

•

FOUND in a Chinese fortune cookie: "Amusement is the happiness of those who own things."

Our Man in London

IT isn't every week that we can score a clean scoop, such as the one we pulled off by being the only member of the press to witness the first presentation in history of the Wheatley Medal, a singular award that is given by the Library Association (whose membership consists of fifteen thousand British librarians), in consultation with the Society of Indexers (whose membership consists of two hundred and fifty professional indexers, archivists, and index aficionados), to the book that, as the donors put it, "sets an outstandingly high standard in the quality of its index." The award was established in 1961, and its sponsors had planned to bestow it annually, but it was not until they had winnowed last year's crop of books that they found one with an index they considered sufficiently outstanding to deserve their medal. The honored volume, titled "'Clemency' Canning" and published by Macmillan, is a biography of Charles John, First Earl Canning, who served as Governor-General and Viceroy of India from 1856 to 1862; he earned the nickname Clemency because of humanitarian measures that he took during the Indian Mutiny. His biography was written by a great-great-great-nephew of his named Michael Maclagan, who is also Senior Tutor and a

Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The prize-winning work, on which Mr. Maclagan was intermittently engaged over a period of twenty-five years, has three hundred and seventeen pages of text and thirty-five pages of index, compiled entirely by Mr. Maclagan.

We had learned that the presentation ceremony would be held in late afternoon at the Library Association's headquarters, Chaucer House, and set out in ample time to buy a copy of " 'Clemency' Canning" en route. Upon arriving at Chaucer House, which is hard by the University of London, we discovered that a meeting of the Council of the Association was still in session, so we made our way to the visitors' lounge, where we settled into an easy chair with the intention of glancing through the prize-winning index. Soon, to our considerable surprise, we found that we were *reading* it. We were hooked because the index proved to be not only witty and informative but so well written that it read almost like a novel.

Since the name of the book's hero begins with "C," he is perforce not immediately introduced, but we began to get an oblique glimpse of "Cg.," as Canning is referred to in the index, through some subsidiary characters who appear early on the scene, such as:

> Anson, Maj.-Gen. Hon. George (d. 1857): Commander-in-chief, 43 and n.; . . . disappointment to Cg., 55; low view of Indian army, 55; thoroughly a gentleman, 56; Cg. glad to have out of way during early mutinies.

The general's wife is sketched more briefly but nevertheless revealingly:

> Anson, Mrs.: returns to England, 48; tells of Cg.'s overwork, 48; exaggerates, 49.

Presently, another general enters the picture:

> Bloody Bill. *See* Hewitt, General.

Doing as we were told, we found:

> Hewitt, General (d. 1863): obese and inactive at Meerut, 79-80; known as Bloody Bill, 79 n.; removed from command, 99 . . .

Using a deft touch, the author gradually paints in the background, beginning with:

> Calcutta: given precedence over Madras and Bombay, 30; . . . no water-closets in city, 44; . . . white community of: alarms among, 86; "old women" according to Cg., 86; . . . disgraceful behaviour on Panic Sunday (14th June), 104-5; . . . hardly a countenance not blanched with fear, 315.

Canning himself is introduced on page 6 of the index, and is consummately portrayed in five full columns of references, subdivided under four headings, through which we not only followed every step in his

> *Career:* birth, 3–4; . . . illness and death, 308–9 . . .

but also formed a clear image of his

> *Appearance:* juvenile difficulty with teeth, 6; impressive eloquence, 21; . . . grows beard, and goes bald, 306 and n . . .

In addition, we were provided many insights into his

> *Character:* fondness for sport, 10, 25; . . . warm friendships and outward reserve, 23; occasional break-downs in public, 25–6; . . . tendency to overwork and not take exercise, 48; does not drink much wine, 57; calm in the face of danger, 86, 87, 105, 163, 315; . . . affectionate letter to wife, 303–4; . . . intense sorrow at death of wife, 305 . . .

Knowing this much of Cg.'s feeling for his wife, we were prepared to take with a grain of salt part of the next entry:

> Canning, Charlotte (Stuart) Countess (d. 1861): marriage, 8; . . . gossip of discord between them, 20 n., 305 . . .

However, there are potential causes of strife between Cg. and his wife. For one thing, there is the

> Indian Climate: 3¾ inches of rain in one day, 123; . . . summer of 1858 unusually fierce, 221 and n.

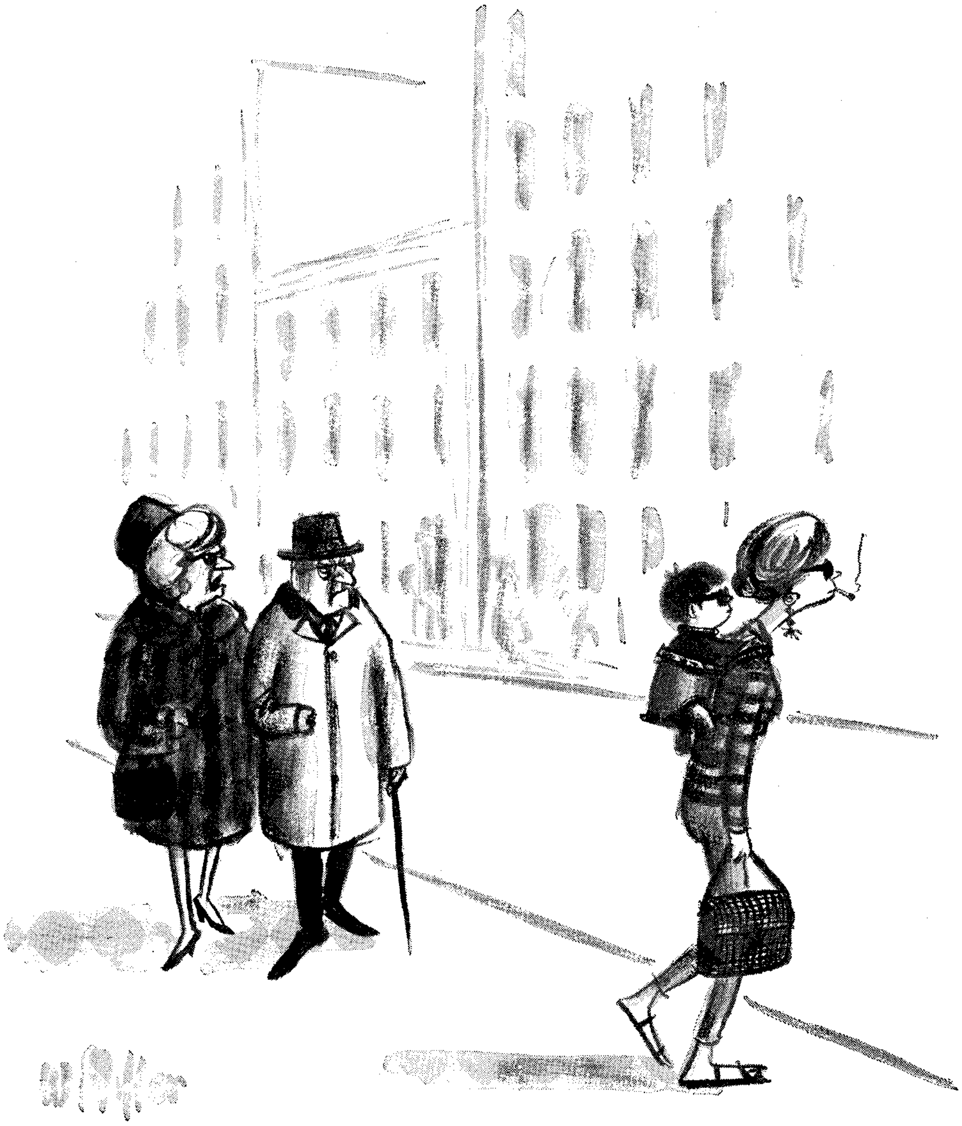
Furthermore, we learned that Lady Canning

> . . . does not like camp life, 236-7; tent burned, 237 . . .

Even when she is in residence in Government House, Calcutta, she has difficulties, such as the servant problem:

> Crépin, M.: cook passed on by Dalhousie to Cg., 39; died, not much use, 288.

Cg. himself is continually beset with problems, many of which are of an ad-



"You've been saying 'Now I've seen everything' for the past thirty years."

ministrative nature, such as dealing with the Civil Service apparatus, which appears to be typical:

> Civil Service (of India): . . . not tongue-tied in own praises, 295 . . .

Cg. is also obliged to spend time entertaining the native potentates, including the

> Hyderabad, Nizam of: dies of surfeit of prawns, 77 . . .

Being Governor-General, Cg. has to shoulder the blame for all administrative errors as well as military setbacks, among them

> Dinapore: . . . disarmament bungled, 118, 315; easy to be wise after event, 120 . . .

His main problems come from troublesome natives, including the

> Ghazis, fight fanatically, and die, 214

and the

> Goojurs, commit outrages, 99.

The natives have apparently not benefited much from the work of the Christian missionaries, despite

> Christianity: . . . addiction of some regimental officers to, 68 . . .

Cg.'s situation would be trying enough if the military forces at his command were in tiptop shape, but

> Lawrence, Sir Henry Montgomery, Bart. (d. 1857): . . . noticed malaise in Bengal Army, 72 . . .

Sir Henry is not the only one:

> Napier, General Sir Charles (d. 1853): noticed malaise in Bengal Army, 72 . . .

To make matters worse, there are troubles among the British troops:

> Johnson, Private: of 5th European Regt., shot for disobedience, 248-9; exemplary end, 249 n.

The natives who act up are not permitted to come to an exemplary end before a firing squad, as we learned in the case of

> Pandy, Mungul: kills two officers at Barrackpore, arrested, 75; hanged, 76; . . . Cg. hopes his execution enough penalty, 78 . . .

Cg. also has to be on the alert to see that such penalties are not overdone, since in India at the time, as we learned under the "E"s, there is a tendency toward

> Executions, indiscriminate, 98, 109-10, 142 n., 159 n.

This might have been expected, in view of the presence in India during Cg.'s term of office of such unsavory characters as

> Irwin, Dr. H.: *resolute hanger*, 159 *n*.

and

> Power, J.: Magistrate, anxious to hang pregnant woman, 142; known as "Hanging" Power, 142 n., 143.

Reading on into the "R"s, we were cheered to learn that not all aspects of life in India are difficult for Lady Canning, for she has at least one steadfast servant in

> Rain, Lady Canning's maid, calm behaviour when ship strikes rock, 41.

Our pleasure upon finding something in the Cannings' life that is not touched with woe was short-lived. Within seconds, we felt a tug at our heartstrings upon learning of

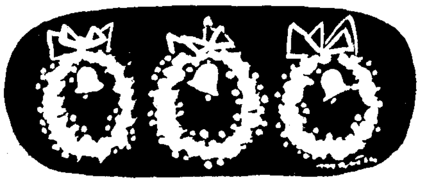
> Rapp, Cg.'s dog, given to Granville, 22.

We had just finished reading about

> Victor Emmanuel II, King of Sardinia: gross appearance of, 22; ribald anecdote of, 22 n.

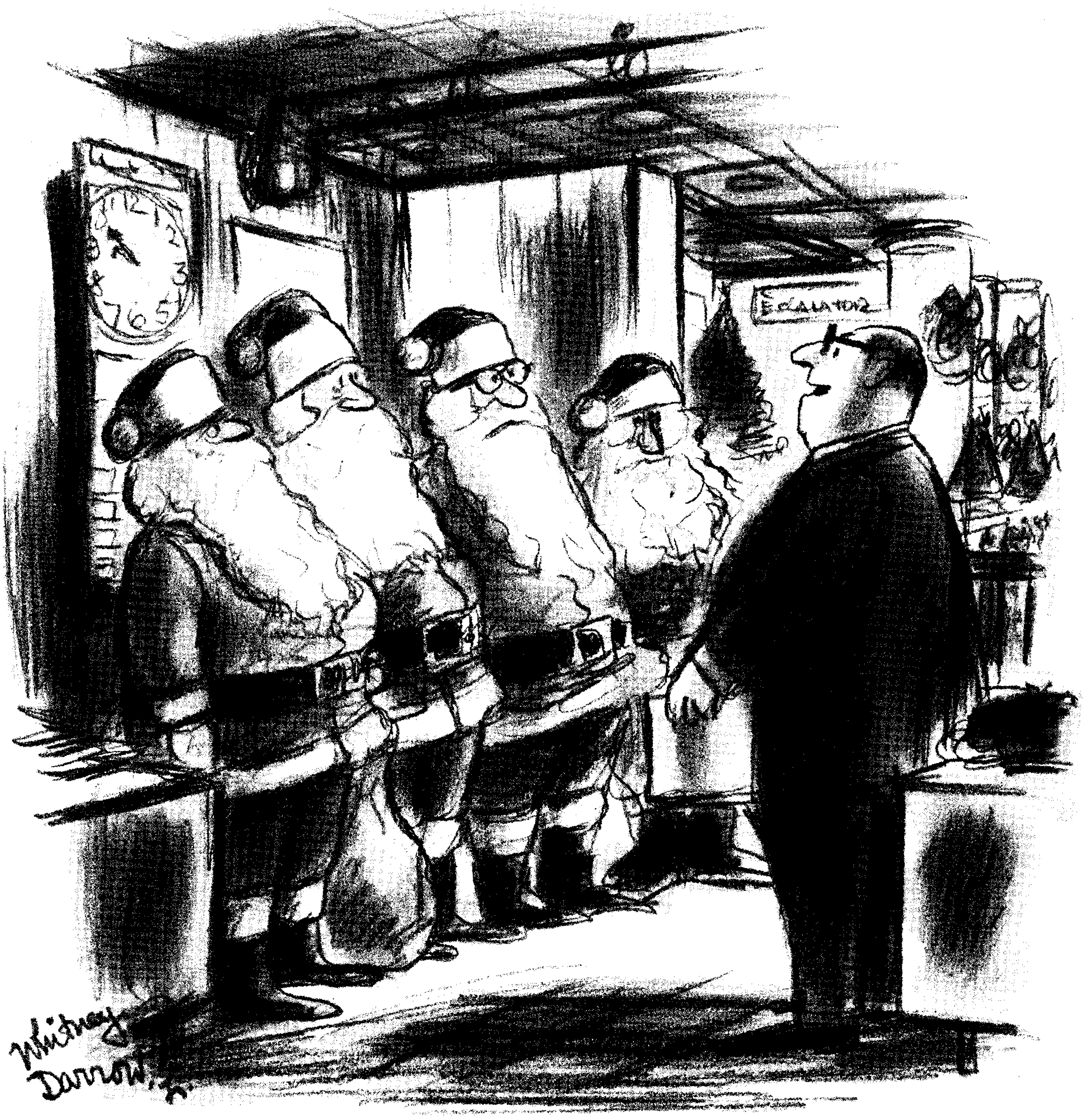
when we became aware that we were being addressed by an official of the Library Association, whose arrival we hadn't noticed, so immersed had we been in our reading. Introducing himself as F. J. Cornell, he told us that the Council meeting had just broken up, and added, as we stole a look at the last page of the index to see how it came out ("Zemindars, 179 and n., 187"), that the award-giving ceremony would take place in the Council Chamber after a short recess.

Giving our full attention to Mr. Cornell, we learned that a retired barrister-at-law named G. Norman Knight is the moving spirit behind the founding of the Society of Indexers and the institution of the Wheatley Medal; he organized the Society in 1957 in an effort to improve the general standard of indexing. Of the 24,617 books published in the United Kingdom in 1963, eighteen were considered for the Wheatley Medal, which is named in honor of Henry B. Wheatley, a librarian who died around the turn of the century. "He wrote two standard works on indexing, and is generally spoken of as the Father of British Indexing, but we know very little about him, actually," Mr. Cornell said. "We've put various queries in the *Times Literary Supplement*, trying to find out more, but to no avail."



The time for the ceremony having arrived, we followed Mr. Cornell to the Council Chamber, on the second floor, where we were introduced to Mr. Maclagan and his wife. A tall, rangy, high-spirited man with grayish hair and a grayish mustache, he was wearing a faintly striped double-breasted blue suit, a striped blue shirt with a starched white collar, and a black-and-white checked wool tie, which was set off by a gold stickpin. A foulard handkerchief flowed from his breast pocket. He wore his jacket unbuttoned, revealing two gold watch chains—one stretched across his waistcoat, the other looped from the watch pocket of his trousers. Presently, he took his place on the dais, along with the president of the Library Association, Mr. F. M. Gardner, librarian of the Borough Library of Luton, and the past president, Dr. J. N. L. Myres, librarian of the Bodleian Library, of Oxford University. Dr. Myres opened the proceedings with a speech that included the quotation of several of his favorite entries in the " 'Clemency' Canning" index, which, he said, "betray the hand of a master in this particular art." Mr. Gardner then presented the medal to Mr. Maclagan, who accepted it with a few remarks that were both graceful and amusing.

After the ceremony, we were invited to join the Maclagans and some of the other guests at a small reception on an upper floor, where Mr. Maclagan proudly showed us the medal, a gold-plated disc bearing the letters "A" and "Z" on one side and a suitable inscription on the other, and informed us that he had never made an index before undertaking the one for which he was honored. "That may have been an advantage, because I think there is a danger of being tied by professional indexers' rules, which no doubt make logic but often may not make sense," he said. "Though I had never made an index, I had *very* clear ideas of what ought to be in one, and I had *very* clear ideas of the shortcomings I find in other people's, so I started with a quite serious *parti pris* of that kind. I did a good deal of the work on the index at my wife's home, in northern Ireland, which is a wonderful, peaceful place. What, in fact, I did was to buy a large number of six-by-four cards, borrow from my mother-in-law an old shoebox, which happened to be six inches wide and four inches high—a fact of which I was aware—and then simply settle down



"*Well, that's it, men. So now ho, ho, ho and away you go.*"

• •

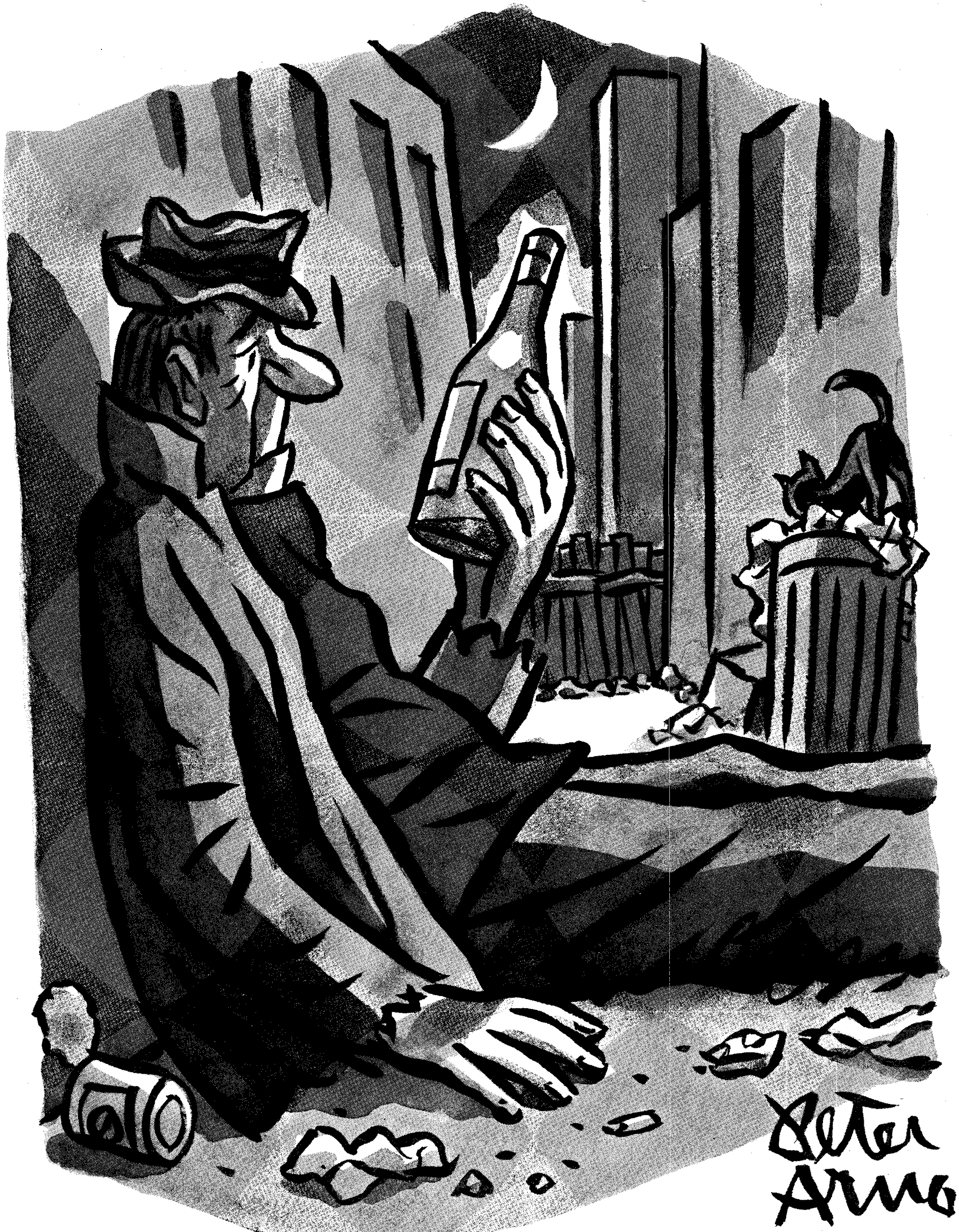
with the page proofs. I decided what on page 1 ought to be in the index, and went on like that to about page 20 or 30. By that time, I thought the thing was getting a bit out of hand. There was a really appalling number of cards. I went back and pruned a bit, and then carried on right to the end. The way it worked out, the index took me rather less than three weeks."

We asked Mr. Maclagan how " 'Clemency' Canning," aside from its index, had been received.

"Well, I think I really *can* fairly say that the reviews have been very favorable," he replied. "As to the matter of sales, which, inevitably, is the next question, it has sold about a thousand, I think, to date. It's a bit expensive for a book on that subject, really. I mean, forty-five bob for one dead viceroy."

Upset

HAVING picked through the debris of the recent Democratic avalanche, a Vermonter of our acquaintance has come up with an odd tale of political mixed emotions. Over the past several decades, various Vermont Democrats—staunch individualists all—have allowed their names to be placed on the Democratic slate as a gesture in support of two-party government. Many of these patriots, now in their seventies and happily retired, woke up on the morning of November 4th to find themselves, thanks to the Johnson sweep, holders of high offices. Among them are Harry H. Cooley, the seventy-two-year-old new Secretary of State, and Peter Hincks, the seventy-one-year-old new State Treasurer. Instead of wildly celebrating their victories, the unexpectedly elected Democrats are reported to have spent a good deal of time apologizing to their Republican friends for having involuntarily eased them out of what everyone thought were permanent jobs.



"... It is a pleasant accompaniment to fish, shellfish, and the lighter meats, but its delicate flavor is perhaps even more appreciated at the end of the meal with melon or dessert."

ADESTE BRENTANO'S!

(A PREMONITORY LIST OF THIS YEAR'S YULETIDE OFFERINGS IN COFFEE-TABLE LITERATURE)

On the Wing!

ELEVEN years ago, Holger T. Whitby, president of the Amalgamated Brass Company of America, quietly began photographing houseflies with his family Brownie. Today, Mr. Whitby, no longer a mere hobbyist, is recognized throughout the Nature world as the photographic Audubon of insects in midair. Here are over two hundred of his stunning full-page color portraits, each in perfect focus, of midges, bluebottles, houseflies, ichneumons, dung flies, mosquitoes, gnats, harlequin fruit flies, ladybugs, white-faced hornets, horseflies, poplar goat moths, etc., all caught in full flight. Many exciting head-on views. The text, which was written by Mrs. Whitby during her husband's convalescence from a recent bout of malaria, includes many helpful hints about lens settings, camouflage, and antihistamines that will permit you to take up this rewarding scientific pursuit. $85.

The Tattoo Calendar

THIS handy, Phillips Brooks-style 1965 calendar is graced with 52 full-page photographs of masterpieces by the world's foremost tattooists. Week by week, you will be charmed and fascinated by a fresh, startling design etched in human skin, faithfully reproduced here in full color. Included are Maori nose patterns, a classic "Mother" heart of the Scollay Square Post-Impressionist school, Yokohama bicep flowers, and the Duke of Middlesex's celebrated ventral panorama of the Isle of Wight. The ideal gift for retired naval officers, dermatologists, etc. $7.50.

Christmas in the Senate

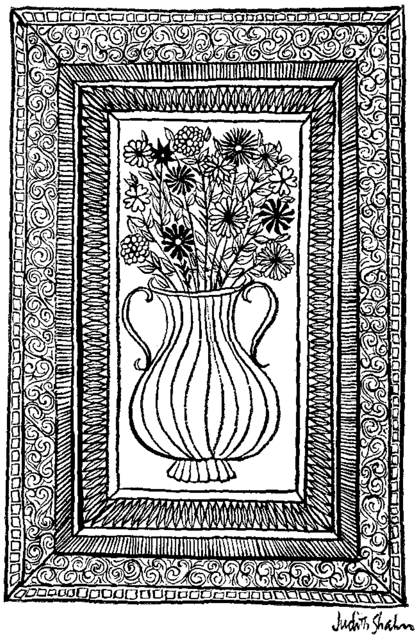
A JOYOUS compendium of Yuletide sentiment from the hearts and tongues of America's most beloved senior solons. Includes eleven tributes to the Season of Good Will delivered in recent years on the floor of the Upper House just before Christmas adjournment, taken word for word from the pages of the *Congressional Record*. Some of the plums in this rich pudding are Senator Thurmond's memorable eulogium to the lowly mistletoe, Senator Hickenlooper's 1952 Christmas card to the Republican National Committee, and Senator Fong's touching "A Boy's Christmas in Honolulu." The volume also contains a 12-inch stereo recording of Senator Dirksen's annual reading of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" to the Senate pageboys. A gift that every American will be proud to find under his stocking. $18.50.

Seven Roads to Springfield

IT has fallen to the Cambridge historian P. L. J. W. Hogwought to remind Americans of the costly legacy we inherited from the bloody, unappreciated campaigns of Shays' Rebellion. Students of Armageddon will find harsh, meaningful parallels to subsequent and more publicized wars in this meticulous account of the tedious winter of 1786–87. You will not quickly forget the ironic significance of General Washington's famous murmured aside, the overturned chairs during the scuffle at Worcester Court House, or the curious and nearly fatal oversight by General Benjamin Lincoln's hostler. Seventeen pull-out war maps, 827 pages, plus a foreword by the Military Affairs Editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. $30.

The Fireside Book of Bowling

FOR the first time, the complete lore, literature, reportage, great art, and humor of the world's most popular indoor sport! Vivid alleyside prose and poetry by Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pepys, Smollett, Jane Austen, Dickens, Dostoevski, Twain, Hemingway, Gide, Jimmy Cannon, et al., with paintings by Veronese, Brueghel, Watteau, Renoir, Kandinsky, and others. It's all here, from that long-ago Golden Apple rolled by Eris, through Sir Francis Drake's nervy game of bowls at Plymouth Harbor, right down to the celebrated Jersey-side strike scored by Madeleine (Babe) LaFonza in the twelfth frame of the 1959 Middle States Women's Finals at the Bethlehem BowlMor Lanes! A ten-strike of a book, exactly right for the sportsman or sportswoman in your family! $7.95.



Pablo Picasso's Golden Telephone Book

NEWS last spring that all the telephone exchanges on the Riviera were about to be converted to digit dialling sent Eric Portnoy, owner of Madison Avenue's Valuta Gallery, scuttling to Vallauris to beg of his old friend Picasso the right to purchase his now useless bedside personal telephone memo book. After six weeks of bargaining, the protean modern master laughingly relented and released the priceless volume for the almost gratuitous sum of $82,000. Now, at last, you can share in this treasure, which reproduces, with absolute fidelity, all of Picasso's brilliantly offhand pencilled "doodles"—historic sketches that leaped straight from the genius's fecund unconscious while he was absorbed in conversation on *l'appareil*. Of particular interest is the massive, angry, and undeniably Cubist box that surrounds the enigmatic though typically tauromachian words "*Filets de bœuf—6 francs?*" Included, too (to the joy of art historians), are the former telephone numbers of the Picassos' wine merchant, baby-sitter, *blanchisseuse*, etc. The art event of the year! $50.

The Navajo Song Book

A TREASURE house of melody compiled after a dedicated ten-year study by three Bryn Mawr anthropologists and a musicologist from the Folk Art Division of the Library of Congress. Here are the stirring war chants, the water-toting grunts, the amusing canyon echo songs, the lively corn-shouts, and the endless dirgelike drought chorales that have made the Navajos the envy of neighboring, tone-deaf Southwestern tribes. Now you and your family can gather around the piano and quickly learn such true American classics as "*Ta-Wa-Kipi Na-Pa Hiwa Pot-Awa*" ("I Have Lost Father's Rattle"), "*Wip-a-Po*" ("My Bride Is Worth Three Burros"), and "*Akiva-Klupa-A-Ah*" ("Sand in My Eyes Again-O!"). All eighty-four songs carefully scored for piano, gourd, and war drum. Profusely illustrated with photographs of sacred Navajo song moccasins. $24.95. —ROGER ANGELL

DR. SALAAM

DR. "SALAAM" was what he eventually came to be called by his patients, because they couldn't twist their tongues around his real name, which was Schlamm. "Salaam," they would greet him, "salaam, Dr. Salaam," and he would salaam back with equal gravity.

We saw him first when he moved into the Hibinett house, next door. It was called the Hibinett house because a wealthy Swedish match manufacturer of that name had once lived there and startled the neighborhood by singing operatic arias at the top of his voice in the middle of the night. But nobody complained, because, after all, the man had a right to sing in his own house, and since he was far from his country and did not have any family in evidence, it was concluded that he must be lonely and in need of recreation. Foreigners had strange ideas of recreation; this was probably one of them.

The Hibinett house was the newest building in the Nungambakam locality of Madras, where we lived, and where most of the other houses were about a hundred years old. The oldest servants in the servants' quarters said that our particular neighborhood had been inhabited at the turn of the century by Japanese merchants, some of whom had continued to live there until just a few years before the Second World War. These men kept cats, and in the half-dark of an early southern twilight you could still see silent feline shapes skulking along the garden walls or rummaging through the garbage. It wasn't until Dr. Schlamm arrived with his enormous marmalade, Toni, that the Japanese cats were routed once and for all. Toni emerged from his battles with a ragged tail and generally moth-eaten fur, but the earlier cats left and Dr. Schlamm and his Toni considered themselves well established in their own domain. Every evening, we heard the Doctor, who was both absent-minded and nearsighted, walk up and down the gravelled drive, calling for his cat.

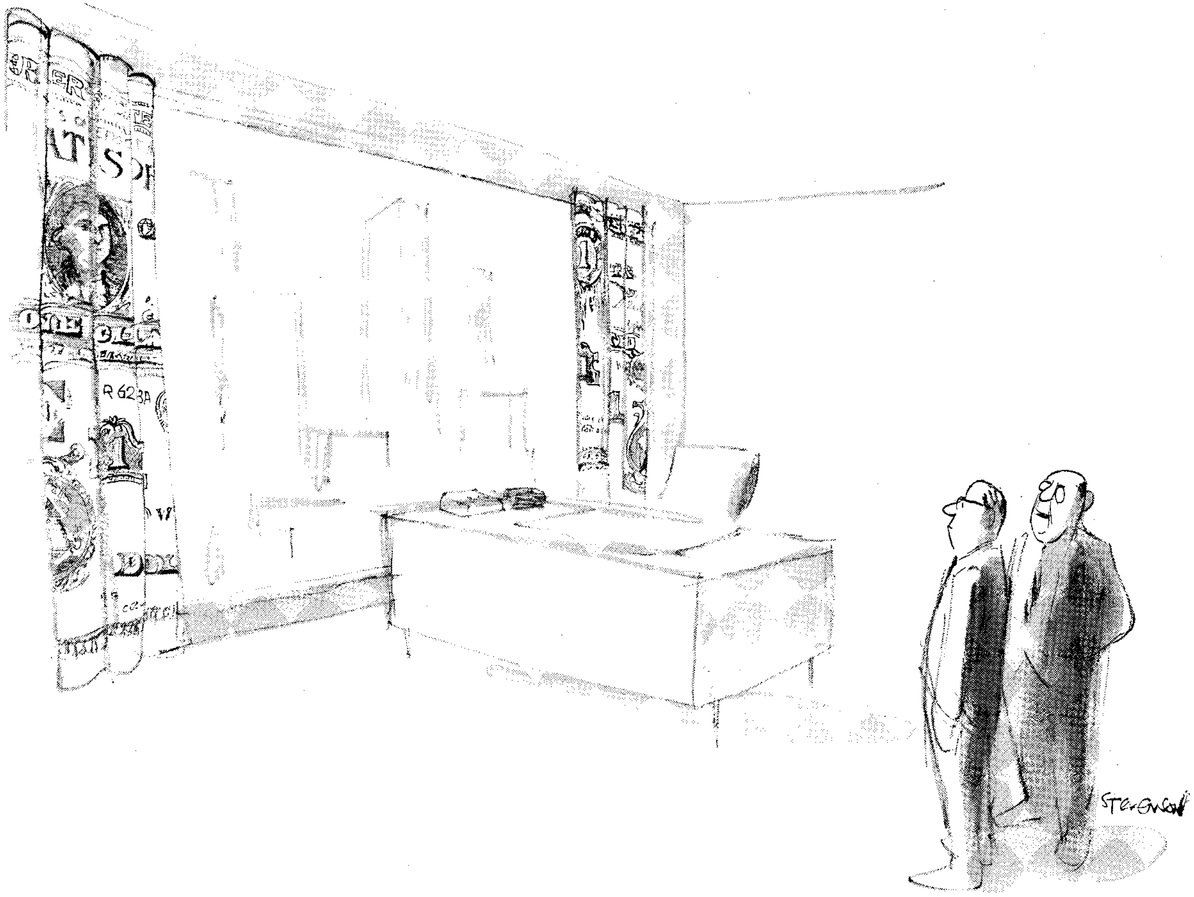
The driveways of the Nungambakam houses were all shadowed and cool; their gardens stirred with green depths. The garden walls were mellowed to the beautiful dignity of sun-warmed stone, and the tamarind trees that lined the drives had a way of placing a person in his perspective, giving him an inevitable location, with textures of his past and present woven into the shadows they threw around him. Those trees told you, for instance, that Dr. Schlamm was an Austrian Jewish refugee, about thirty-five, a lonely man; that he had come to India some years ago and taken it to heart—the whole unwieldy, contradictory mass of it—and been embraced as cordially in return. But the sense of being alien had remained, and he was assuaging his loneliness for the first time now, as he told us, by smiling at his neighbors.

Actually, Dr. Schlamm had met my father long before he smiled at any of us. In fact, his decision to move into the Hibinett house had stemmed from this meeting, which had occurred soon after his arrival in India during the early years of the war. Characteristically, my father had spoken little of this, so it wasn't until six years later that I heard the incident described by Dr. Schlamm himself. My sister and I were sitting together on the front steps of our house on a spring evening, when he came and ensconced himself comfortably between the two of us, announcing that he liked the idea of sitting between sisters, and going on from there to talk of his friendship with our father and the events that had led to his moving in next door.

Six years ago, he said, he had started his practice in Madras by establishing the Schlamm Clinic on Mount Road, where he lived in a poky little room above the office and ate at an Irani restaurant across the street. The practice fared better than he expected, and when the New Year came around, he took two weeks off to go down to a seaside village he had heard about, four hundred miles south and facing the strait between India and Ceylon. My father, in government service, happened at that time to be magistrate for the district in which the village lay.

It was a smaller village than any Dr. Schlamm had yet seen. There was a cluster of mud huts along the coast (fishermen), near the fields (farmers), and beside the new road (laborers); and one solitary brick house with a bright-red tiled roof. The brick house, staffed by a cook and a caretaker, was called a Travellers' Bungalow, and had been built

"A perfect night for a murder."



"I went through chintz, stripes, flowers, and God knows what all till I finally found something I really liked."

by the government to accommodate officers touring on duty in the more remote districts. It consisted of two sets of rooms with a veranda all around, where the roof sloped steeply down to meet a row of supporting wooden pillars. Here Dr. Schlamm sat in an easy chair, smoking and watching the sea and thinking his thoughts. In the mornings, he swam; in the afternoons he went for a walk along the fields or by the sea, followed by an inevitable column of ragged children with their fingers in their mouths, staring at him because he was probably the first white man they had ever seen—apart from a British official who had once visited the village six years ago, when they were too young to remember anyway.

But it was understood that Dr. Schlamm was not an official; neither was he British. He spoke German, and this was during the war, so, though they smiled shyly at him, they kept their distance. Then one day the sleepy old caretaker suddenly came to life and began to sweep the veranda; the cook rushed around with preparations for an elaborate meal—until a dusty jeep came bumping along the village road and a red-coated peon from the magistrate's office hopped out and told them to keep everything as simple as possible because the magistrate-*dorai* disliked fuss.

The magistrate-*dorai* arrived late at night, and turned out to have an unobtrusive chuckle at the back of his voice. When he invited Dr. Schlamm to dinner, the Doctor told us he found a man who bore his authority without pretensions, wearing it rather like a dispensable suit—a man who had travelled much and read much and knew his country with the precision and detachment of an ideal Man of Duty lauded by the Bhagavad-Gita. "It was there in your father that I saw for the first time all the qualities embodied in one man," he said. "The combination of a personal and impersonal integrity, the emphasis on a deed for its own sake, the irrelevance of any reward—all of it lightened by a sense of humor. It was fascinating."

Next day, Father was away on a tour of inspection, and during the drowsy part of the afternoon the hum of an airplane first began. Dr. Schlamm was reading, and only registered the fact at the back of his mind. It was a common enough sound in Madras; it did not strike him that this was a remote village, that the sound might be alien here. It died away in the distance and then came back again, faded and reappeared, getting louder and lower—apparently the plane was circling the bungalow. He put down his book and went out to investigate. He was still standing on the veranda, leaning against a wooden pillar and blinking up at the hot afternoon sky, when he became aware of something else. A crowd was collecting at the gate of the Travellers' Bungalow—a crew of dusty roadworkers and angry-looking farmers. The women and children had been shooed off to one side, where they stood clustered and apprehensive in the meagre shade of a thorn tree. All of them were talking at the same time, looking from Dr. Schlamm to the airplane and then from the plane back to Dr. Schlamm again. Meanwhile, the plane itself continued to circle, drowning the chatter of voices each time it came overhead. Dr. Schlamm sensed something more than excitement now. The men were gesticulating, pointing to him and drawing closer together. Suddenly uneasy, he called to the caretaker, who was staring up at the sky, openmouthed and speechless. Asked for an explanation, the man only shook his head. Either his English was not equal to the occasion or, more likely, he was unwilling to speak; and Dr. Schlamm, at this stage of his stay in India, knew no Tamil. Then there was a sudden concerted movement in the crowd.

"What is it?" the Doctor demanded. "For God's sake, man, what is it?"

The note of urgency in his voice penetrated at last to the caretaker. He grinned nervously, and jerked his thumb at the plane. "You bring?" he suggested, and grinned again.

"*No!*" Dr. Schlamm said. "I don't know anything about it. Tell them so! Look." He turned to the angry, frightened faces at the gate and shook his head, pointing up at the plane and making vehemently negative gestures.

Their expression did not change. They had stopped talking now; the

ON A RECENT PROTEST AGAINST SOCIAL CONDITIONS

The maples have turned. Fire snaps on my tongue,
Veined in red, a brief felicity
Which hangs in balance between speech and silence,
Trembling toward a word whose simplicity,
Like wind, everyone has heard.

I want to write a petition, make a prayer,
Get somebody punished, rewarded.
But the birds in this academy
Refuse to sing by ear, they take cover,
Since light is an approximate hope.

The Dean can tell dates, balance a budget,
Explain education. Although his nerves are on edge,
He is clear about what needs to be done:
You must know facts. The sun
Has nothing to do with these.

The Dean would not like shifting among shadows.
You speak against injustice; it alters
Before the mind can hold its shape.
Imagine a crooked elm disguised by sun,
A tree that rots in blossom.
The hue and cry must be begun again.

And after all, what is it but a tree,
Always almost impossible to describe,
Pleasant in summer,
In winter barely visible on dark days.
Do you call a tree an injustice?

I see in the branches ignorance, corruption,
Murder in its season.
There are other names for the cold wind
And the uncertain color of leaves.
It is not knowledge that knows.

Truth will drive the scientist to prove
His facts before the elements agree, and love
Can find a definition
In all sorts of weather. We die together,
Caught in the roots of evil.

Suffering was never an exact science.
So I speak when I'm hurt or when
You are, though I don't know the reason
And cannot be sure there ever was an answer.
Only the dead say nothing,
Even then not in fear of error.

—David Posner

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silence had grown ugly. Just then the plane swept down again, lower than it had before, and started to drop leaflets.

He stared in a kind of petrified amazement. The papers floated down, swaying and eddying in the sea breeze and then being carried off to the sands beyond the gate. One of the children ran to pick them up and was arrested by a hoarse shout from his mother—as if in terror of unknown dangers from the sky. With that shout, something broke loose in the crowd. They pushed the gate open and started toward Dr. Schlamm with a furious, low-throated roar. "I thought I was finished," he said. "They were going to kill me." At that moment, like a rattling *deus ex machina*, the jeep came bumping down the road. Before the red-coated peon could hop off, Father was out of the jeep and in among the men. Dr. Schlamm had a confused impression of voices and hands, as the crowd was made to halt in its tracks.

"Don't thank me," Father said afterward, smiling rather dryly. "It was only the voice of authority they listened to." He poured the Doctor a stiff drink and explained that the plane had apparently been on a reconnoitring flight, dropping leaflets to assure the people (in English, which not one of them could read) of the harmlessness of its purpose and the need for secrecy.

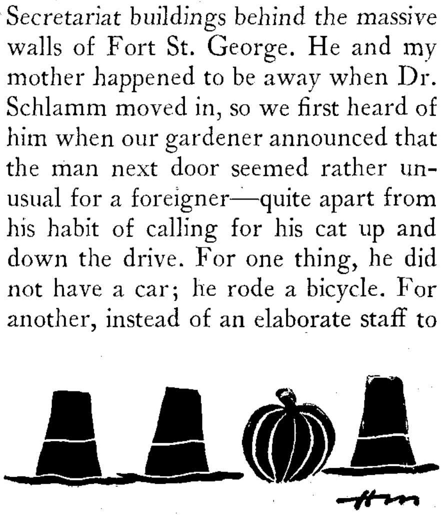
"But why *me*?" Dr. Schlamm demanded, bewildered.

"The villagers knew you'd come from Germany. There were rumors of a raid. So they put two and two together and made five and a half. . . ."

And there, in the red tiled house by the sea, Father and Dr. Schlamm had laughed together and become friends.

"Which was why I chose to come and live here when I heard a couple of years later that this house was vacant," the Doctor concluded, squirming a little as he sat between us on the steps, and gesturing at the Hibinett house in hurried dismissal, as if he already regretted his confidence and would retrieve it if he could.

But in any case we could not have guessed all this in the beginning, when the Doctor first arrived next door. My father had long since handed over his post to his successor in that southern district; his offices were now in the Madras Secretariat buildings behind the massive walls of Fort St. George. He and my mother happened to be away when Dr. Schlamm moved in, so we first heard of him when our gardener announced that the man next door seemed rather unusual for a foreigner—quite apart from his habit of calling for his cat up and down the drive. For one thing, he did not have a car; he rode a bicycle. For another, instead of an elaborate staff to run his house, he had a single rascally manservant called Joe, who served as cook, office boy, and factotum. Joe came from a family of second-generation Christian converts, all of whom had died except his mother, a pious and self-effacing woman, who helped her son clean the house, prayed for his soul, and lived in the low-roofed rooms behind the courtyard.



All day, the Hibinett house lay closed and silent. It was built of a particularly dingy shade of bricks; the roof hung low, its eaves beetling like eyebrows over the upstairs windows. The quiet clung everywhere—to the house and the garden and the gravelled drive—until evening, when Dr. Schlamm and Joe returned from the clinic. Then Joe set up a terrific banging clatter of pans in the kitchen (as if his mother hadn't done most of the cooking already), and Dr. Schlamm went into his study and started to play his records.

He had a magnificent collection, which not only began my personal introduction to Western music but also initiated the neighborhood's acquaintance with the Doctor himself. Again nobody objected to the volume at which the music was played. My older sister, dreamy and exquisite, and with memories of a European childhood, loved the symphonies that spilled out of his windows and through the trees. But to me these were unknown sounds, and every evening after tea I stood by the hedge between our houses and tried to make some sense out of them. One day, I was in my usual place, sucking a surreptitious tamarind (eating too many made you sick), listening to every note and wondering where the next one would fall—too high or too low or not at all—when the hedge parted and a spectacled head thrust itself cautiously through.

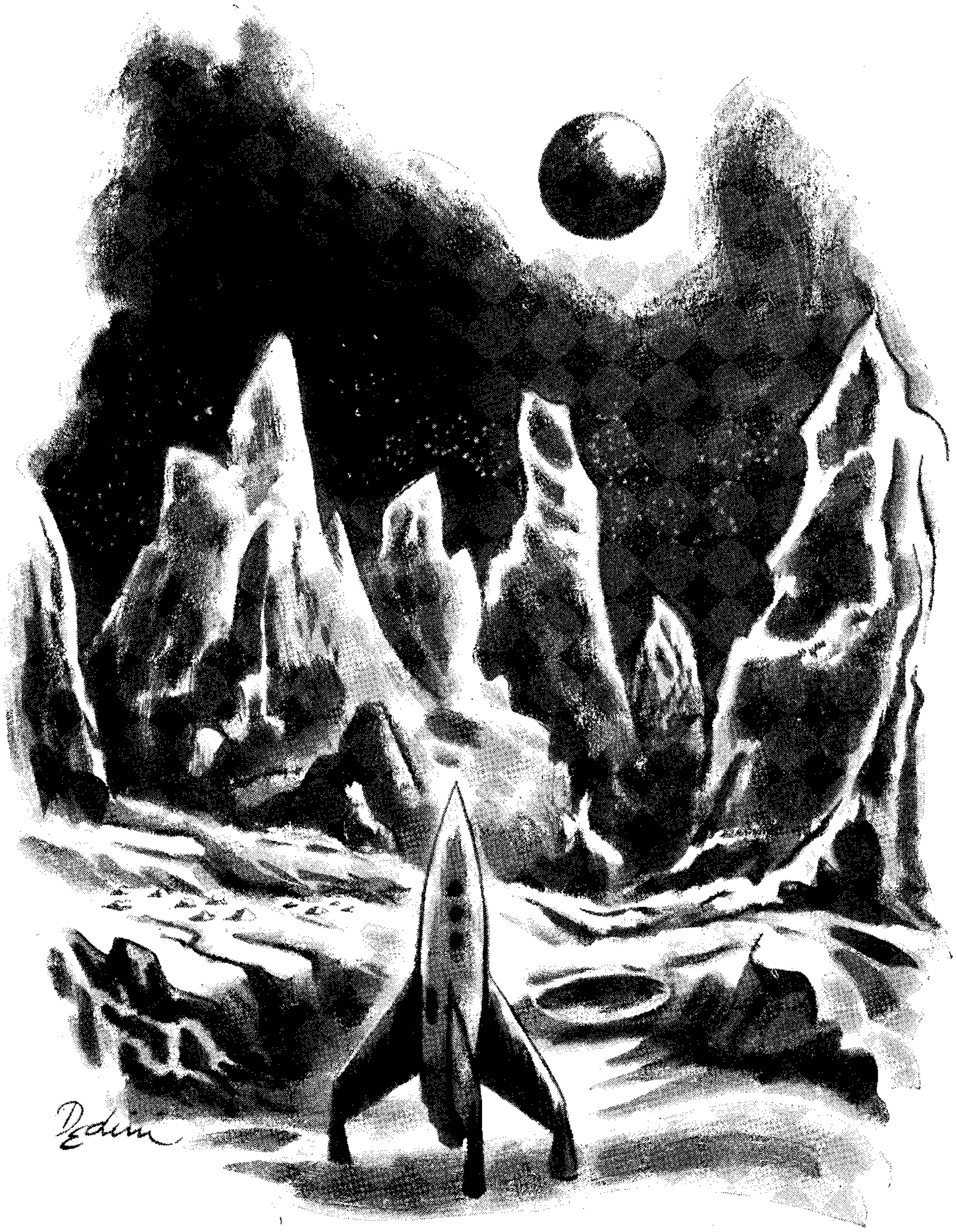
"Do you like the music?" Dr. Schlamm asked.

Laws of courtesy prevented a negative answer, and laws of truth a positive one; solving the problem, I offered him half my tamarind to suck. He accepted it with a murmured thanks, and clambered through the hedge into our garden and into our lives.

OUR household consisted at this time of my parents, whom the Doctor already knew; my older sister, whom he promptly started to fall in love with; me, whose cultural education he took in hand as a matter of course; and a great-aunt, who was alternately charmed and irritated by him but maintained a stony distance (she was fiercely nationalistic and detested Europeans on principle, as part of her fight for freedom). Then there was also Govinda. He was ostensibly a cook but actually more of an old friend, who had come from Malabar to work for my parents long before we were born, bossed us left and right, and had a phobia about cats. He'd disposed of the earlier ones with a summary brandish of his bread knife when they approached too close to the kitchen, but Toni was a different matter. Accepting Dr. Schlamm meant making truce with Toni, so Govinda glowered forbiddingly at the Doctor through the kitchen window, while the Doctor, all oblivious, progressed from neighbor to friend to something much rarer.

It was as if our home reshaped itself subtly around his presence, in a shifting of balance so delicate that neither he nor we were aware of any change. The hedge parted, footsteps sounded across the lawn, and there he was—never a "visitor," never interrupting the rhythm of the household. His sudden snort of laughter over whatever he was reading became as much a part of the evening as the whir of the ceiling fan in my father's office room, the rustle of papers on his desk, the soft jingle of household keys as my mother moved in and out of the rooms, the tuneless, thumping harvest songs from the radio program in Kannada, which was our great-aunt's favorite language, and the crunch of wheels on the gravel as the newsboy delivered the evening paper. When I ran out to read the day's cartoon strip, Dr. Schlamm raced me to the doormat and peered over my shoulder. Later, he and my sister did the London *Times* crossword together. And still later, long after we were in bed and the old house had settled down for the night with its customary creaks and groans, he sat out on the lawn with my parents, their voices blending companionably under the stars. There were some nights when they did not talk at all; the only sound then was of the wind lifting the branches of the neem trees—gently, as a woman will lift her hair with her hand to cool the nape of her neck. Often the silence lasted half the night, or so it seemed to us. For my mother—with her intuition so fine-grained, so unerring, that only the faintest Japanese brushstroke could begin to define it—always seemed to know when he wanted conversation and when merely the comfort of a human presence.

Others in the neighborhood were understandably more obtuse. All the same, after that first day when he clambered through the hedge, it was as if Dr. Schlamm had moved into the Hibinett house not only physically but with a much deeper tenancy, implying access to our collective loyalty and concern. Our great-aunt, for instance, for all her disapproval, sent up a prayer for the Doctor's safety every time he set out on his bicycle, because she was sure he would end in a ditch. Dr. Schlamm's bicycle was an old rattletrap; the brakes



"Greetings from the moon, folks. Right now the men are enjoying a typical old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the fixin's."

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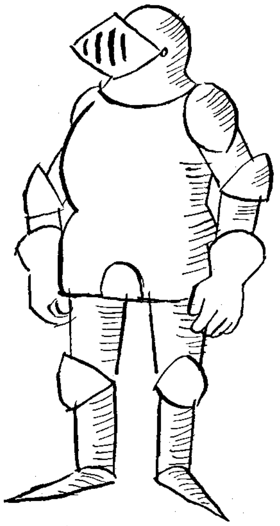
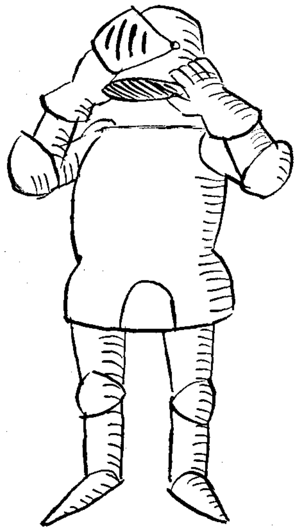
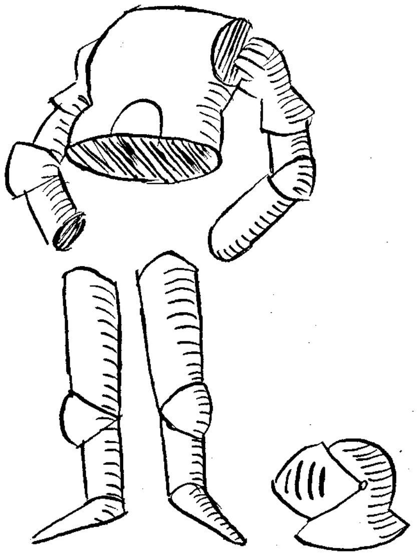






never worked; he rode with three fingers of his left hand casually guiding the handlebar, his right hand on his hip and his gaze directed upward to sky or treetop or telegraph pole, while the bicycle teetered from one side of the road to the other, depending on whether or not he remembered to keep left. "That man will forget his patients' names next," our great-aunt scolded.

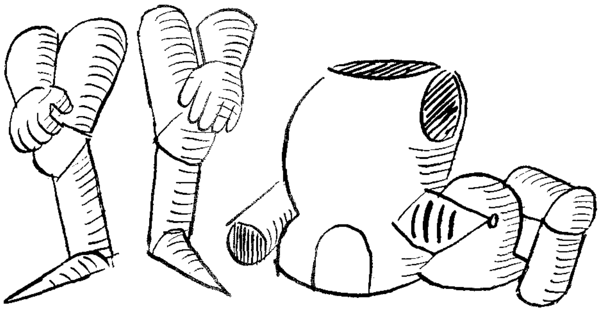
The trouble was, he did forget them. And Joe was no help, because Joe had a genius for offering his own tactless interpretation of foreign names. "Oliphants" became "Elephants;" "Henri Couchon" turned into "Air Cushion;" and once a Mrs. Willoughby, friend of a friend from a Commonwealth High Commission, departed highly affronted after he had called her "Bumblebee," which was unfortunate, because she happened to be a large and buzzing sort of woman. This, though, was not the least of Joe's weaknesses. Every Saturday night, he got roaring drunk and staggered down the road singing lewd songs. Dr. Schlamm was never unduly upset, but the auctioneers who had taken the building across the road from him saw to it, in a burst of neighborliness, that Joe was taken safely home each week. Fortunately, Joe yielded to his mother's importunities not to drink on Sundays and spent an abstemious Sabbath nursing his hangover. The auctioneers, however, attributed this to the Doctor's good influence and sent him invitations to all their auctions. So one Sunday in every month, Dr. Schlamm got the catalogue at their door and wandered dutifully past gate-leg tables and standard lamps and mahogany dressers and out again.

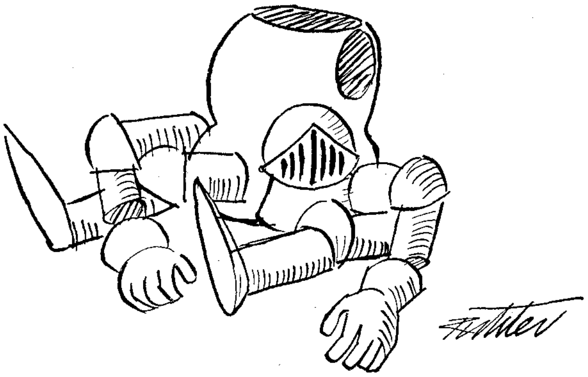
If Joe introduced the Doctor to the auctioneers, Toni was responsible for getting him acquainted with the house on our left. Toni, for all his prowess in battle, was neurotic about thunderstorms. They drove him under the Doctor's bed, where he crouched, baleful and cowering; and when he did finally emerge, it was to do unpredictable things. Once, he ventured right into our kitchen. We saw a streak of orange, which was Toni, followed by a streak of silver, which was the bread knife gleaming in the sun, followed by a streak of white, which was Govinda's dhoti, shoot through the garden and out of the gate. Govinda apologized later, grudgingly, for it had cost him his dignity. But the Doctor proved equally magnanimous. He quite understood Govinda's feelings about cats, he said; why, the cat itself had feelings about thunderstorms, so what could one do? At any rate, one couldn't do anything for the next few days, because Toni disappeared. We looked for him everywhere, but nobody saw so much as a flick of his tail. Then he was discovered hiding in one of the disused lofts in the house to our left.

This belonged to a minor rajah of sorts; he was an obliging little man, tiny and amiable and bald as an egg, and the house to our left was what was discreetly known as his "establishment." There was a woman there, buxomly established and with long black hair that she dried in the sunlight up on the roof after her bath. Most of the year, the rajah was away, and the whole place—a huge, humped structure with many rooms—was left to the lady and numerous male servants who spent their time yelling raucously up and down the stairs. One of them found the cat in the loft, but none of them could get near the animal, because of all the hissing and spitting it aimed at them, so finally the lady sent a message asking Dr. Schlamm to come and fetch Toni himself.

I watched him over the garden wall, absurdly anxious; that house, for all its noise, had a way of swallowing people up. Dr. Schlamm himself seemed embarrassed. He shuffled his shoulders beneath his shirt, scrubbed his feet assiduously on the doormat, and went in. After a while, there was a murmur of voices and a sudden yowl from the indignant Toni, followed by another murmur. Eventually, the Doctor appeared, a streak of cobweb trailing his cheek, scratches along his hand, bearing Toni in his arms. "Nice woman, that," he said to us over his shoulder. "I told her I'd attend on her if she needed any medical help. You don't suppose the rajah will mind, do you?"

The rajah did not seem to mind. He came and went; the lady stayed on the roof drying her hair. Meanwhile, the Doctor's ideal continued to be my sister—an ideal cherished with a combination of personal need and Petrarchan distance, almost as if her very remoteness was a necessary source of his sustenance: as long as she remained inaccessible, he could remain constant. He probably could have proposed to her at any time, but he never did. The nearest he came to declaring his devotion was murmuring wistfully that this was the kind of girl he'd like to marry; the nearest he came to showing his feelings was by being acutely embarrassed if he happened to be unshaven when she came into the room. How this admiration affected her, I could not tell. She continued exquisite and elusive, away at college or upstairs in her room most of the time, writing poetry or playing on her sitar. My parents, with their usual tolerance, accepted the situation; my mother, with her usual insight, remarked one evening that Dr. Schlamm was an anachronism in time and space—no matter where he lived or when, he would be out of his context, out of his time. She might have added that when his century caught up with him the disaster would begin, but that we did not know yet.





Or perhaps we did—for with the coming of Medora Hane the neighborhood arrayed itself on the side of his survival and the fight was on. He told me of the lady one afternoon when I had dragged him off to the Asia Library because I thought I'd discovered a first edition of Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" in one of its back rooms. The back room had no door; you jumped over a high window and into another world, filtered with sunlight and dust motes. We sat on the window sill, swinging our legs, our whispers in that place becoming dry as old paper, scrapy as the neem leaves brushing the sandstone ceiling. For when the Doctor discovered it *was* a first edition, he unbent enough to tell me about Medora Hane.

"She works at the U.S. Consulate," he said. "One of the staff, in fact. The most beautiful girl I have ever met."

If that had been all, we might have given our blessing; but she made him sleepless and hollow-eyed, irascible and tormented; what was worse, he lost his appetite and would not eat. There wasn't a moment's joy in the man; he looked almost famine-stricken—and in a country keenly conscious of hunger this would never do. Joe's mother made the first move. She came over, as most of the neighborhood did in moments of stress, to ask my mother's help. But for once my mother had nothing to suggest. "There are other needs than the need for rice," was all she said. So Joe's mother went over to the rajah's establishment, and two days later the lady of the house was ill and needed attention. Dr. Schlamm attended her as promised, and before he had time to wonder a little about the symptoms, our gardener's entire family—himself, his wife, his children—had one thing or another wrong with them. They straggled up to his veranda complaining of varied and original illnesses, and Dr. Schlamm was too kind to call their bluff. If he did, there was still our chauffeur to be accounted for, and the auctioneer's second cousin, and the Punjabi refugees who were staying with them, and the caretaker from the house behind ours, and lots of runny-nosed two-year-olds, dragged in, protesting, by their mothers, who worked in the houses along the street. Soon there were more patients than he could keep track of. "Salaam," they greeted him solemnly every evening. "Salaam, Dr. Salaam." A makeshift clinic evolved on his veranda; it was always crammed.

All this combined effort paid off. Besides, the glamorous Miss Hane (we saw her once at a concert, and she was every bit as blond and capricious as expected) had agreed to be escorted to the Saturday-afternoon races at Guindy. Dr. Schlamm waited and waited at the appointed hour, but, whether from overpopularity or oversight, she never appeared. After that, the scales fell slowly and obligingly from his eyes, and he went back to eating and sleeping and adoring my sister as usual.

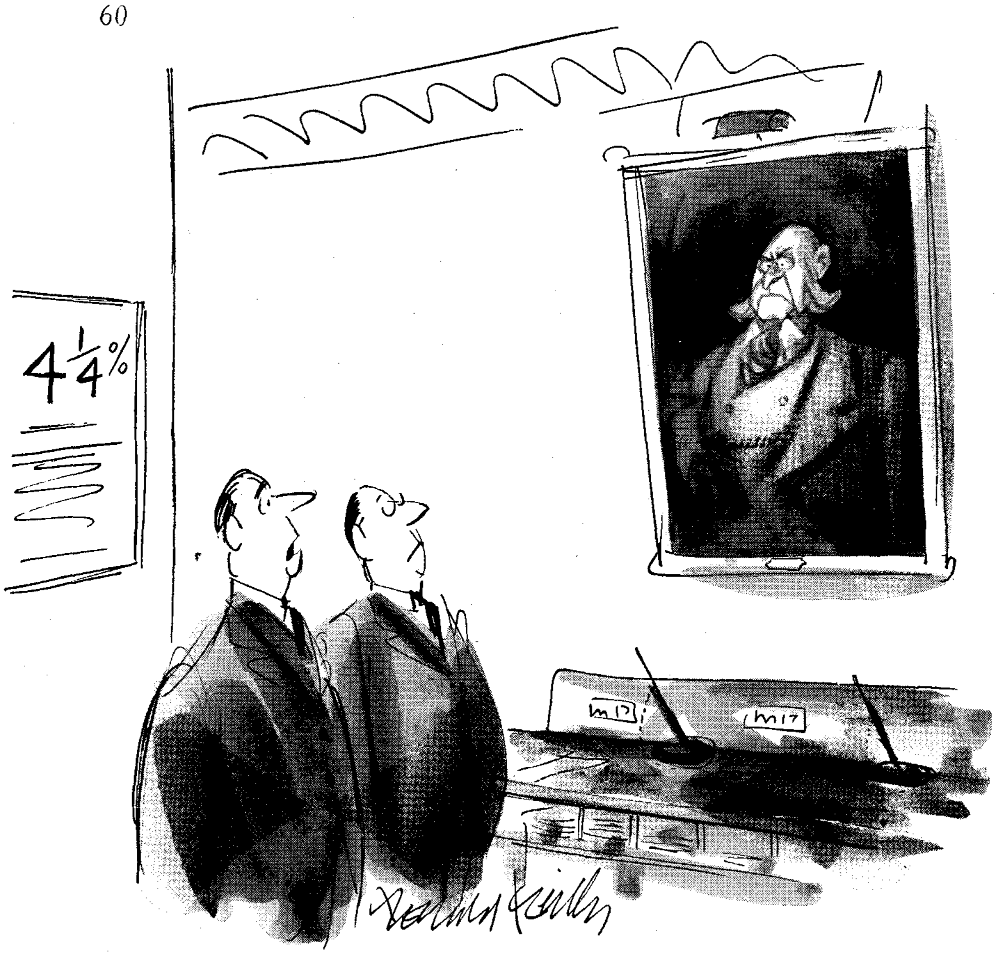
The patients, however, continued to patronize his veranda. Now when we took him to plays, he understood what was being said; when we took him to concerts, he waggled his head in appreciation as enthusiastically as anyone in the audience; he was asked to weddings and was wept on at funerals ("If *you* had treated him, Dr. Salaam, he might have lived")—until it seemed as if nothing could dislodge this man from the place they had carved for him and buttressed with their need.

THE Medora Hane affair was, however, only part of a nameless battle—easier because it involved a recognizable adversary and a tangible end. There had been other crises right from the beginning. Now they recurred. Nothing altered on the surface; he was busy as usual, going from the clinic on Mount Road to the clinic on his veranda. But in the evenings no music spilled out of his windows, no footsteps came across the lawn—they only sounded in his study, pacing ceaselessly up and down. Any relationship with Dr. Schlamm was always full of lights and darks, and at times like these it was as if the dark had laid siege to his house. In our house, there were stern injunctions not to intrude on the Doctor's privacy when he wanted to be alone. Once, when things had been at their worst in the early days of his arrival, I had begged, "Can't we *do* something to help him?" and was told quite simply that the first thing to know about helping was when not to try. Eventually, as if of its own accord, a camping trip would materialize, or perhaps a fortnight in one of the huge game sanctuaries in the Western Ghats, and before we knew what had happened Dr. Schlamm and my father had already returned from their two weeks in the mountain forests. The dark was as if it had never been—until the next time it descended on him. But this time, after a week's pacing and before Joe's mother could approach us, Dr. Schlamm himself did. He walked through the hedge (which had acquired a noticeable gap by now) and asked my mother what kind of religious instruction she gave to her children.

"Religious instruction?" my mother said, nonplussed. "I never thought of it as that. I couldn't really tell you. Why don't you watch and see for yourself?"

So Dr. Schlamm watched and learned—in three easy lessons, he told me afterward.

The first occurred soon after, when I joined a convent school run by French nuns. Within a few days of my admission, there was a problem to be brought



"Founder or not, we'll have to get rid of it. He's fouling up our friend-in-need image."

• •

to my mother: Would I have to say Hail Marys with the rest of the girls? As the Doctor listened, she told me matter-of-factly that prayer was prayer whether I hailed Mary or anyone else—so I went and said my prayers, loud and devout and righteous as the next pupil. When the monsoons came and thunder lilies bloomed in sprays of audacious white all over our garden, I took some to decorate the chapel, saw their whiteness transformed from the dauntless to the sacerdotal, and came home stammering at the shadowed beauty of the shrine and the candlelight and the stained-glass windows.

Our great-aunt, hearing me, commented acidly, "Take care they don't convert you," at which I began at once to have nightmares of kind, dimpled Sister Véronique standing over me brandishing a bread knife, for all the world like Govinda with the cats. Dr. Schlamm was with us in time for his second lesson when I mentioned this to my mother. She said nothing; she only laughed, but with such a curiously undisturbed quality to her laughter that things tilted back into focus, as much for the Doctor as for myself, apparently, because after that he argued less about Miss Logge.

Miss Logge was an English missionary lady of uncertain age who waylaid us on buses and streets and even in our own home, to preach fire and brimstone at us. Much to Dr. Schlamm's annoyance, we heard her out every time, no matter how long she talked. "Why do you *suffer* her so?" he would demand, infuriated.

"It's merely a question of courtesy," my mother replied. "The courtesy of allowing her to uphold the faith she believes in."

"And what if she hasn't the courtesy to let you uphold yours?"

My mother dismissed the matter with a wave of her hand. "That is her concern, not ours."

One day, Miss Logge cornered us at his clinic, where we had gone to leave some urgent letters on the Doctor's desk. She kept us there, preaching, while I tried not to fidget and Dr. Schlamm waited in growing exasperation. After half an hour's eloquence, the lady caught my mother by the shoulders and thrust her face close to demand, in a passionate finale, "Don't you want your soul to be *saved*?"

My mother stepped adroitly aside. "Some other time, thank you," she said, polite as ever, and we escaped.

That did it, Dr. Schlamm said afterward. He seemed hugely delighted by the whole episode, but not more delighted than our great-aunt.

Great-aunt, after the founding of the impromptu clinic on his veranda, had started to thaw in her attitude toward him. She began by conceding that he was a good man, and went on to evince an extraordinary interest in his background, as if, his character now having been established, she recognized his validity to claim a past. Her final reservations fell away when she discovered he was Jewish ("Ah, then he is like one of us; he's from an old people"), and the surrender was complete once he admitted his weakness for the *halva* she made.

After this, nothing was too good for Dr. Schlamm; no amount of information about him ever really satisfied her. She asked my parents all kinds of questions and set out their answers before her, laying one against the other, as if playing a sort of mental solitaire where every move was speculated aloud. It was her only suggestion of senility, for most of the day she ruled her old age with indomitable vigor. Then at night she would sit on the upstairs veranda, where my sister and I slept in summer, fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan, murmuring her conjectures half to herself and half to us. Sometimes we answered her, sometimes we didn't. It made no difference; she went on murmuring. Once it had been about Independence, then the partition of the country after Independence, then some local politics; now it was Dr. Schlamm.

This musing every night brought to light many things about the Doctor, especially those unspoken terrors behind his darkness. We knew the vague details, of course: the uncle whom he hated but who always knew which way the wind was blowing; the night when the uncle called Dr. Schlamm and told him dryly that he might as well get out of the country while he could; Dr. Schlamm's own mystique about India and the early years here, binding though alien. One evening, lying on my stomach in the middle of his study and listening to his records, I asked him about his childhood. He started to tell me of Innsbruck, where he was born; Munich, where his family had moved when he was still a child, the street where they lived and the number of the house. Then there was a sudden silence.

"Go on," I said. "What was Munich like?"

Dr. Schlamm was staring out the window. The record scraped to an end; the rug smelled faintly of cat and floor polish. (Years later, when I walked down a bombed, partly rebuilt street in Munich, trying to locate No. 21, that same smell of cat and floor polish was to come back, tenuous and insistent.) Finally, the Doctor shrugged, and turned away from the window. "Munich? Munich is ten miles from Dachau. Now go on home."

He did not need to tell me. There was a note in his voice I had never heard before, and, hearing it, I was already stumbling toward the door. Two days later, when he called me through the hedge to give me a dog-eared copy of Gogol's "Dead Souls," and three days later, when he upbraided me for yawning so prodigiously over it, that note wasn't there. I don't remember its ever recurring. But it echoed in his footsteps the next time he paced, and my great-aunt recognized it, too. She jerked her head toward the Hibinett house and said, "Now I know what your mother meant."

"About what?"

"About him. It was in the last days of the war, when he first moved in. You were too young to remember. I said to your mother, 'What ails the man?' and she said quite angrily, 'If your people are driven and dying and you are safe and alive, isn't that reason enough?' "

IT was reason enough for something else, too, which had never been mentioned at home. I was looking up four-year-old issues of the local newspaper in the Asia Library, for some essay to be written for school, when I came across a small item tucked away on the third page. It was brief. Karl Jacob Schlamm, the Austrian physician, of 1238 Mount Road, had been admitted to the General Hospital after he had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. His condition was reported satisfactory.

I stared at it, uncomprehending, and when Dr. Schlamm came to dinner that night, I stared at him as well. It was hard to merge the man in the newspaper column with the man sitting across from me at table. Our great-aunt's endless curiosities and conclusions, the Doctor's own darkness, and now this gathered together, emerging from the background into a cumulative effect of horror and tragedy that made his image somehow indistinct.

I was squinting at him, trying to focus, when his voice broke through. "Why are you staring at me, young woman?"

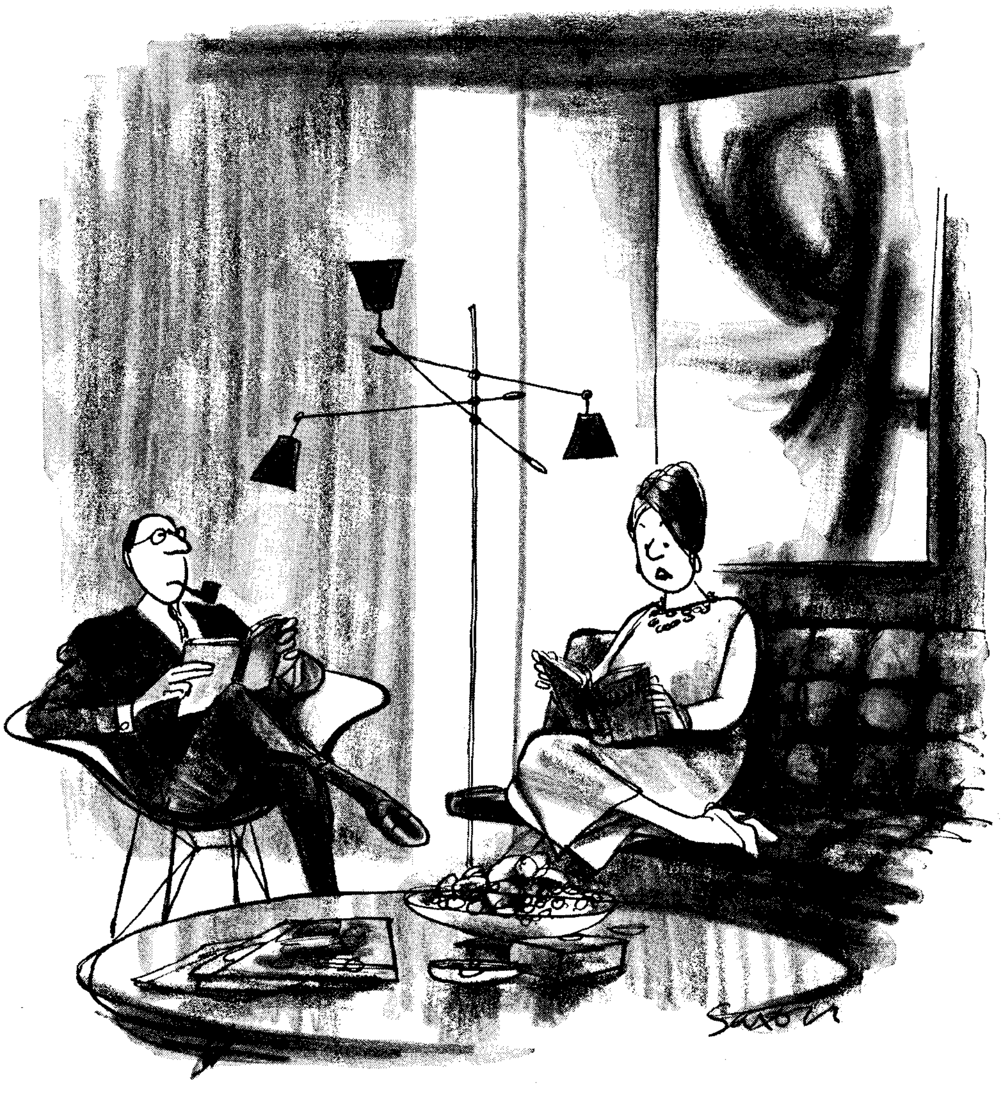
Taken aback, I said nothing. So he repeated the question, and I was overcome with inexplicable guilt and yelled, "I'm *not* staring!" at the top of my voice.

"Sh-h-h," he said. "Ladies don't shout."

At that, I thought he had begun to be recognizable again. This was the Dr. Schlamm who inspected my nails and improved my mind and dabbed mercurochrome on scratched knees, while holding forth sternly on the unseemliness of young ladies' climbing trees.

It was the same man, but something had changed. Studying him more covertly across the table, I saw the change: not in him but in the burden of my new knowledge of him. There was now a dim, incipient realization that if Dr. Schlamm brought out the hoyden in me, he brought out the serenity in my mother. When he was among us, he gave us back ourselves, mirrored but somehow accented, refracted, so that my father was stronger than ever, my sister more unlimnable, our great-aunt more opinionated. It was the opposite face of the same thing that held us back, however close we felt toward him, from referring to him as a part of the family. We might love him or grieve with him or feel the palpable weight of his guilt on our shoulders, but Dr. Schlamm carried an uncompromising loneliness with him that demanded a reticence between us. He seemed to imply all the time that no matter how valid our own sorrows, our own understanding, our lives had been rooted in our land for centuries and we could not really begin to know.

Sometimes this emerged directly, as in arguments with our great-aunt over the refugee problem in North India, when he accused her of not even knowing the meaning of the word "dispossessed." Sometimes it was more oblique, as when I caught him by the hedge the following morning, staring up at our house. Asked what he was looking for, he tweaked my braids and scowled and said, "It wasn't *only* your father who saved my life, damn it." He sounded more angry than grateful, but I accepted that, as I accepted most of his remarks, with a margin left for future cogitation. Having Dr. Schlamm next door had become part of the bewildering business of growing up, of learning



"Well, I certainly didn't know this. James Madison only weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds!"

to fill in blanks that one hadn't even known existed. This statement now could probably be construed—or misconstrued; it didn't matter which—either the next day or the next month or the next year. Where Dr. Schlamm was concerned, nothing was ever really finished; there would always be threads and echoes, ravelled or reappearing, to be tied up in retrospect or matched to a subsequent discovery. So that when he went on to say he was going away to Edinburgh for a couple of years, I did not believe him at first.

"You're what?"

"Leaving. Edinburgh. You know, in Scotland?"

"Of course I know, in Scotland. But why?"

It turned out to be a matter of a specialized medical degree—one he had already received. The Indian government at that point of political turnover did not recognize the degree from Munich, so it had to be Edinburgh. I turned and stared at the Hibinett house, suddenly bleak and bereft, knowing for the first time what it was to miss someone who was standing next to you, so close you could hear him breathe; then wishing there was a tamarind to offer him, to divert his attention; then asking him gruffly if my parents knew.

"Yes, they know, but I wanted to tell you myself. I'll be back. It's only two years."

"That's a long time."

"When you haven't begun to tread your teens, yes. When you're riding your thirties, no. I'll be back before you know it. You'll see. Just two years."

It might have been two hundred for all the farewell gestures from the neighborhood. Dr. Schlamm's portly Moslem landlord arrived on his doorstep with the noble suggestion that the next tenants be confined to a two-year lease, so that the Hibinett house could wait for the Doctor when he returned. Joe got more drunk than ever. His mother wept copious tears on hearing of the Doctor's departure and refused to leave the two rooms behind the courtyard, preferring, she said, to wait for him as the house did. Our great-aunt, of course, filled two biscuit tins full of *halva*. The rajah and his lady offered to look after Toni. The auctioneers presented him with a massive mahogany whatnot, so heavy it had to be left behind. And finally a deputation of patients arrived at the railway station with garlands of jasmine and marigolds, to give him a royal sendoff.

He was travelling to Bombay to catch a P. & O. liner, but kept reiterating, as if it were some obscure kind of promise, that the Madras seafront was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and that he would never forget the day he first sailed into the harbor. His fellow-travellers surged around us, bristling with tightly strapped holdalls and tiffin carriers gleaming brassily beneath the station lights. Porters trundled wheelbarrows right into our ankles; venders thrust laden wooden trays under our noses, screaming panegyrics to soft drinks and cigarettes, betel leaves and magazines. Dodging each as he came by, we stood and gazed up at the Doctor's spectacled face, framed embarrassedly over his garlands in the dusty square outline of the train window.

"Write to me," he kept saying at intervals, and then reached out to tweak my braids in the familiar gesture. "And you, remember to say goodbye to your sister from me. And for God's sake, *finish* 'Dead Souls.' "

My sister was away at college. Before I could begin to nod, the clamor of the station was wiped out by a single shriek from the engine whistle, and Dr. Schlamm's carriage started to lurch forward. We watched the train until it had dwindled to a receding dot and then went home in silence.

The silence lasted underneath for a year and a half in an unspoken anxiety about the Doctor, while we remembered the rickety bicycle or laughed over the rascally Joe. Old acquaintances of ours moved into the Hibinett house, but I always thought of them as intruders; they "visited" us, walking sedately through the front gate and down our drive. The sounds that issued from the Hibinett house were equally commonplace. There were no noises to startle the night, no symphonies, no cries for straying cats or countries left behind.

At the end of the first year, my sister was married. Dr. Schlamm did not react to that as I imagined he would. He seemed rather vague—sent her a charming letter and spoke of cutting cords. I graduated from skirts to saris, with all the attendant implications of trying to move gracefully in new awareness as one tried to move gracefully in grown-up clothes. Meanwhile, letters from the Doctor continued to trickle in, written on long, narrow strips of paper rather like the discarded edges of new sets of postage stamps, on which his crabbed handwriting descended in jagged steps to tell us of his English landlady and what I'd considered to be the outmoded cliché of a rooming house smelling of boiled beef and cabbage. Sometimes a more disturbing phrase jangled: "Living there, next door to you, was all right. Here in Europe the horror comes too close." Then the inconsequentialities closed smoothly in again. In return, we sent him joint family missives—long, chatty, and disconnected. When my turn came, I wrote primly of things seen and done; the important things had to wait and be spoken in person. Look, I planned to tell him when he returned, my nails are manicured and I don't climb trees and I finished "Dead Souls."

MIRIAM

Her long legs stepped across the furniture
And into another world. There stood
A tall girl stepping over furniture
And into another world. Was she
The movie she was watching? Or was she
The girl she watched, watching the movie?
Either way it was "The Miriam Story"
Played by Miriam who was writing the story
Of Miriam playing "The Miriam Story."

The dialogue should have gone like this,
The monologue ("I mean") should have gone like this:

"If you accept me, I will turn away.
If you reject me, I will turn toward you.
I feel so much. Touch me if you can.
And, oh, if I say no, please try again."

—Howard Moss

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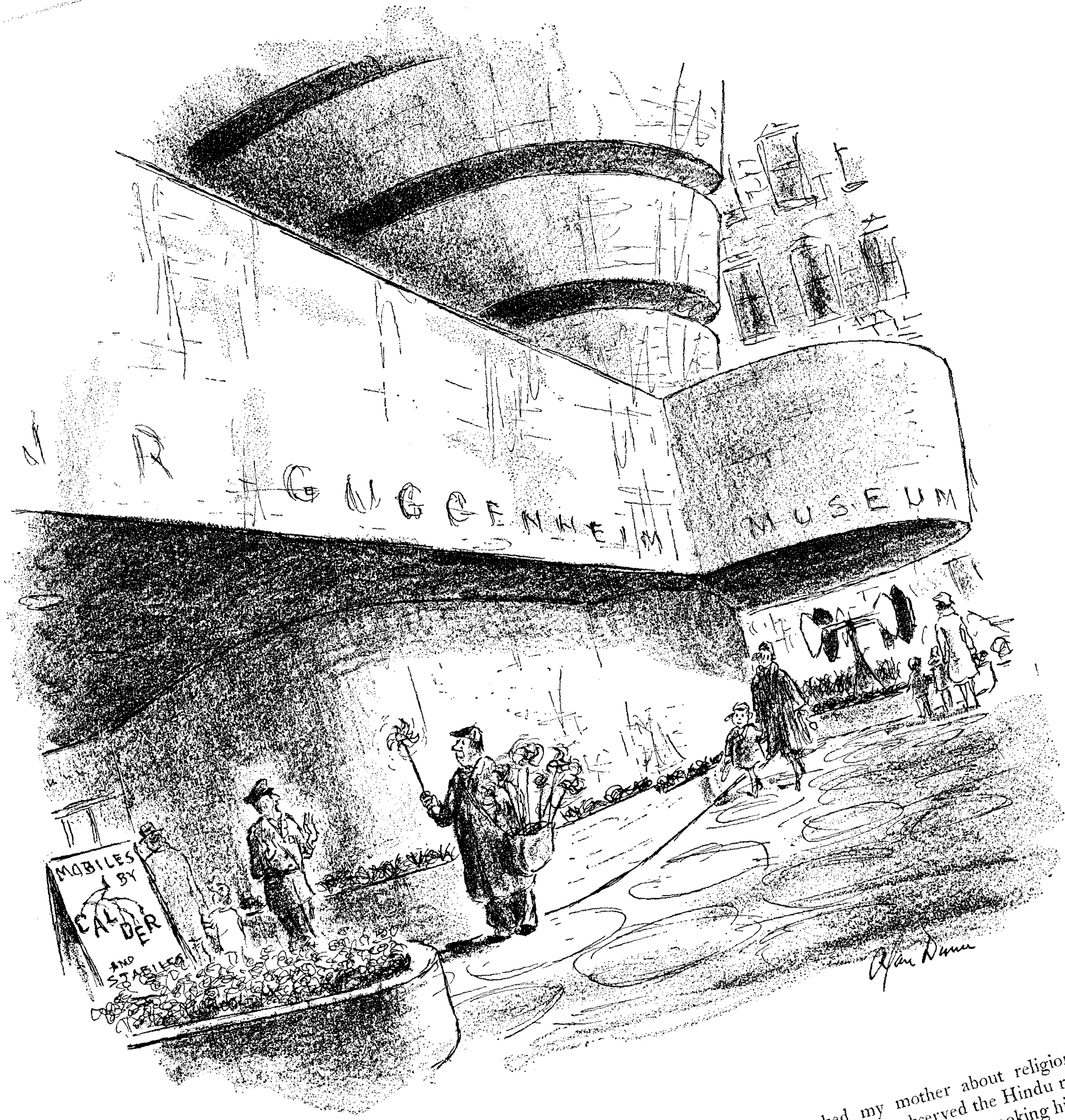

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
MOBILES BY CALDER AND STABILES

"Beat it!"

* * *

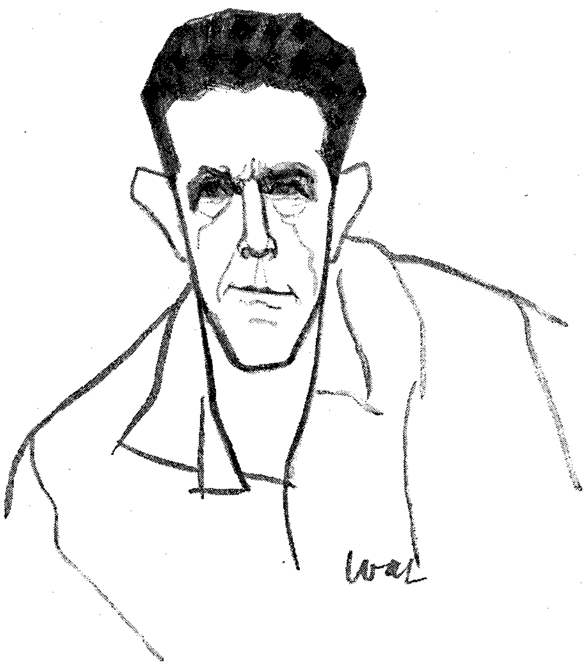
Then on a summer evening just two months short of the second year, the slap of the newspaper sounded, falling against the doormat, and the newsboy crunched his way out of the gate as usual. I dashed out to the front steps from sheer habit, shuffling cursorily past the political items to get to the cartoon. That was when his name sprang out from a blur of print. It was a brief paragraph again, and on the third page again: a report of the death in Edinburgh of Dr. Karl Jacob Schlamm, of 1238 Mount Road. Later, we heard the facts—that he had gone to the music festival, that he had listened to a Wagner concert, that he had come home and put a bullet through his head. The world braked to a stop; I could neither move nor breathe, standing on the doormat trembling and trying to call out. When they took the paper from my hand, part of the business of growing up was over and nothing could be the same again, either for me or for the rest of the neighborhood.

The auctioneers were closed on the following Sunday, "In memory of Dr. Karl Jacob Schlamm." As if in an appropriate coda to the question he had asked my mother about religion, our great-aunt observed the Hindu ritual of his death anniversary, cooking his favorite food and giving it away in charity; Joe's mother offered her prayers in church; the landlord offered his at the mosque. The runny-nosed two-year-olds who had come to the clinic on the veranda cried, whether from grief or hunger. And nobody ever used the hedge. That gap was soon overgrown, and scratched across with tentative new twigs: a bedraggled testament to the coming and the going between us.

—Padma Perera

PROFILES

FIGURE IN AN IMAGINARY LANDSCAPE



John Cage

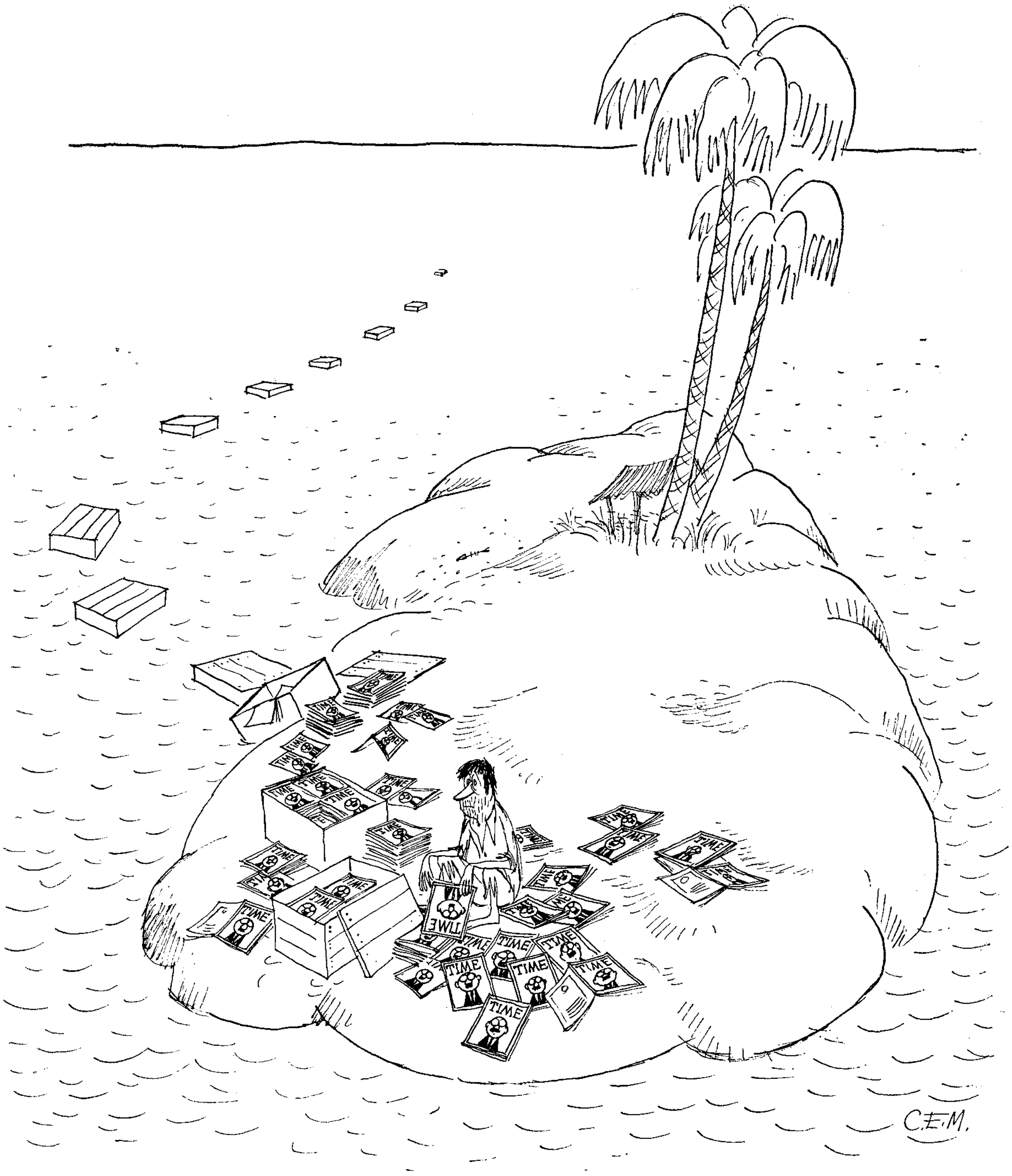
ONE *afternoon in the fall* of 1962, the American composer John Cage and the American pianist David Tudor, who were nearing the end of a six-week concert tour of Japan, attended a special service in their honor at the Grand Shinto Shrine of Ise, near the seacoast about seventy miles south of Nagoya. The service had been ordered and paid for by their official host, Mr. Sofu Teshigahara, a well-to-do Japanese art patron and master of the art of flower arrangement, and it included the music and dances of the ancient ritual of *gagaku*. The purpose of the ceremony, as requested by Mr. Teshigahara and as expressed in the prayers of the officiating priests, was to bring blessings upon the avant-garde activities of Mr. Cage and Mr. Tudor, and to cause the sun to shine favorably upon the flowering of all such avant-garde activities throughout the world.

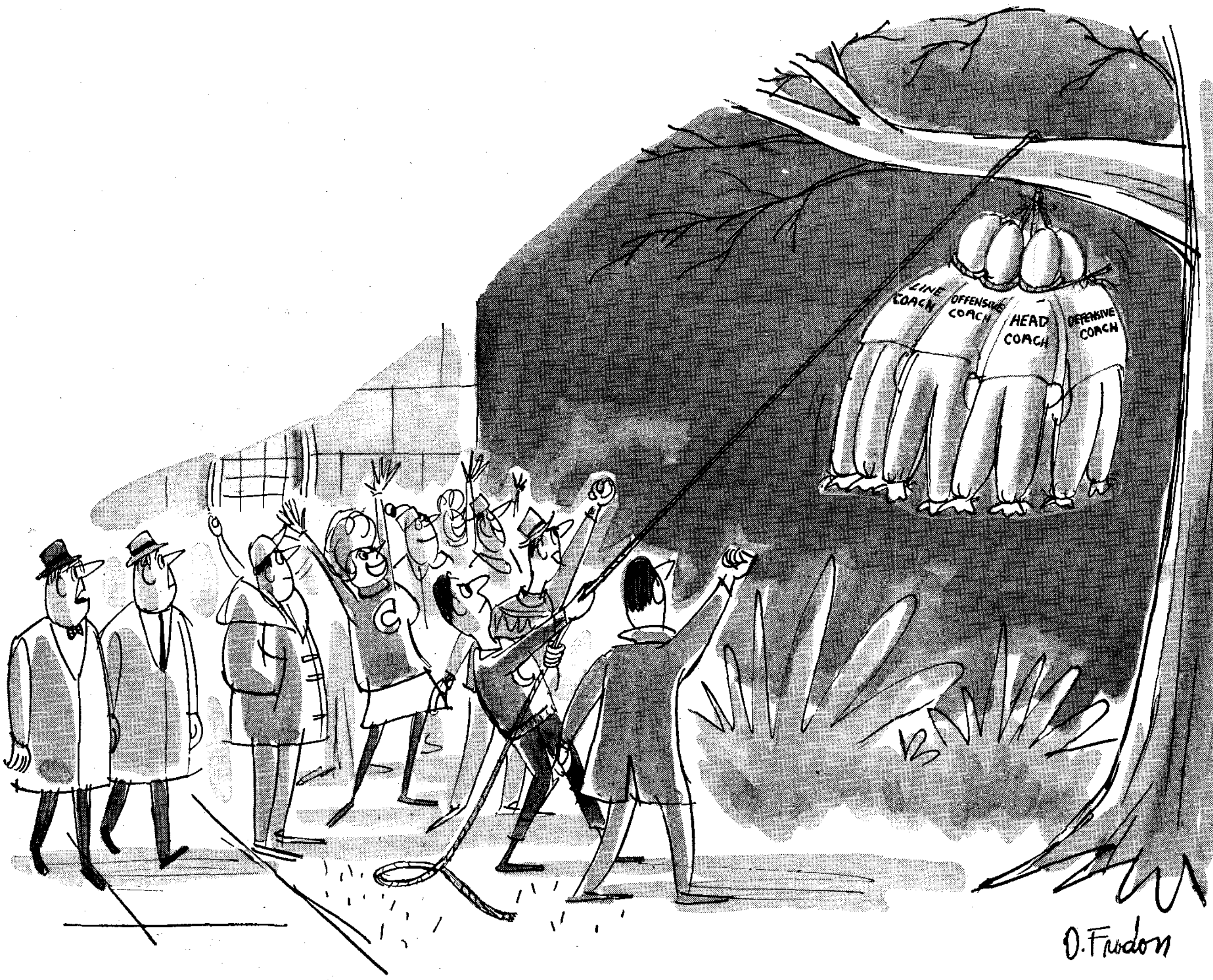
Whether by coincidence or by design, the international avant-garde does seem to have been more active than usual during the last two years, causing lively disturbances and astonishments in many countries. Nowhere, however, has it been more active than in the United States, and no American has caused more disturbances or astonishments than John Cage. Although it could be argued that Cage has been doing this sort of thing for the past twenty years, the music season in New York last year seemed at times to be characterized by a wholly unprecedented blossoming of Cage-directed activities, including his first appearance with the New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein had scheduled a number of programs devoted in part to the music of the avant-garde, with compositions by Edgard Varèse, Stefan Wolpe, and other leading innovators sandwiched in between layers of Beethoven, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky. The fifth and final program featured what Bernstein called "music of chance," and included compositions by Cage and by Morton Feldman and Earle Brown, both of whom have worked closely with Cage in the past and share many of his artistic ideas. The reception of their work by the Philharmonic audience suggested that Mr. Teshigahara's Shinto blessing was wearing a bit thin.

To be sure, it must be conceded that the attitude of most subscription audiences—and of most concert musicians, for that matter—toward works by avant-garde composers is almost invariably hostile these days. Although recordings and FM-radio broadcasts, together with a few concerts put on by small groups in New York and elsewhere, are beginning to acquaint a predominantly youthful audience with the musical works of the last twenty-five years, it is still accurate to say that a very large section of the American music public—unlike the public for the visual arts—has been insulated from the developments in musical composition that have sprung from the two great revolutions in twentieth-century music: Schoenberg's abandonment of conventional tonality, and the more recent development of magnetic tape, which, after the war, ushered in the era of electronic music. In this atmosphere, it is hardly surprising that the general public shows particular hostility to Cage's music, for it is certainly less familiar—less recognizable, that is, by nineteenth-century standards—than any other music now being written. Yet although the current crop of avant-garde leaders in Europe and the United States now tend to say that they have not been influenced by Cage—some of them spend a great deal of time explaining just how their music differs from his—it can hardly be denied that Cage's work and ideas continue to exert an extraordinary influence, for good or bad, on the work of contemporary composers throughout the world. When he was in his twenties (he is now fifty-two), his invention of the "prepared piano"—a technique of muting the strings that transformed an ordinary grand piano into a kind of percussion orchestra—won him awards from the Guggenheim Foundation and from the National Academy of Arts and Letters, which cited him for "having thus extended the boundaries of musical art." In his thirties, he started to employ techniques of composition by chance methods, thus anticipating, and directly influencing, the European and American composers of what is now called "aleatory," or chance, music, which Igor Stravinsky has described (in some dismay) as the music of the nineteen-sixties. Cage was experimenting with electronic sounds ten years before the advent of magnetic tape, and his "Imaginary Landscape No. 5," a collage of recorded sounds, is the earliest piece of tape music to be produced in this country. In recent years, his work with contact microphones, phonograph-needle cartridges, and electronic circuits has kept him several jumps ahead of even his most devoted followers, and in his latest compositions he has moved out of the field of musical time altogether. When performing his "Variations IV," he simply obtains a map or plan of the performance area and then, by chance calculations, determines *where* the sounds will come from; any sounds will do—radios, conventional instruments, even the sound of a door slamming—for Cage is now convinced that "everything we do is music." And he continues to convince others. Looking back over his career in 1963, the music critic Peter Yates concluded that "John Cage would appear to be the most influential living composer today—whatever opinion you or I may hold about his music."

Cage would be very happy if his work were received more sympathetically, or at least more objectively, by audiences, critics, and musicians; as he puts it, he prefers to live "in a climate of agreement." Yet he himself is objective enough not to expect any general acceptance of his music or his ideas in the foreseeable future, for what he is proposing is, essentially, the complete overthrow of the most basic assumptions of Western art since the Renaissance. The power of art to communicate ideas and emotions, to organize life into meaningful patterns, and to realize universal truths through the self-expressed individuality of the artist are only three of the assumptions that Cage challenges. In place of a self-expressive art created by the imagination, tastes, and desires of the artist, Cage proposes an art born of chance and indeterminacy, in which every effort is made to extinguish the artist's own personality; instead of the accumulation of masterpieces, he urges a perpetual process of artistic discovery in our daily lives. Again and again in "Silence," the published collection of his lectures and writings up to 1961, Cage asks himself what the purpose is of writing music (or engaging in any other artistic activity), and answers with a restatement of his basic creed. The purpose, he wrote in 1957, is "purposeless play," and he added, "This play, however, is an affirmation of life—not an attempt to bring order out of chaos nor to suggest improvements in creation, but simply a way of waking up to the very life we're living, which is so excellent once one gets one's mind and one's desires out of its way and lets it act of its own accord."

Cage is by no means alone in pursuing an art that goes beyond individual self-expression. A number of painters, writers, and composers in various countries have been moving in roughly the same direction in recent years, and many of them have used chance methods as a means to that end. The young French composer Pierre Boulez said last year that "if it were necessary to find a profound motive for the work I have tried to describe [his own], it would be the search for *anonymity*." Painters like the late Jackson Pollock, in America, and Georges Mathieu, in France, whose goal was and is certainly not anonymity, have nevertheless sought in the accidents of thrown or dripping paint a key to creation beyond the reach of the artist's conscious mind and will. The "absurd" theatre of Ionesco and Beckett, the so-called "new novel" of French authors like Alain Robbe-Grillet, and a good deal of the choreography done by young modern-dance groups in New York and elsewhere can also be seen as part of a general revolt against self-expressive, meaningful art in the Renaissance tradition. Summing up these trends in an article in the *Hudson Review* entitled "The End of the Renaissance?," Professor Leonard B. Meyer, of the University of Chicago, gave the movement the scholarly title of "radical empiricism." The basis for the new aesthetic, he wrote, is "a conception of man and the universe that is almost the opposite of the view that has dominated Western thought since its beginnings," for it proceeds from the conviction that "man is no longer . . . the center of the universe." Radical-empiricist art reflects a loss of belief in man's ability to control nature or his own destiny, and finds support for its position in the contemporary scientific revolution, which has shown that na-





"Things were simpler in our day."

• •

ture's processes are inherently indeterminate, unpredictable, and, ultimately, unknowable. Also—and especially in Cage's case—it draws much of its philosophical underpinning from Oriental thought, notably Zen Buddhism, which sees nature as an interrelated field or continuum, no part of which can be separated from the rest or valued above the rest. Nature is thus interpreted as being an unending process with no inherent design and no predictable goals. As Cage states it, "The highest purpose is to have no purpose at all. This puts one in accord with nature in her manner of operation."

The main difference between Cage and other radical empiricists is that he is willing to go a great deal farther than they are. Composers like Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen have used methods of chance and indeterminacy in their writings, but generally without giving up control of their use. Cage, on the other hand, favors abandoning all vestiges of control and turning the entire composition over to chance. All his efforts are directed toward the difficult end of getting rid of his own taste, imagination, memory, and ideas, so that he will then be able to "let sounds be themselves." To many of his old friends, this is pure heresy. "John is just spitting in people's faces now," says Robert Motherwell, the painter. "It's a kind of compulsion, this pushing an absurd premise to its logical conclusion. He's just not in the real world anymore." The sculptor Richard Lippold, who has known Cage for many years, says that he now finds it difficult to talk with him at all. "John has the most brilliant intellect of any man I've ever met," Lippold declared last summer, "and for years he's been trying to do away with it." Even the composer Earle Brown, who has worked in close association with Cage for twelve years, has parted company with him aesthetically over the issue of eliminating control. "There's no real freedom in John's approach," Brown says. "I think that a really indeterminate situation is one where the self can enter in, too. I feel you should be able to toss coins and then decide to use a beautiful F sharp if you want to—be willing to chuck the system, in other words. John won't do that."

To all these complaints and criticisms Cage's answer is basically the same. He believes that the world is changing more rapidly and more drastically than most people realize. A great many of the traditional attitudes of Western thought are becoming obsolete, he feels, and a great many of the older traditions of Oriental thought are becoming increasingly relevant to life in the West. Cage insists that the true function of art in our time is to open up men's minds and hearts to the immensity of these changes, in order that they may be able to "wake up to the very life" they are living in the modern world. But—and this is crucial to Cage's argument—only by getting completely out of the imprisoning circle of his own wishes and desires can the artist be free to enter the miraculous new field of human awareness, and thereby help others to enter it as well. Thus, even in Cage's view, art

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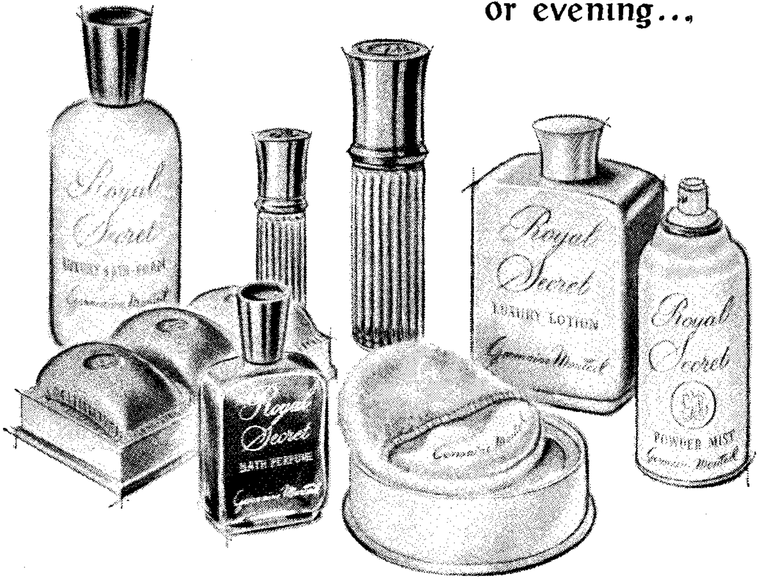
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turns out to have a purpose after all, and a very important purpose at that. The "purposeless play" of the artist, which is really an imitation of Nature in her newly perceived manner of operation (indeterminate, chancy, without design), should serve, ideally, to lead his audience into the promised land of a totally new form of experience, where, as Cage picturesquely describes it, "everyone is in the best seat." For Cage, art and life are not separate entities, as they have been in the past, but very nearly identical, and Cage's whole career can, in fact, be seen as a long campaign to break down all lines of demarcation between the two.

A MODERATELY tall man whose close-cropped dark hair and broad smile make him appear considerably younger than his years, Cage gives the impression of one who finds his own life a continually delightful and surprising affair. He was born in Los Angeles, the only child of John Milton Cage, a well-known inventor and electrical engineer. (In 1912, the year Cage was born, his father, in a submarine of his own design, established a world record for staying under water—thirteen hours.) The senior Cage's inventions never quite led to the expected pot of gold, however, and the family fortunes were somewhat up and down. The Cages moved about a good bit, and John, Jr., attended schools in Ann Arbor, Detroit, Santa Monica, and Los Angeles, getting straight A's in all of them. He took to music early and with complete enthusiasm. Although his parents tried at first to discourage his interest (two of Mrs. Cage's sisters and one of her brothers were musicians, "and the general feeling," Cage says, "was that a musician wasn't a good thing to be"), they eventually capitulated and bought him a baby-grand piano, which he remembers playing on while the movers were carrying it into the house. Cage started taking piano lessons when he was in the fourth grade, first from a local teacher and then from his Aunt Phoebe, and later he studied with Fannie Charles Dillon, a composer who listened to birdcalls, wrote down the notes, and used them as her melodies.

"I wasn't very gifted on the piano," Cage recalls. "I disliked the technical excercises and all the other physical aspects, and I remember having a kind of sinking feeling every time Aunt Phoebe or Miss Dillon played for me, because the music they played was fantastically difficult and I knew I would never be able to play as well as that. But Aunt

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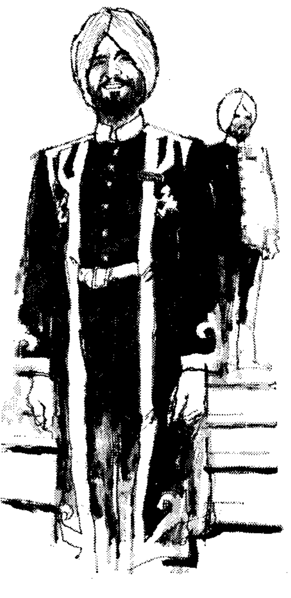

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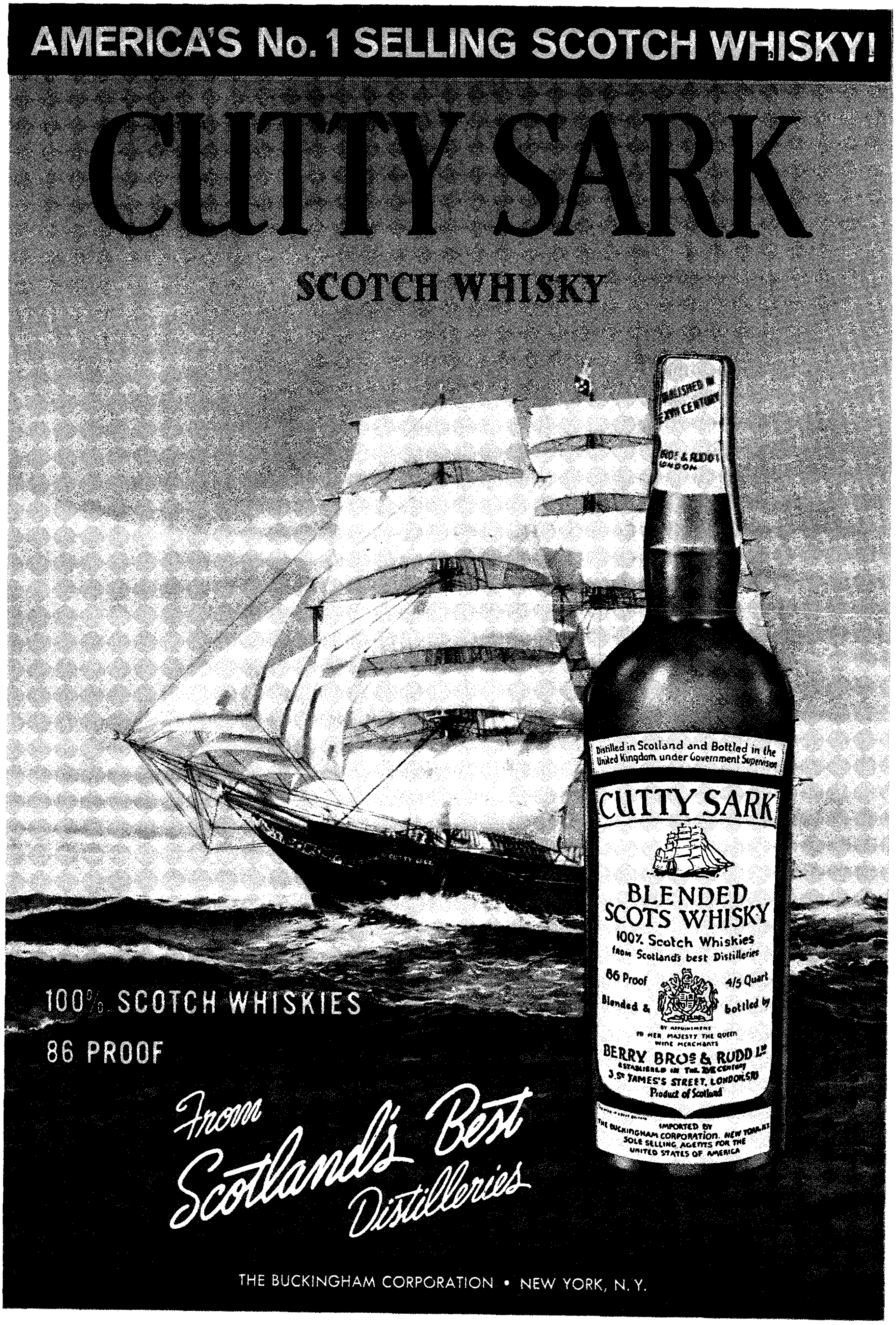
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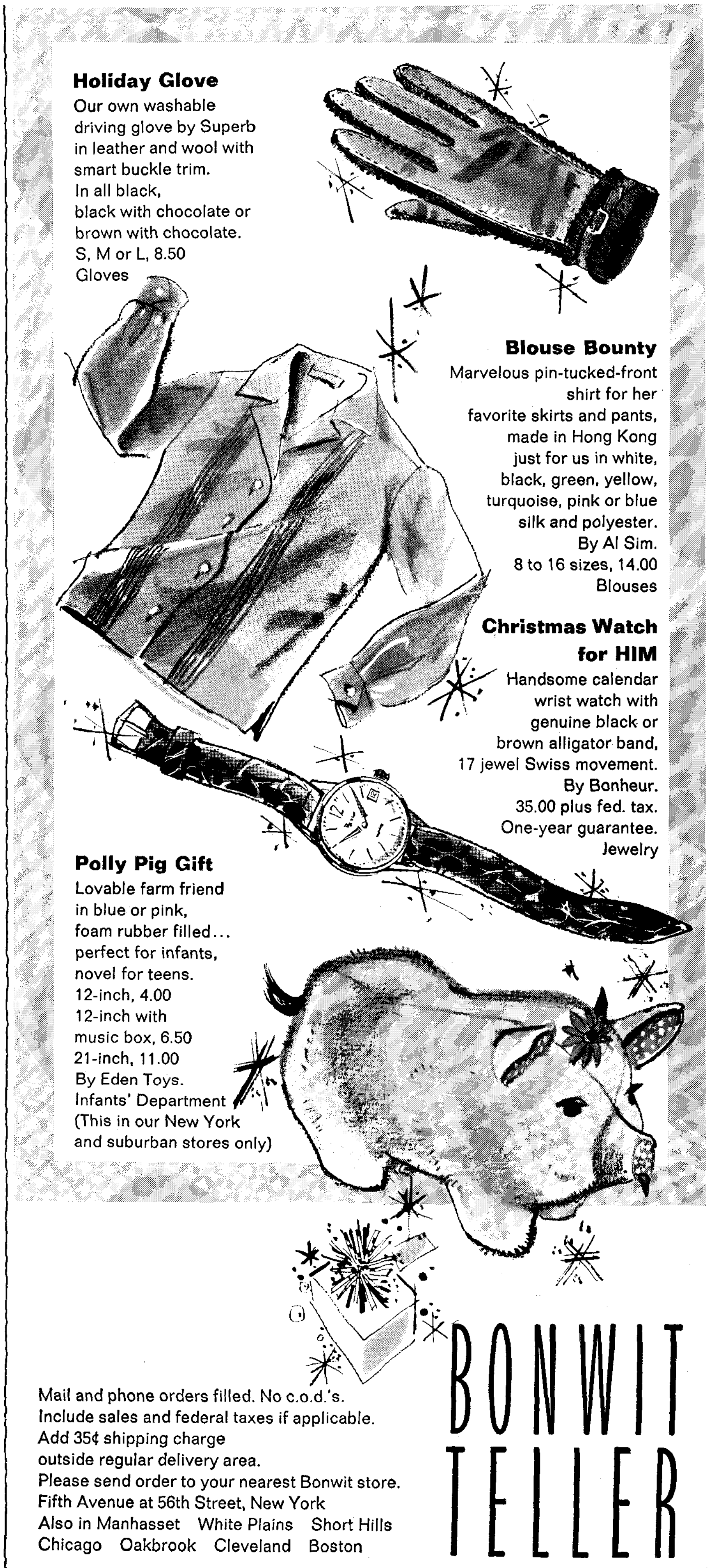
Phoebe taught me sight reading, and that seemed to open the door to the whole field of music." He haunted the Los Angeles Public Library's extensive music collection, taking home scores and exploring the literature—within certain limits. Aunt Phoebe did not approve of Bach or Beethoven, and she never once mentioned Mozart. Cage's explorations were therefore confined to the minor figures of the nineteenth century. "I became so devoted to Grieg that for a while I played nothing else," he has said. "I even imagined dedicating my life to the performance of his works alone, for they did not seem to me to be too difficult, and I loved them."

Having graduated from high school in Los Angeles with the highest scholastic average in the school's history, he entered Pomona College, in Claremont, California, at the age of sixteen, and soon slumped to the level of a B or C student. "One day, our history assignment was to go to the library and read a certain number of pages in a book," he has since explained. "The idea of everybody reading exactly the same information just revolted me. I decided to make an experiment. I went to the library and read things that had nothing to do with the assignment, and approached the exam with that sort of preparation." At the end of his sophomore year, he persuaded his parents that a trip to Europe would be more useful than another two years of college, and in the spring of 1930, having been promised a modest allowance from them, he hitchhiked to Galveston and sailed for France.

In Paris, Cage became keenly interested in modern painting—to the point of trying it himself—but he also kept up his piano and was taken on by Lazare Lévy, at that time the leading piano teacher at the Paris Conservatoire. "M. Lévy was extremely surprised that I had no knowledge of Bach or Mozart, but he accepted me as a pupil," Cage recalls. "I took only two lessons, though. I could see that his teaching would lead to technical accomplishment, and I wasn't really interested in that. Meanwhile, he sent me to a Bach festival, where I finally discovered Bach—you can imagine how delighted I was over that!—and I went on my own to a concert of modern music by the pianist John Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick was really the one who got me interested in modern music. He played Stravinsky, Scriabin, and some other things. I went right out and bought myself the Bach Inventions and a collection of modern music, and I began spending a lot of time playing as



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much of it as I could on the piano."

Cage came home in the fall of 1931, after eighteen months abroad. He drove across the country to Los Angeles in a Model T and moved in with his parents, where he kept busy writing, painting, and composing. To help make ends meet, he set himself up locally as a lecturer on modern painting and music, selling tickets to housewives door-to-door and explaining, with characteristic candor, that while he did not know very much about these subjects, he was enthusiastic about them. Surprisingly, considering that this was in the depth of the depression, twenty or thirty housewives turned out for each lecture—enough to make the venture mildly profitable. "But then the day came when I foresaw that I'd have to give a lecture on Arnold Schoenberg," Cage recalls. "I didn't know anything about him, and his music was far too difficult for me to play. It was really a disastrous situation." Cage did know that an American pianist named Richard Bühlig had been the first person to play Schoenberg's Opus 11, a crucial work in the history of modern music and a milestone on the road to twelve-tone composition. Some months earlier, Cage had telephoned Bühlig in Los Angeles—after deciding, quite irrationally, that Bühlig must live there, and finding that he did—and asked if he could come and hear him play Schoenberg's music. "Certainly not," Bühlig had said, and hung up. Now Cage decided to go to see him in person and explain his current predicament. He did so, waiting outside Bühlig's house for twelve hours and accosting him when he finally came home. Bühlig flatly refused to play for Cage's lecture audience, but he did invite Cage inside and agree to look at his music, and eventually he took him on as a pupil.

"Bühlig was a wonderful, cultivated man, and he taught me a great deal," Cage said last winter. "After seeing my music, the first thing he said was that I had to learn something about structure." Cage's work up to that time had been of two kinds—very brief pieces derived from complex mathematical systems, and settings of texts by Aeschylus, Gertrude Stein, and other favorite authors, which he would improvise at the piano and then try to write down quickly, before they got away. Bühlig showed him that these improvisations were not really composed at all, since they lacked any sort of structural coherence, and he directed Cage to Ebenezer Prout's standard books on harmony and musical form.

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As a result of his work with Bühlig, Cage developed a method of composition that employed two twenty-five-tone, or two-octave, ranges, with one of the octaves shared by both; no single tone in the shared range was to be repeated until at least eleven other tones had intervened, and no tone in the nonshared ranges could be repeated until all twenty-five had been used. The method was rigid and complex but had structure, and, with Bühlig's encouragement, Cage sent several of his compositions in this form to Henry Cowell, in San Francisco. Cowell, who was at that time putting on concerts of new music, publishing a great deal of experimental work in his *New Music Quarterly*, and serving as a walking repository of names, addresses, and information about everyone doing original work in the music field, told Cage that he should study with Schoenberg, but suggested that first, because his musical training was so sketchy, he should spend some time studying with Adolph Weiss, a former pupil of Schoenberg's, who lived in New York. In the spring of 1933, therefore, Cage said goodbye to his family and friends and climbed aboard that invaluable depression conveyance, a freight train.

Cage spent a year and a half in New York, living in a series of cheap furnished rooms and earning a living of sorts washing walls at the Brooklyn Y.W.C.A. He studied harmony and composition with Weiss for two hours after work each day, and in the evening he usually played bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Henry Cowell, who had come East, too, and was teaching at the New School for Social Research, on Twelfth Street. Every morning, no matter how late the previous evening's bridge game had lasted, Cage got up at four o'clock and composed for four hours. He eventually became a scholarship student at the New School, and took all of Cowell's courses there, which put him in touch with the whole world of modern music. By the fall of 1934, he felt sufficiently enlightened to approach Schoenberg, who had recently come to America and, as it happened, was teaching at the University of Southern California. Cage drove back across the country with Cowell and presented himself immediately to Schoenberg. Their initial meeting was brief. Schoenberg asked whether Cage could afford to study with him. "I told him that there wasn't any question of affording it, because I couldn't pay him anything at all," Cage says. "He then asked me whether I was willing to devote my life to music, and I

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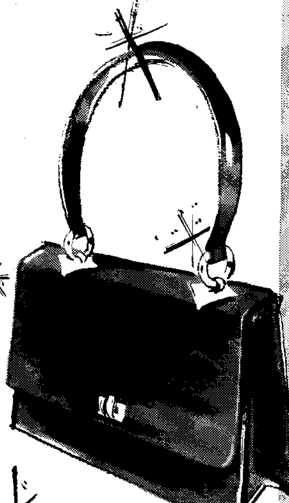

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said I was. 'In that case,' he said, 'I will teach you free of charge.' "

Cage studied counterpoint at Schoenberg's home, and attended all his courses, first at U.S.C. and later at U.C.L.A. "I also took his course in harmony, for which I had no gift," he says. "Several times, I tried to explain to Schoenberg that I had no feeling for harmony. He told me that without a feeling for harmony I would always encounter a wall through which I could not pass. My reply was that in that case I would devote my life to beating my head against that wall—and maybe this is what I've been doing ever since. In all the time I studied with Schoenberg, he never once led me to believe that my work was distinguished in any way. He never praised my compositions, and when I commented on other students' work in class he held my comments up to ridicule. He used to tell his students, 'My purpose in teaching you is to make it impossible for you to compose.' And yet I worshipped him like a god." Many years later, after Schoenberg's death, the critic Peter Yates, an old friend of Schoenberg's, told Cage that the composer had once confided to him that Cage was "not a composer but an inventor, of genius."

Soon after beginning his studies with Schoenberg, Cage got married. His wife, Xenia Andreevna Kashevaroff, was one of six talented, striking, and volatile daughters of a Russian Orthodox priest in Juneau, Alaska. Cage had met her two years before in a Los Angeles crafts shop where he was working. Cage supported himself and his wife by doing library research for his father. He also picked up odd jobs from time to time, one of which turned out to be of great importance to his future career. Through a friend, he met one of the pioneers of abstract film-making, Oskar Fischinger, and was commissioned to do the music for one of Fischinger's films. Fischinger had the idea that every inanimate object possessed its own indwelling spirit, which was released when the object made a sound. This slightly whimsical notion suddenly opened up for Cage a whole new world of musical possibilities—a world that *did not depend on harmony* for its structure, and thus pointed the way out of the impasse to which his studies with Schoenberg were leading. There had been a flurry of interest in percussion music during the nineteen-twenties, stimulated in part by Luigi Russolo's 1916 Italian Futurist manifesto, which called for an "art of noises." Then, in the early thirties, Edgard Varèse had,

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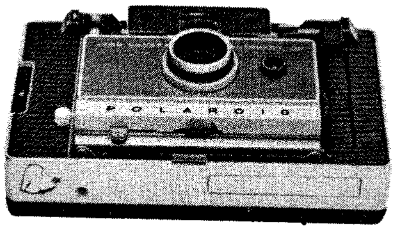

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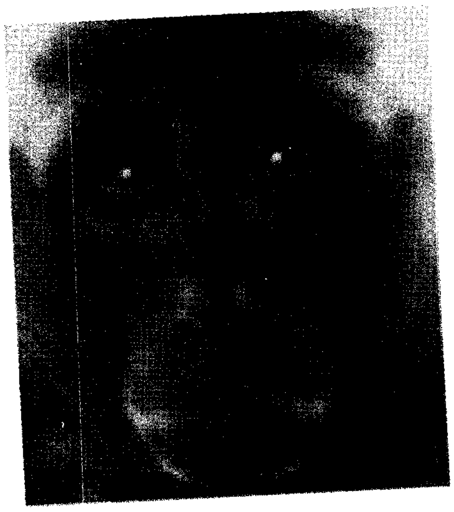

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as Cage puts it, "fathered forth noise into twentieth-century music"—Varèse's famous score "Ionization," with parts for forty-one percussion instruments and two sirens, was written in 1931—and some of Henry Cowell's work had come close to pure noise. "I believe that the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach a music produced through the aid of electrical instruments that will make available for musical purposes any and all sounds that can be heard," Cage said in a 1937 lecture. "Whereas in the past the point of disagreement has been between dissonance and consonance, it will be, in the immediate future, between noise and so-called musical sounds." And he had an answer to the charge that noise itself could not be music: "A single sound by itself is neither musical nor not musical. It is simply a sound. And no matter what kind of a sound it is, it can become musical by taking its place in a piece of music." His own contribution to this development was his use of silence—not simply as a gap in the continuity or as a pause to lend emphasis to sounds but as an element of composition in itself, in much the same way that contemporary sculptors were using open space, or "negative volume," in their sculpture. The music he wrote in this period is full of silences—some of them rather long—woven into the context of delicate, generally quiet noises, which Cowell once described as "a shower of meteors of sound." Cage organized his own orchestra to play his new music, and its members—as was proper for this breaking of new ground—were not musicians at all. Actually, they were bookbinders; Cage and his wife were friends of a well-known Los Angeles bookbinder named Hazel Dreis, who had a large house that was usually filled with apprentices, and Cage set them to work on a variety of novel percussion instruments, salvaged for the most part from local junkyards—automobile brake drums, hubcaps, and so on. Cage invited Schoenberg to come to a concert, but Schoenberg said he was busy that night. He was busy every other night, too.

Fortunately for Cage, there was a branch of the music world that welcomed all such experiments. For some time, the modern dance had been the real patron of twentieth-century music. The followers of Martha Graham not only took an interest in the innovations and experiments of young composers but commissioned new works and used them as scores for their own performances. Cage joined a modern-

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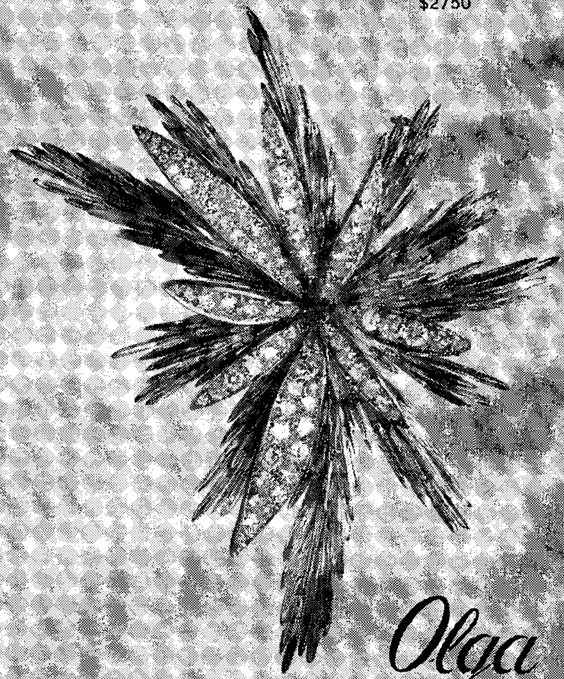

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dance group at U.C.L.A., improvising at the piano during its technique classes, and was soon composing percussion pieces for its dances. In 1937, when his studies with Schoenberg were completed, he and Mrs. Cage moved to Seattle, where he had been offered a job working as accompanist for Bonnie Bird's dance classes at the Cornish School, a progressive institution with a curriculum that stressed the creative arts. The two years they spent there were highly productive for Cage. He organized a student percussion orchestra and gave percussion concerts throughout the Northwest. He also, at the request of Syvilla Fort, a Negro student who later became well known as a dancer, wrote the music for a new dance of hers called "Bacchanale." "My percussion music would have been fine, but there was no room in the dance theatre for all those instruments," he recalls. His solution was to invent a totally new instrument, the prepared piano, and this marked a turning point in his career. "I was still writing twelve-tone music for piano then, but I knew that wouldn't do for 'Bacchanale,' which was rather primitive—almost barbaric," he says. "I worked and worked without getting anywhere. The performance was only three days off. Then suddenly I decided that what was wrong was not me—it was the piano. I remembered that Henry Cowell had used his hands *inside* the piano, and had even slid a darning egg along the strings, so I began trying things inside the piano, too—magazines, newspapers, ashtrays, pie plates. These seemed to change the sound in the right direction, making it percussive, but they bounced around too much. I tried using a nail, but it slipped around, too. Then I realized that a bolt or a large wood screw inserted between two strings was the answer. This changed every aspect of the sound. I soon had a whole new gamut of sounds, which was just what I needed. The piano had become, in effect, a percussion orchestra under the control of a single player." In its subsequent refinements, which included the use of rubber, wood, glass, and other materials between the strings, the prepared piano became the most widely known of all Cage's innovations, and Virgil Thomson, reviewing a concert for two prepared pianos that was given at the New School in New York in 1945, spoke of the "gamut of pings, plucks, and delicate thuds" as being "both varied and expressive."

During his stay at the Cornish School, Cage also evolved a musical

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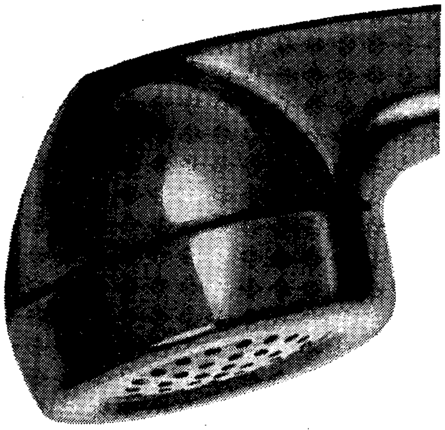
CREATED IN FRANCE BY PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS theory that freed him once and for all from the shackles of harmony. "Schoenberg had always stressed the structural function of harmony as a means of relating the parts to the whole," Cage said recently. "But traditional harmonic structure had been in a process of disintegration ever since Beethoven—a process that shows up very clearly in the music of Wagner and of Schoenberg himself. I realized, moreover, that harmony relates only to pitch, but pitch does not really apply to percussion music—to noise—and certainly does not apply to silence, which I had come to regard as an essential complement of sound. Now, when you analyze the physical nature of sound, you find that it has three characteristics besides pitch—timbre, loudness, and duration. The only one of these four characteristics that *does* relate to both sound and silence is, quite obviously, duration. And so I came to realize that any structure for percussion music—for a situation in which harmony does not exist—must be based on duration, or *time*."

Before long, Cage was feeling the need for a wider field of operations, and in 1941 he accepted an invitation from Laszlo Moholy-Nagy to teach a class in experimental music at the Chicago Institute of Design. There he recruited and trained a group of amateur percussion players, gave a concert at the Chicago Arts Club, and, as a result of well-placed introductions by friends, received a commission from the C.B.S. "Columbia Workshop" to do a radio show in collaboration with the poet Kenneth Patchen. The program, which was called "The City Wears a Slouch Hat," had as its theme the visit of a Christ figure to a modern city, and for it Cage wrote a two-hundred-and-fifty-page score in which various sound effects suggestive of the actual sounds of the city were to be considered not as "effects" but as music. A week before the performance, the C.B.S. engineers informed him that his score was utterly impracticable. Cage worked day and night for the next week writing a new score for percussion instruments and sound effects that *was* practicable, and the program was broadcast on schedule, over a national hookup. "Afterward, we received many letters from listeners in the West and Middle West, and they were almost all enthusiastic," Cage says. "So I decided I was going to be a great success, and because of that I should go to New York." The Cages had just enough money at that point to pay the bus fare, but they had recently met Max Ernst, the painter, who was



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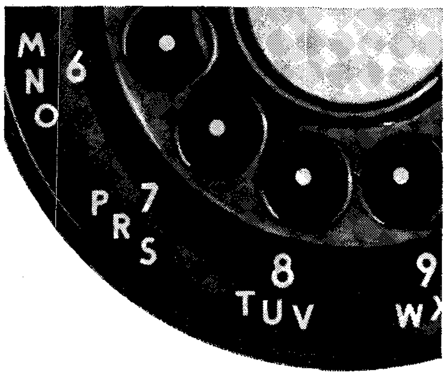

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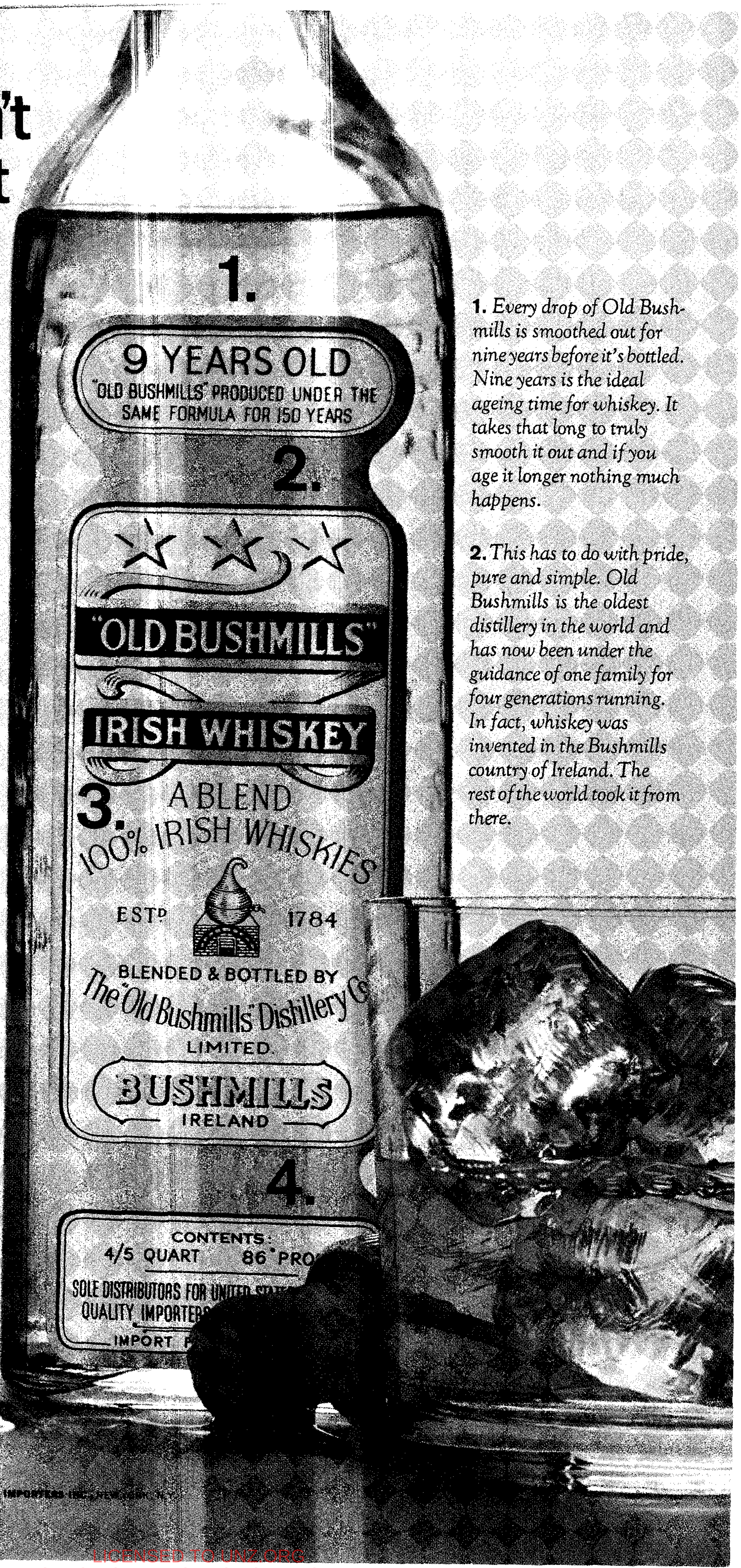
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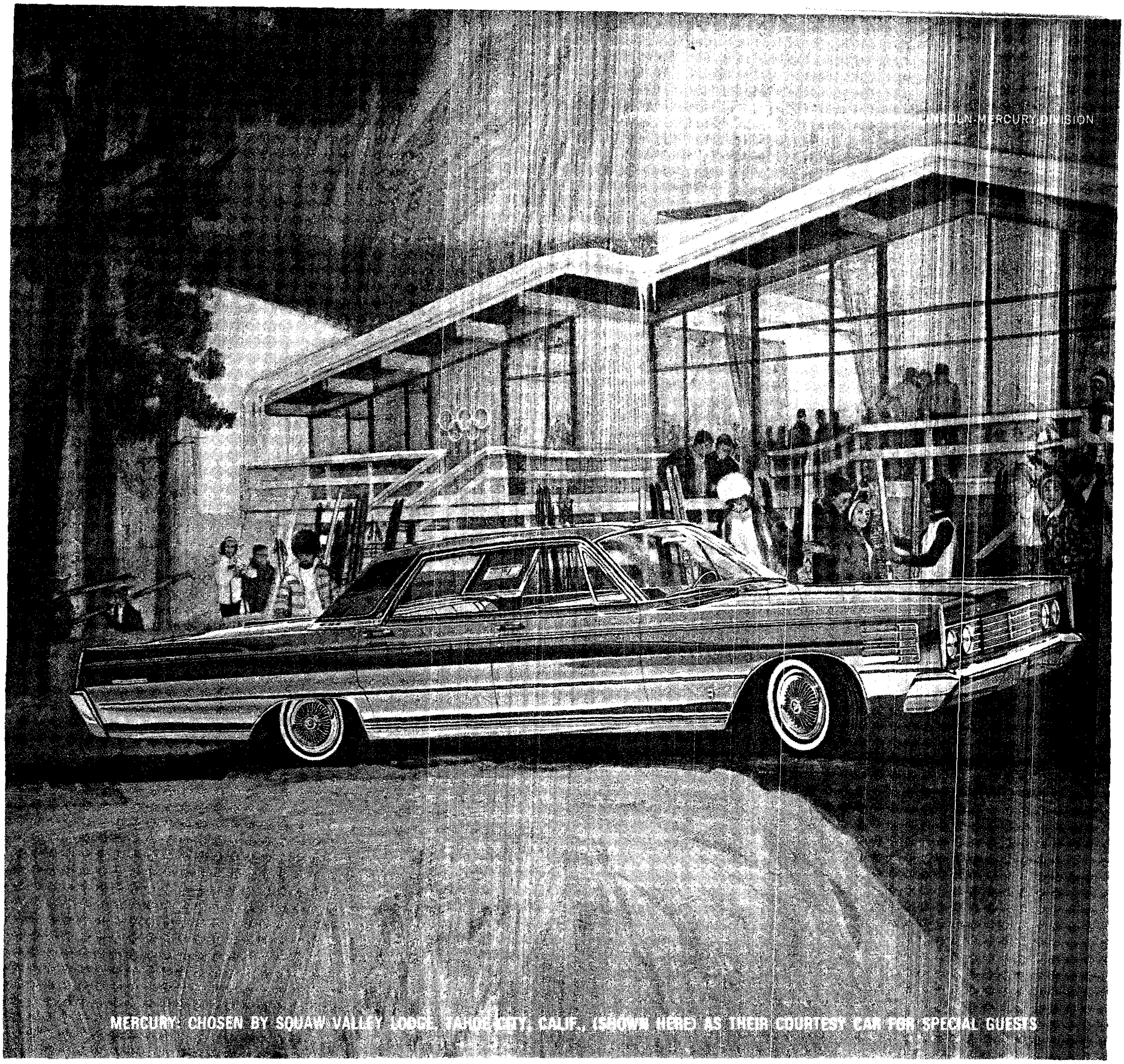
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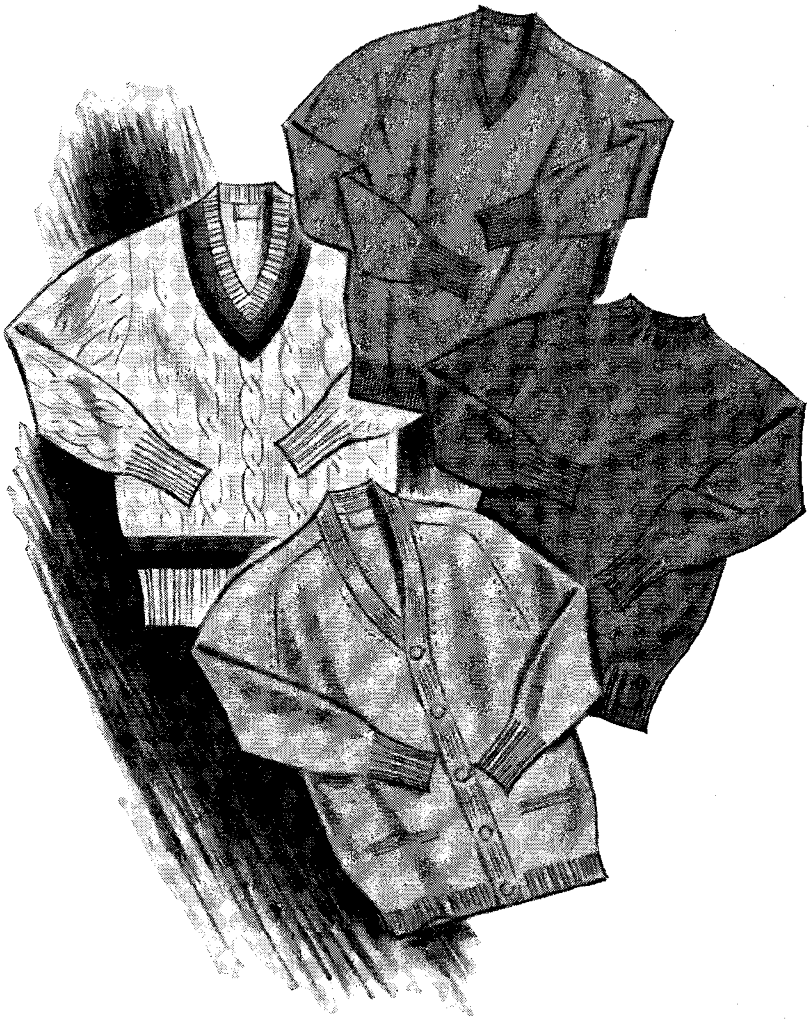
passing through Chicago, and Ernst had invited them to come and stay with him and his wife, Peggy Guggenheim, in their New York apartment. This seemed to clinch matters, and the Cages left Chicago in the spring of 1942, arriving in New York with exactly twenty-five cents between them. Cage used a nickel of that to dial the number Ernst had given him. What followed was suitably Surrealistic. "Max Ernst answered," Cage relates in "Silence." "He didn't recognize my voice. Finally, he said, 'Are you thirsty?' I said 'Yes.' He said, 'Well, come over tomorrow for cocktails.' I went back to Xenia and told her what had happened. She said, 'Call him back. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose.' I did. He said, 'Oh, it's you. We've been waiting for you for weeks. Your room's ready. Come right over.' We stayed with Max and Peggy for about two weeks, in their lovely apartment overlooking the East River, and met a great many people whose names were written in gold in my head—Piet Mondrian, André Breton, Virgil Thomson, Marcel Duchamp, even Gypsy Rose Lee. I was just flabbergasted by the whole situation. Somebody famous was dropping in every two minutes, it seemed."

This agreeable situation came to an abrupt end as a result of Cage's newfound ambitions. Peggy Guggenheim was then preparing to open her Art of This Century gallery on West Fifty-seventh Street, and she had decided that the opening should be celebrated with a concert of Cage's music. At the same time, Cage was doing everything in his power to get a concert at the Museum of Modern Art. "The musical ideas I was developing seemed more related to modern painting than to anything else," he has explained. "In any case, when Peggy learned that I was arranging to have a



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concert at the Modern Museum the following winter, she was furious. She cancelled the concert at her gallery, and refused to pay for the transportation of my percussion instruments from Chicago, which she had agreed to do earlier. Worse still, she let us understand that our living in her house was not a permanent arrangement, as we had been inclined to think it was."

Things did not look good for the Cages. The concert at the Modern Museum was still six months off, and C.B.S. officials in New York, whose mail on the Cage-Patchen radio program must have come from other sources than Cage's, were in no mood for further sallies into experimentation. The Cages found temporary lodging for the summer in an apartment that belonged to Jean Erdman, the dancer, who was then preparing to give a program at Bennington College in collaboration with a former Cornish School student and soloist in Martha Graham's company named Merce Cunningham; in return, Cage wrote the music for a Cunningham-Erdman dance called "Credo in Us." "But we still didn't have any money," Cage recalls. "It was the first time I'd actually been at the point of not having *anything*—not even a nickel. And because of this it became a different situation somehow—as though I were suddenly free of the economic problem. I simply took the attitude that people should give me money. I wrote to several friends in Chicago and other places, and some of them sent checks." They got through the summer this way, and afterward Cage was able to make some money by writing music for modern dancers, at the rate of five dollars for each minute of music. He also did library-research work for his father, who had moved to New Jersey and was engaged in a top-secret project for the government that had to do with a device to help airplane pilots see through fog. As a result of this work, Cage was exempted from military service in the war.

CAGE's concert at the Museum of Modern Art, in February, 1943, was the first of a succession of New York concerts that quickly made him the most widely discussed young composer of the avant-garde. Although the performances of his work seldom made money—and, in fact, often lost fairly impressive sums—they interested at least one segment of the music world and made for Cage a number of influential friends. The most influential of these was Virgil Thomson, the com-

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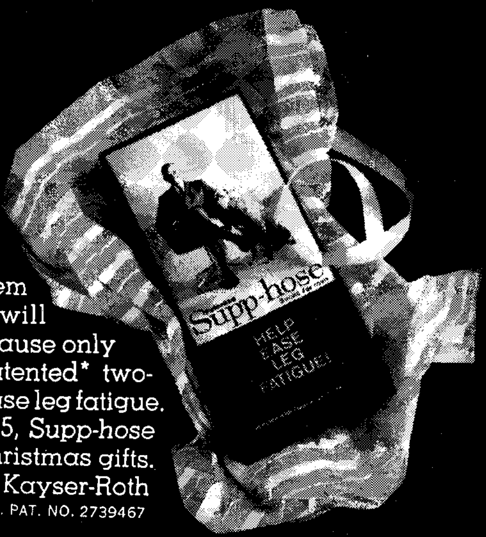

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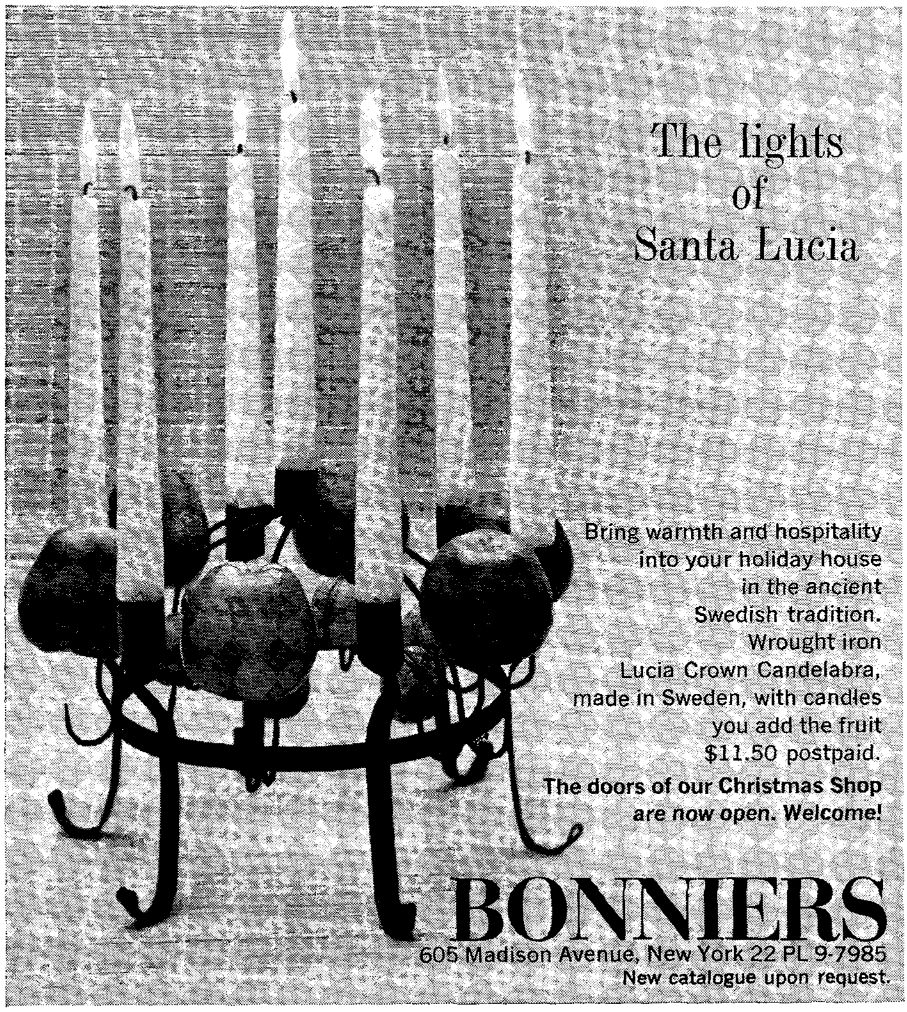

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poser, who at the time was the music critic of the *Herald Tribune* and a member of numerous committees on musical matters. "Mr. Cage has carried Schoenberg's twelve-tone harmonic maneuvers to their logical conclusion," Thomson wrote in one review. "His work represents . . . not only the most advanced methods now in use anywhere but original musical expression of the very highest poetic quality."

Gratifying as this sort of recognition must have been, Cage found himself increasingly assailed by doubts about the validity of his musical approach. Much of the music he had written in Chicago and New York had been an attempt to express his own personal ideas. One composition, called "Imaginary Landscape No. 3," which included thunderous sound effects and loud electronic buzzes, was intended to suggest war and devastation. In another, a suite called "Amores," made up of two pieces for prepared piano and two for percussion trio, Cage had tried to express his belief that even in wartime beauty remains in intimate situations between individuals. The suite called "The Perilous Night," which followed, was concerned, as Cage has explained it, with "the loneliness and terror that come to one when love becomes unhappy." To a good many listeners, though, the effect was rather different; one critic, for example, wrote that the last movement of "The Perilous Night" sounded like "a woodpecker in a church belfry." Cage was genuinely dismayed. "I had poured a great deal of emotion into the piece," he said, "and obviously I wasn't communicating this at all."

Along with these feelings of uncertainty about his ability to express anything musically, Cage was undergoing severe strains in his personal life. He and Xenia separated in 1945, and were divorced soon afterward, and Cage went to live on the top floor of a tenement building on Monroe Street, on the lower East Side. He became deeply absorbed in the composition of a long work for prepared piano—longer by far than anything he had yet done—in which he set out to express the "nine permanent emotions" of Indian aesthetic tradition (a concept he had encountered in a book by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy), and which took the form of sixteen sonatas and four interludes. For eighteen months, Cage immersed himself in the philosophies of both East and West. He had started out with the feeling that East was East and West was West, but the more he read, the more correspondence he found between the two supposedly separate states

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of mind. Then, just as he was beginning to feel ready to stop what he called "window-shopping" among the world's philosophies and religions, he discovered Zen Buddhism. Dr. Daisetz T. Suzuki, the first important spokesman for Zen in the West, had recently come to America and was giving weekly lectures at Columbia University that were attended by psychoanalysts, scientists, painters, sculptors, and philosophy students. They were also attended by Cage. He went regularly for two years, and he feels that for him they took the place of psychoanalysis. "I had the impression that I was changing—you might say growing up," he says. "I realized that my previous understanding was that of a child." He saw that Zen, like psychoanalysis, was an attempt to open up the psyche from within to a more intense awareness (enlightenment, or *satori*) of everyday life. Therefore, he felt, it could be said that music should try to do externally what Zen and psychoanalysis attempted internally; it should not be concerned primarily with entertainment or communication or the symbolic expression of the artist's ideas and tastes but, rather, should per*form the specifically useful function* of helping men and women attain a more intense awareness of their own lives, not only in the concert hall but during every waking moment. By a rare coincidence, Cage found this Oriental idea perfectly summed up in the words of the seventeenth-century English music commentator Thomas Mace, who once wrote that the function of music was "to sober and quiet the mind, thus rendering it susceptible to divine influences." How could music do this? Cage found his answer in the statement by Coomaraswamy that all art should "imitate Nature *in her manner of operation*"—that is to say, rather than in her outward appearances—and this is precisely what he has tried to make his music do ever since. "I would like to think that the sounds people hear in a concert could make them more aware of the sounds they hear in the street, or out in the country, or anywhere they may be," he has said.

Now that his doubts about the value of composing music had been resolved, Cage threw himself into his work with renewed vigor. Through Lincoln Kirstein, whom he had met at Virgil Thomson's, he was commissioned to write a score for the Ballet Society; this was "The Seasons," his first work for an orchestra of conventional instruments. He continued work on his sonatas and interludes, made several tours as accompanist and, eventually,

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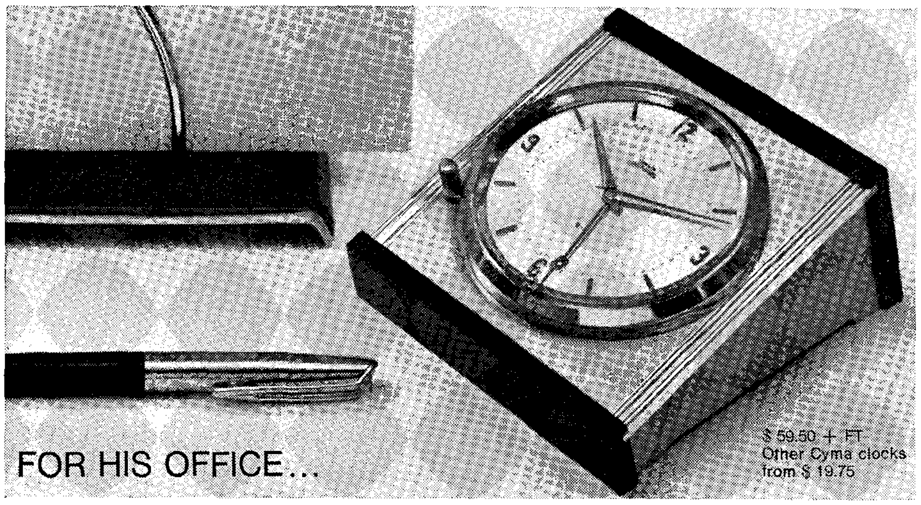

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musical director of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, and in 1948 accepted an invitation to give a series of lectures at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina—an experimental institution, now defunct, that placed its emphasis on original work in the arts. The idea was that Cage would offer a survey course in modern music, but by the time he arrived on the scene he had decided to present instead a festival of the music of Erik Satie.

Cage had long been interested in Satie, whose ironic and bizarre spirit had presided, somewhat mysteriously, over the activities of Les Six in Paris during the nineteen-twenties; indeed, Cage thought that he could detect in Satie's then little-known symphonic drama "Socrate" a type of rhythmic structure similar to his own. (Some years later, he saw Satie's notebooks in Paris and found, sprinkled about the margins, clusters of numbers that seemed to correspond to the numbers he himself used in working out his compositions. Much excited, he mentioned his discovery to Darius Milhaud, who had known Satie well. "Oh, no," said Milhaud. "Those numbers referred to shopping lists.") In any event, Cage not only talked the Black Mountain authorities into letting him put on his Satie festival but persuaded them to publish his lectures at the end of the summer. The latter project came to grief when Cage, in one lecture, was moved to denounce Beethoven. "With Beethoven, the parts of a composition were defined by means of harmony," Cage told the assembled students and faculty. "With Satie and Webern, they are defined by means of time lengths. The question of structure is so basic, and it is so important to be in agreement about it, that one must now ask: Was Beethoven right or are Webern and Satie right? I answer immediately and unequivocally: Beethoven was in error, and his influence, which has been as extensive as it is lamentable, has been deadening to the art of music." This was going a bit too far even at Black Mountain, and the talks on Satie were not published.

The following year, 1949, was an auspicious one for Cage. His "Sonatas and Interludes," finally finished in late 1948, received its first New York performance in January at Carnegie Recital Hall by the pianist Maro Ajemian, and was well received. ("Delightful, varied, sprightly, recalling in both sound and shape the Esercizi . . . for harpsichord by Domenico Scarlatti," wrote Virgil Thomson.) The National Academy of Arts and Letters voted

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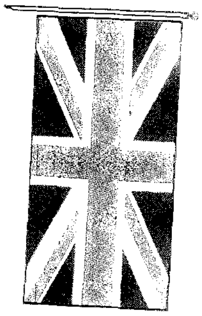

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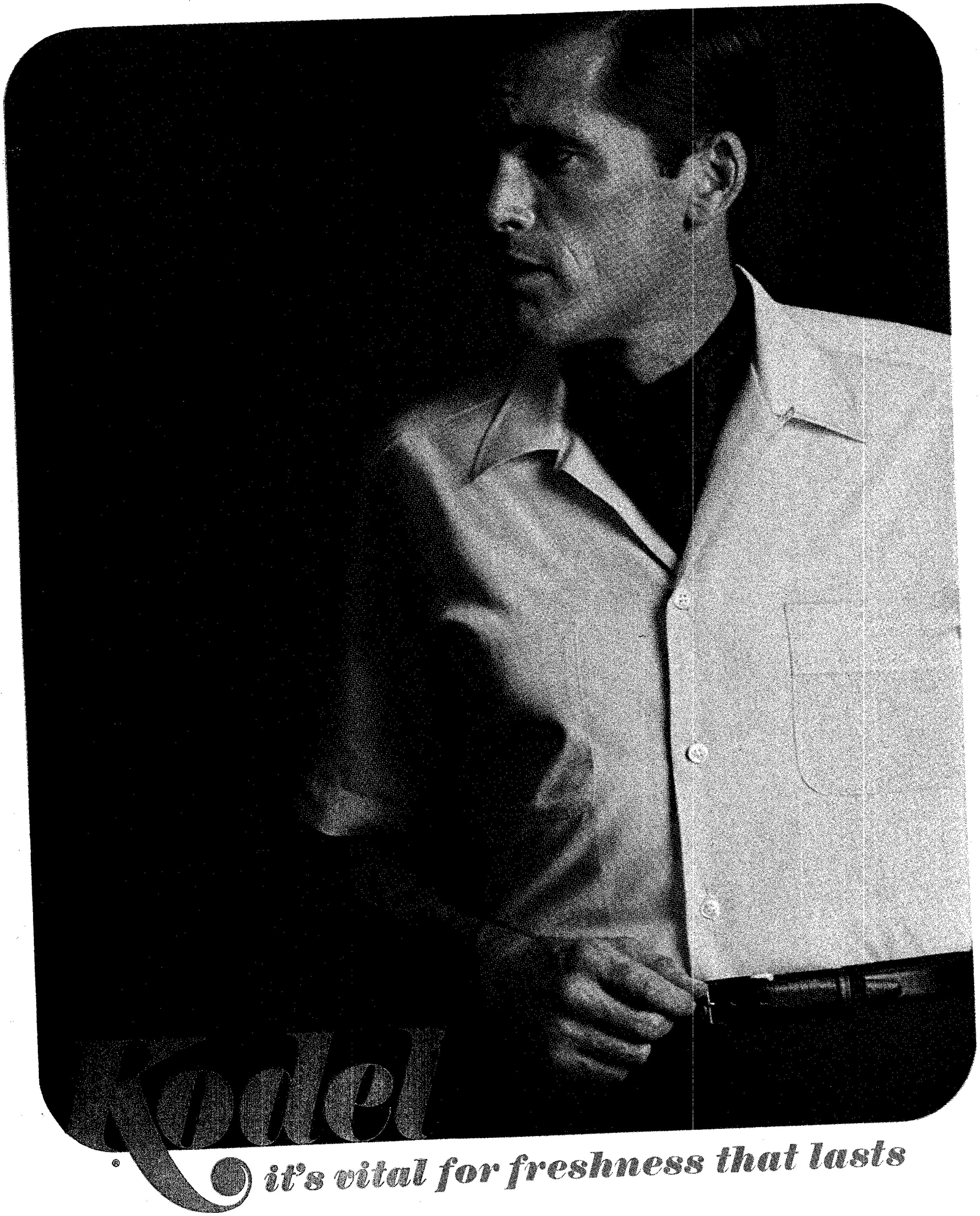
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Cage a thousand-dollar award, and this was soon followed by a twenty-four-hundred-dollar grant from the Guggenheim Foundation. Cage deferred the Guggenheim money until a later date and added the National Academy award to the profits of a Cage-Cunningham tour in order to send himself and Cunningham to Europe. Virgil Thomson had given him the names of two young French composers—Serge Nigg and Pierre Boulez—and Cage lost no time in looking them up when he got to Paris. Nigg's music failed to impress him, but he was immediately and powerfully struck by that of Boulez—particularly his Second Piano Sonata. Through Boulez, he was introduced to everyone of importance in Paris new-music circles, including Pierre Schaeffer, the inventor of *musique concrète*, or music created directly on magnetic tape by electronically manipulating recordings of various sounds. In the midst of all this activity, Cage still managed to work on an unfinished string quartet and to continue his research on Satie, eventually turning up among Satie's manuscripts an unperformed work called "Vexations"—a single page of music, about eighty seconds in duration, which bore the disconcerting instruction "To be played 840 times." Cage returned to the United States with a photostat of this manuscript and a determination to get the work performed—a goal that was realized in September, 1963, when he and nine other pianists, playing in twenty-minute shifts, managed to get through it and its eight hundred and thirty-nine reprises in a little more than eighteen hours. Cage felt that the results of this marathon fully supported his conviction that it was no joke; after about an hour and a half of the repetitions, he said later, "We all realized that something had been set in motion that went far beyond what any of us had anticipated."

IN the spring of 1950, while Cage was working on a dance score for Merce Cunningham, he drew up a series of large charts to facilitate the plotting of his rhythmic structures. In working with these charts, he caught his first glimpse of a whole new approach to musical composition—an approach that led very quickly to the use of chance. "Somehow, I reached the conclusion that I could compose according to moves on these charts instead of according to my own taste," he has said. "Until that time, my music had been based on the traditional idea that you had to say something. The charts

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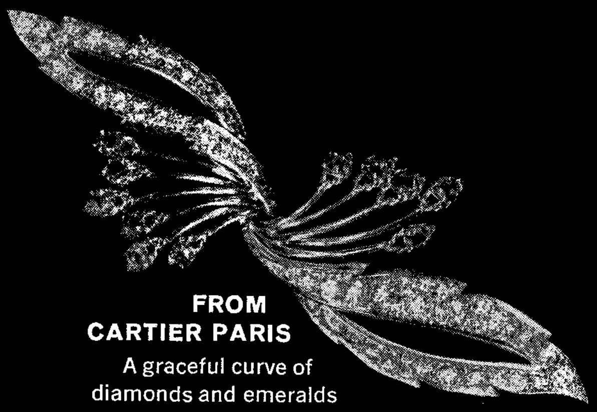

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gave me my first indication of the possibility of saying nothing." The move into chance operations, which he began to investigate seriously soon afterward, represents a dividing line in Cage's career. Up to that point, he had won praise and serious consideration from some of the leading musicians of the day; from that point on, he was to experience little but rejection and hostility. It is characteristic of Cage that he pursued his new and highly unpopular course without hesitation and in the very best of spirits. Many years before, he had accepted Gertrude Stein's dictum that all vigorous art was irritating at first, and that when it ceased to be irritating and became pleasing it was no longer useful. Cage denies the charge that his whole purpose now is to be irritating merely for the sake of being irritating. "But whenever I've found that what I'm doing has become pleasing, even to one person, I have redoubled my efforts to find the next step," he says. In 1950, the next step seemed clearly indicated: to discover, through chance operations, a kind of music that would more truly imitate Nature in her manner of operation.

Although Cage's venture into chance alienated a good part of the music world, he did find allies who were willing to move in the same direction. One evening, leaving a Philharmonic concert early—he had come to hear Webern's Symphony, Opus 21, and had been so overwhelmed by it that he did not want to stay for the Rachmaninoff that followed—he met a large man in the lobby who was leaving at the same time and, it turned out, for the same reason. This was Morton Feldman, a composer several years younger than Cage. "We introduced ourselves," Cage recalls, "and that began our immediate friendship." Cage subsequently showed Feldman the Boulez Second Piano Sonata, which he had brought back from Paris, and Feldman, in turn, introduced Cage to David Tudor, a young pianist whose technique and advanced ideas made him seem ideally suited to perform the Boulez work. Cage had already arranged for its première, with the pianist William Masselos as soloist, at a League of Composers concert in New York later that season, but he was able to persuade Masselos to defer to Tudor. Tudor's approach to the incredibly difficult sonata was thorough; feeling the need to penetrate deeper into its spirit, he had taught himself French and read the books that he knew Boulez had been reading when he composed it—Mallarmé, René Char, and Antonin Ar-

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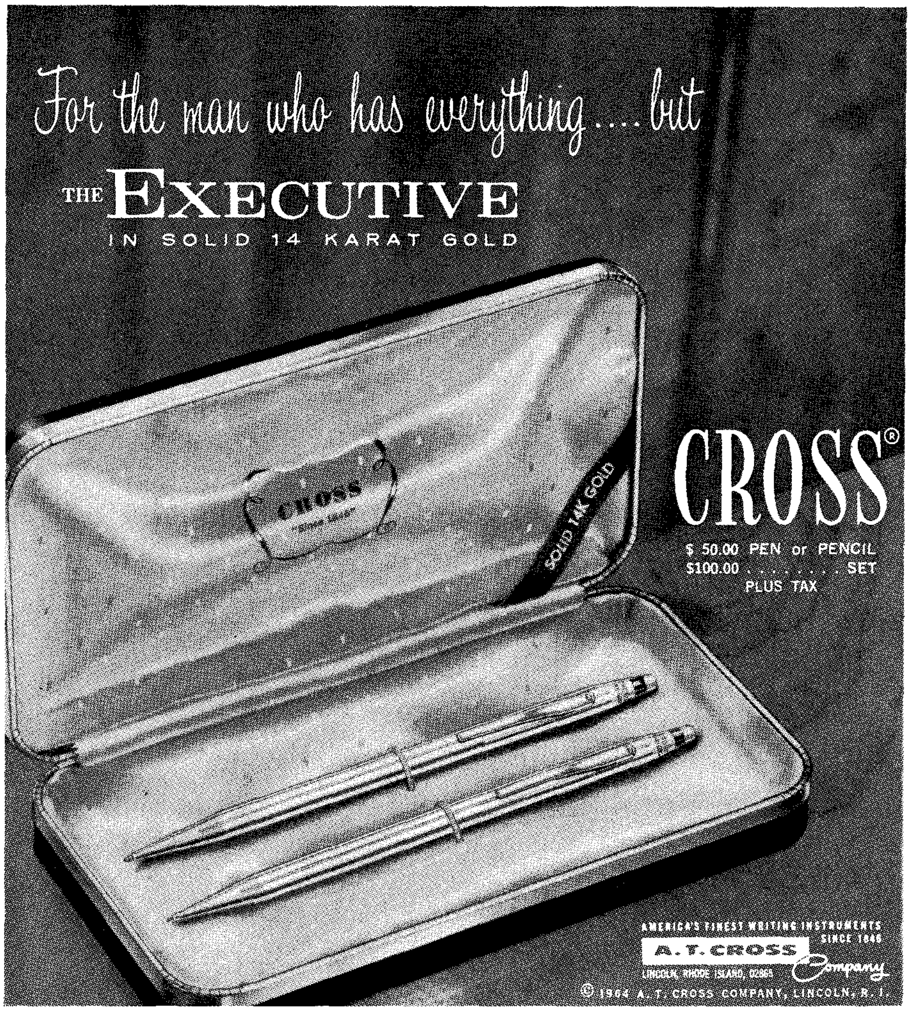
From then on, Cage, Feldman, and Tudor met nearly every day in the Monroe Street apartment, which had been transformed by Cage's friend Richard Lippold into a whitewashed aerie; its sole furniture was a long marble table and a grand piano that had been given to Cage by Maro Ajemian in exchange for his collection of Satie manuscripts. The three of them were often joined by Christian Wolff, a music student and composer who was still in high school. "Things were really popping all the time," Cage has said of this period. "Ideas just flew back and forth between us, and in a sense we gave each other permission for the new music we were discovering."

Feldman produced a composition on graph paper in which the performer was told to play any notes he chose a certain number of times in specified ranges (high, middle, and low) during a given length of time. It was the first step toward a music that went beyond chance and into what is now called indeterminacy—music whose sounds cannot be foreseen. Christian Wolff composed a piece vertically, writing down the page, in columns, but the music was to be read in the normal, horizontal fashion by the performer, thus placing another barrier in the way of the composer's personal tastes. When he came to these gatherings, Wolff sometimes brought copies of the beautiful and expensive books published by his father, Kurt Wolff, who had come to the United States from Germany just before the war and founded Pantheon Books. One day, young Wolff brought a copy of an ancient Chinese book—the "I Ching," or "Book of Changes," which Pantheon had just published in an English translation. "The moment I opened the book and saw the charts and the hexagrams that were used for obtaining oracles according to the tossing of coins or yarrow sticks, I saw a connection with the charts I had been using," Cage says. "It was immediately apparent to me that I could derive a means of composing from these operations, and right then and there I sketched out the whole procedure for my 'Music of Changes,' which took its title from the book. I ran over to show the plan to Morty Feldman, who had rented a studio in the same building, and I can still remember him saying, 'You've hit it.' "

Reminiscing recently about the Monroe Street days, Feldman said that it would be almost impossible to describe the utter freedom and excitement they all felt. "You have to remember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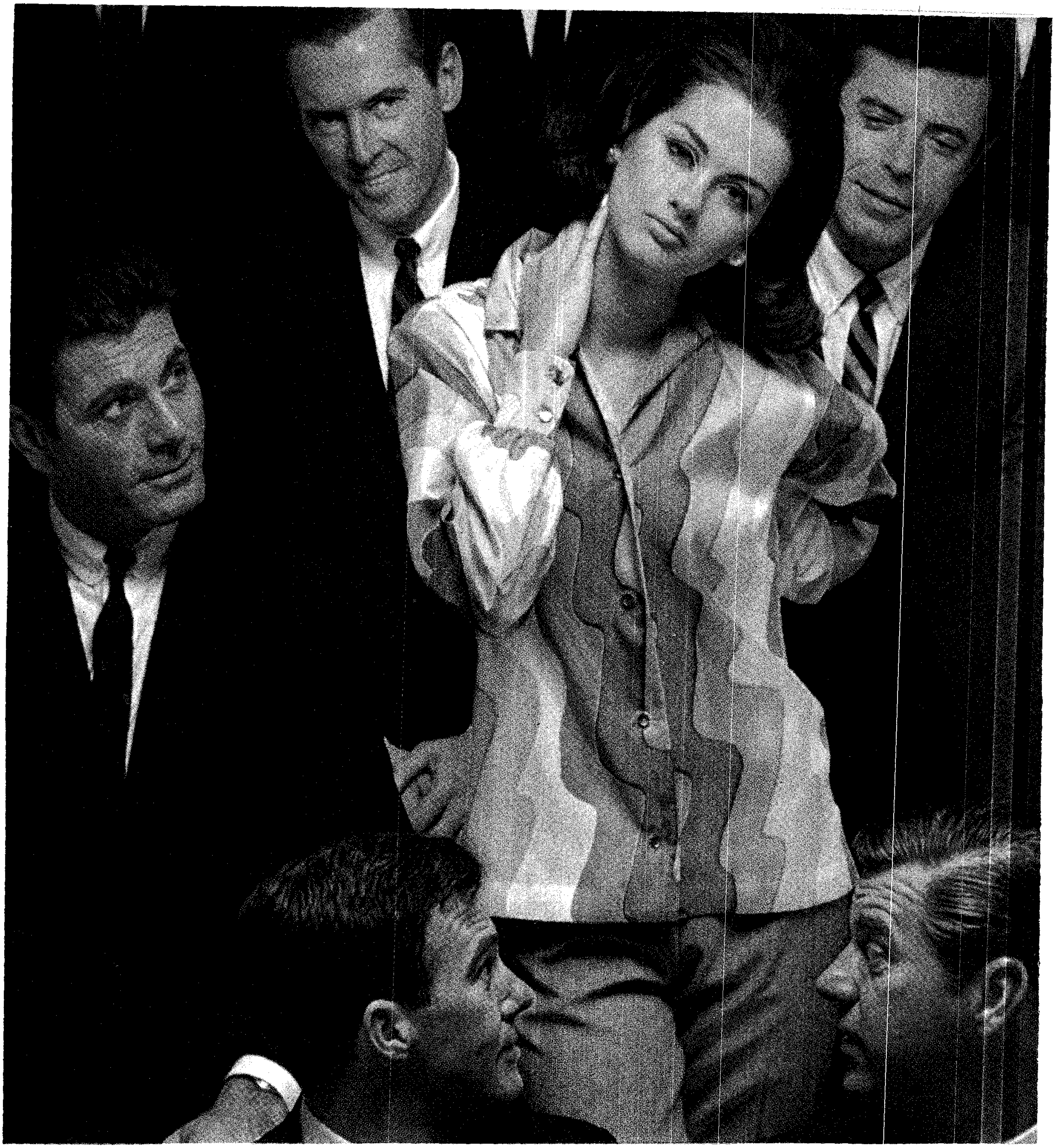

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how strait-laced everything had always been in music," he said. "Think of the number of painters since Piero della Francesca who have been absolutely first-rate—hundreds. And then think of the number of composers in the same period. You can almost count them on your fingers. Just to change one little thing in music was a lifework. But John changed everything. We got out of that straitjacket, and it made everything much more simple in one way and a lot harder in other ways. What we learned was that there are no catastrophes."

In composing his "Music of Changes," Cage began by drawing up twenty-six large charts on which to plot various aspects of the composition—sounds, durations, dynamics, tempi, and also silences, which were given a value equal to that of the sounds. Every single notation on each of these charts was determined by chance operations based on the "I Ching." To plot a single note, for example, Cage would toss three coins six times; the results, carefully noted down on paper, would direct him to a particular number in the "I Ching," which, in turn, would correspond to a numbered position on the chart. This, however, would determine only the pitch of the note, and the whole procedure would have to be repeated over and over to find its duration, timbre, and other characteristics. Since the piece lasts forty-three minutes, the total number of coin tosses that went into it was astronomical. Cage worked on it steadily for nine months, and the completed work had its première at the Cherry Lane Theatre in the winter of 1952.

The use of chance in music was not altogether without precedent. Charles Ives, the turn-of-the-century American composer, had written pieces in which performers were free to make certain choices, and Mozart himself is said to have composed a set of contredanses in which dice were thrown to determine which of certain measures were to be performed. But such instances were few. In the visual arts, which are usually a generation or two ahead of music in applying new techniques, chance effects of a far more advanced nature had, of course, been in vogue for many years, and Cage, who had known Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, and other leading members of the Surrealist group (he had written the music for the Duchamp sequence in Hans Richter's Surrealist film "Dreams That Money Can Buy"), and who had stayed close to the world of painting ever since he

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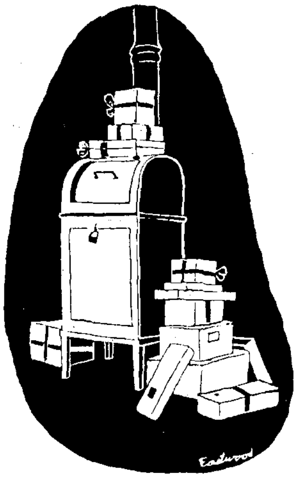
came to New York, began to find himself turning more and more to painters for friendship. When Robert Motherwell and a group of his fellow-artists started a series of weekly lecture-and-discussion meetings in a loft on Eighth Street—a series that led to the formation of the Artists' Club, which played such an important role in the evolution of Abstract Expressionism—Cage became an active participant. (His "Lecture on Nothing"—written, as most of his lectures were and are, in the manner of his musical compositions, with silences of up to several minutes in length—was a great sensation; so was his subsequent "Lecture on Something," the "something" in this case being the music of Feldman.) Generally speaking, his painter friends saw chance as a means of getting past their conscious control, so that their subconscious might express itself more directly on canvas. This had never been Cage's idea; he was as anxious to rule out the subconscious, with all *its* desires and tastes, as to rule out the conscious mind. And yet, as Virgil Thomson observed in his review of "Music of Changes," there was a good deal more to Cage's music than mere hazard. "The sounds of it, many of them quite complex, are carefully chosen, invented by him," Thomson wrote. "And their composition in time is no less carefully worked out." The point comes up again and again in discussions of Cage's music. If Cage selects the materials he uses, and makes all the decisions necessary to set up the mechanism of chance, is the result really controlled by chance at all? "What happens is that a human being has to decide what goes into the chances," Henry Cowell said recently. "And since he's human, his expression enters into it." Cage is aware of this difficulty, but his answer is that whether or not personal taste creeps into his work the work itself is an attempt to move in a new direc-



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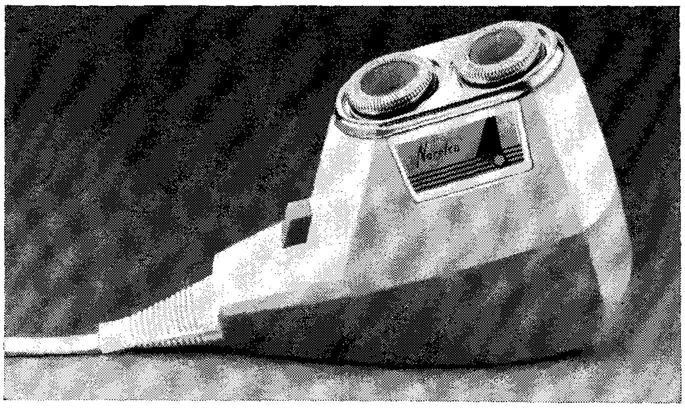

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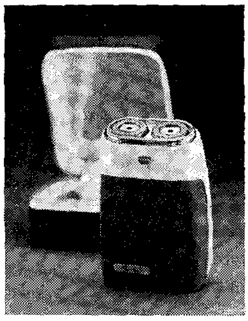

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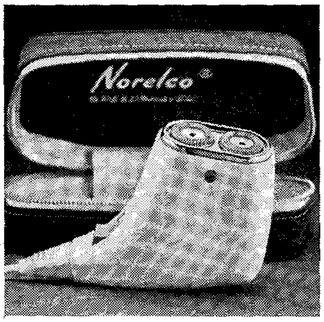

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tion—toward a situation that he does *not* control—and that this is the main point.

Cage's next step proved to be highly unsettling, even to his closest associates. For some time, he had been mulling over the idea of writing a piece of music for radios, whose sound he had always detested. (It is his custom to come to terms with sounds he does not like by using them in a composition.) Accordingly, when the New Music Society asked him to write something for a concert in New York in the winter of 1951, he set to work on a four-minute piece for twelve radios, which he called "Imaginary Landscape No. 4." His musical materials in this case were sound (*any* sound picked up by turning the dial), static, and silence. Each radio was to be "played" by two performers, one working the station selector and the other the volume and tone controls—"like fishermen catching sounds," as Cage described it. The concert took place in Columbia University's McMillin Theatre before a large audience (admission free), and the "Imaginary Landscape," being the pièce de résistance, was placed last on the program. The earlier part of the program turned out to be exceptionally long, but by midnight, when it came time for the Cage work, nobody had left the hall and a buzz of anticipation filled the air. Unfortunately, this was very nearly all that did fill the air. The twenty-four performers took their places at twelve R.C.A. "Golden Throat" radios, and for four bewildering minutes the audience listened to a great deal of silence, broken only by a few faint wisps of sound when a station selector happened to hit a station at the same moment that the volume dial was turned on loud enough to make it audible. Cage had been prepared to draw a blank much of the time, but he had not counted on having his piece performed after midnight, when most stations had gone off the air. "It certainly was not what you might call a rabble-rouser," he admitted later. The disappointment of the audience was intense, and when Cage went backstage afterward he found both Virgil Thomson and Henry Cowell looking decidedly glum. "Virgil told me later that I had better not perform a piece like that before a paying public," Cage recalls. "And so we had difficulty after that." The rift between the two composers that this incident helped create has never been fully closed.

Undeterred by the adverse reaction to his radio piece, Cage continued to

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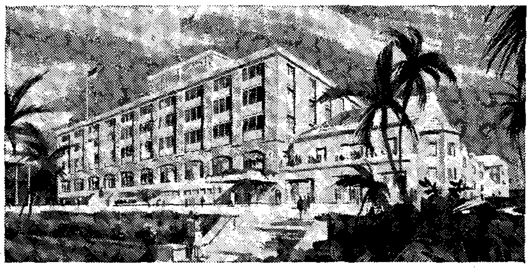

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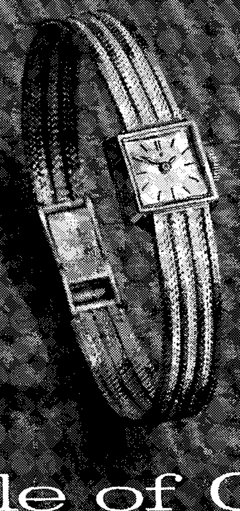

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work at a lively pace all through 1952. He had become seriously interested in the possibilities of making music on tape, and that spring he composed his first piece of tape music as a score for a dance by Jean Erdman; the piece, "Imaginary Landscape No. 5," was made by fragmenting the sounds of forty-two jazz records and re-recording the fragments on tape, following a score written according to chance methods. Working with tape is expensive, however, and Cage might have had to abandon it if a former Black Mountain College student named Paul Williams, who had inherited a great deal of money, had not come through with an offer of a thousand dollars a month to Cage and any assistants he might choose for the composition of a major work for magnetic tape. As a consequence, Cage and David Tudor set up shop in a small studio on Eighth Street, where they started recording a library of sounds (city sounds, country sounds, and so on) and then cutting, splicing, altering, and combining them on eight tracks of tape according to chance operations based on the "I Ching." That summer, Cage was again invited to Black Mountain College; apparently, Lou Harrison, the head of its music department, felt that enough time had elapsed since the Beethoven denunciation for Cage to reappear on the scene. During an active summer of work on a tape composition called "Williams Mix" and lively discussions with young artists like Robert Rauschenberg, whose all-black and all-white paintings he greatly admired, Cage also found time to organize and put on an astonishing theatrical performance, or "concerted action," in the main dining room of the college. There was a score of sorts, arrived at by chance methods, but the performers also had considerable freedom of action during the forty-five minutes that the event lasted. Their actions took place simultaneously, and included Cage reading one of his lectures from the upper rungs of a stepladder; Merce Cunningham dancing, both around and amid the audience, which was seated on the four sides of a hollow square; David Tudor playing the piano; Mary Caroline Richards and Charles Olson reading their own poems from another stepladder; Robert Rauschenberg playing scratchy records on an ancient windup phonograph with a horn speaker; and two other people projecting movies and still pictures on the walls around the room. This curious spectacle caused a sensation at Black Mountain, and was without question the prototype of a whole series of im-

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provisational events called "Happenings" that have been put on by artists in New York and elsewhere in recent years. Its success went a long way toward persuading Cage that the theatre offered more opportunity than music did to imitate Nature in her manner of operation. He defined "theatre" as everything going on at the same time, including music, and in his view it came close to being synonymous with life. "Theatre takes place all the time wherever one is," he wrote soon afterward, "and art simply facilitates persuading one this is the case." The clearest possible expression of this idea may very well be the famous "silent" piece in three movements that Cage composed at Black Mountain that summer and called "4′33″." (The title refers to the number of minutes and seconds the piece takes to perform, but Cage liked the thought that it could also refer to feet and inches—a sort of personal space-time continuum.) Cage had come to realize that there is really no such thing as silence. This was brought home to him with great force when he was taken into a soundproof room, called an anechoic chamber, in the physics laboratory at Harvard; instead of the total silence he had expected, he heard two sounds, one high and one low, and was told that the high sound was his nervous system in operation and the low one was his blood circulating. If true silence did not exist in nature, then the silences in a piece of music, Cage decided, could be defined simply as "sounds not intended," and he made up his mind to compose a piece consisting entirely of just such sounds, much in the manner of Rauschenberg's all-white paintings, on which the only images to be seen are the shadows and reflections of the painting's environment. Cage's "4′33″" received its first performance in August, 1952, at the *Maverick* Concert Hall in Woodstock, New York. David Tudor, who performed it, solved the problem of the piece's division into three parts by closing the cover of the piano keyboard at the start of each movement and opening it at the end of the specified time; aside from that, he did nothing but sit on his bench, immobile but intent. The Woodstock audience considered the piece either a joke or an affront, and this has been the general reaction of most people who have heard it, or not heard it, ever since. From Cage's point of view, however, the performance was highly successful. In the hall, which was wide open to the woods at the back, attentive listeners could hear the sound of wind in the

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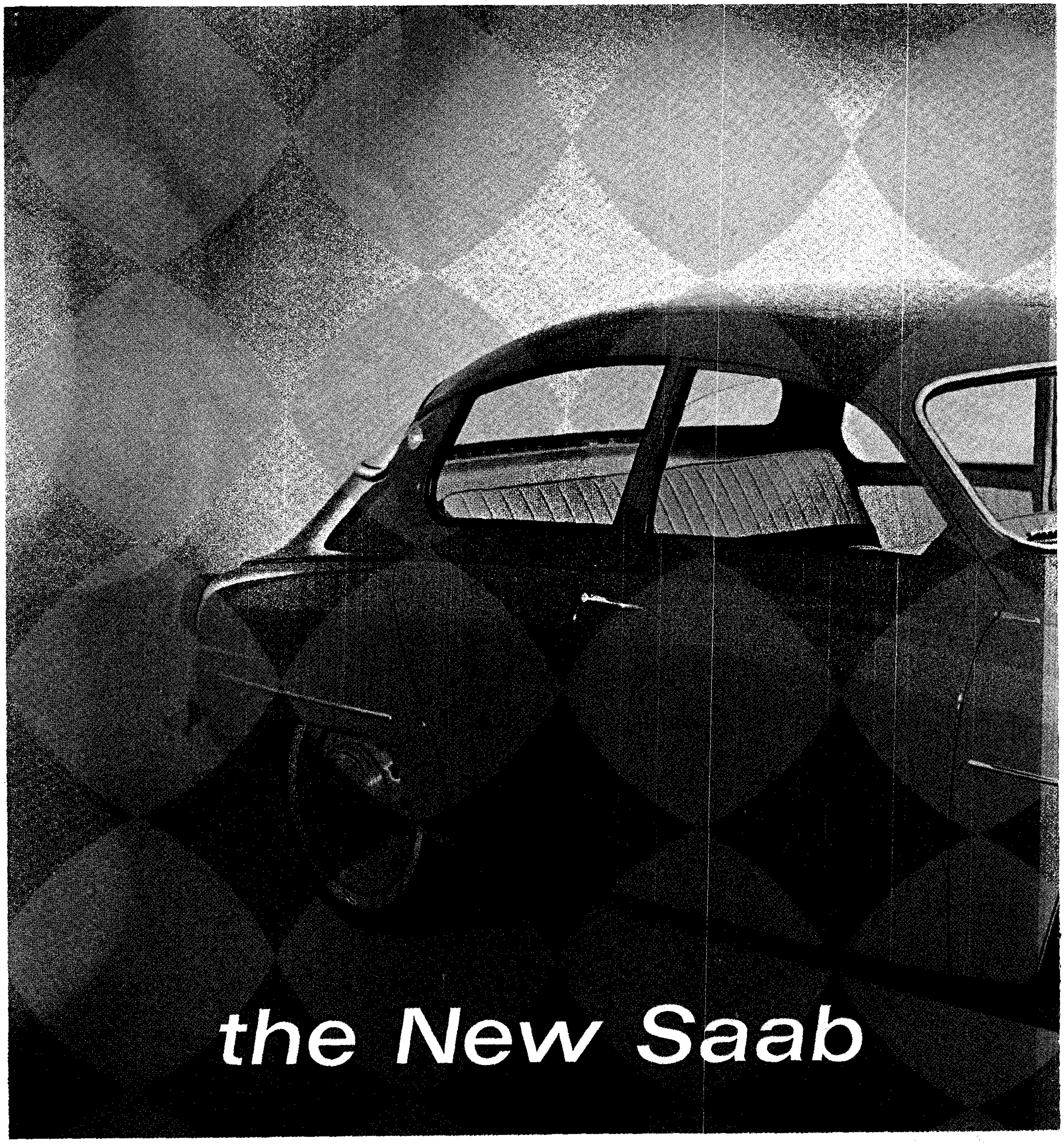

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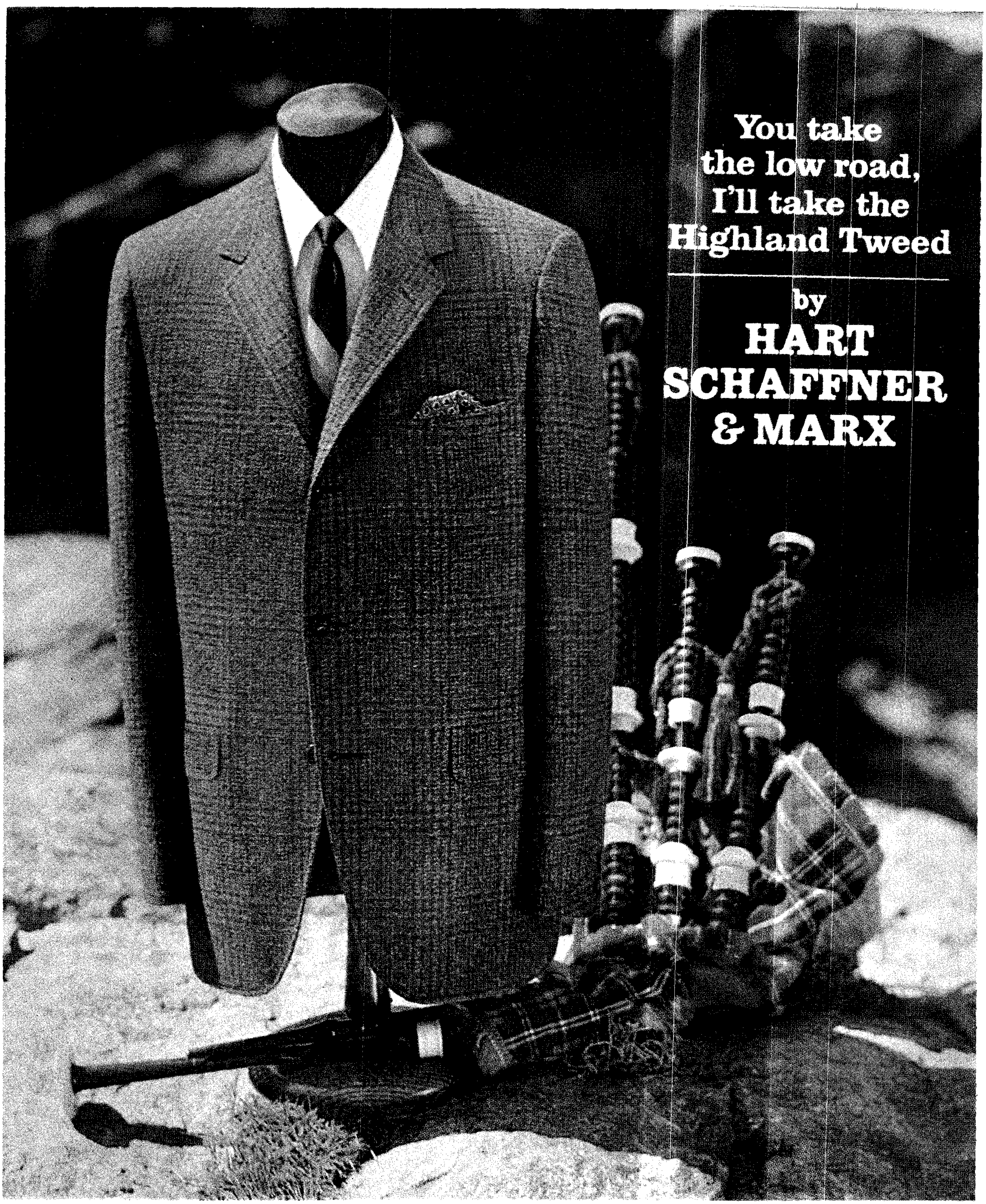

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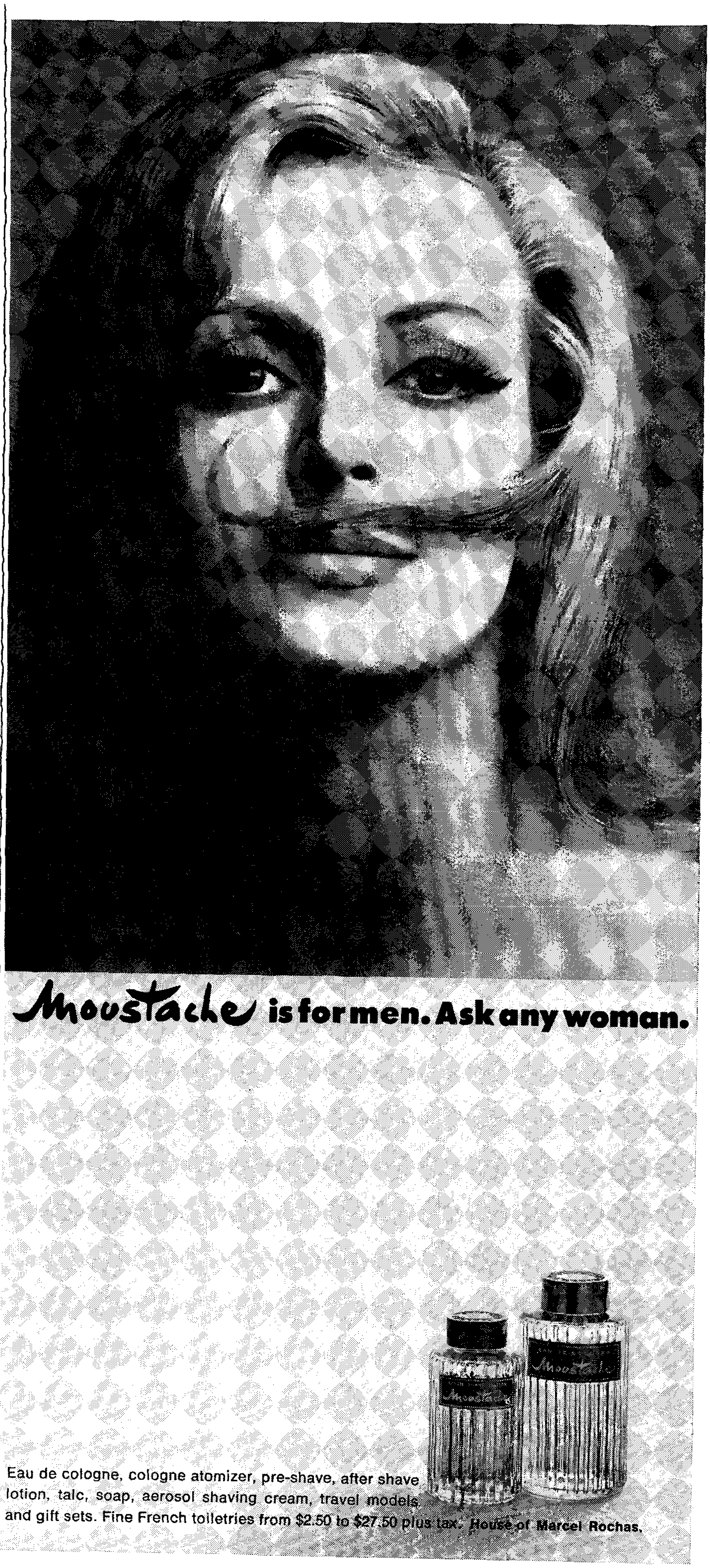
trees during the first movement, the patter of raindrops on the roof during the second, and, during the third, the audience's own perplexed mutterings. Whether this was a case of art imitating Nature in her manner of operation or Nature imitating art is perhaps an open question.

IN 1954, Paul Williams and his wife evolved the idea of establishing a coöperative community in a rural area that would eventually contain a theatre for dance and music recitals and a tape laboratory, and that summer Cage, Tudor, Mary Caroline Richards, and the sculptor David Weinrib and his wife moved into an old farmhouse on a tract of land in Stony Point, Rockland County, forty miles from New York, which the Williamses had bought. Cage lived and worked in an attic room that he shared with a colony of wasps, and often took long, solitary walks in the woods. His eye was caught right away by the mushrooms that grow so abundantly in Rockland County, in all shapes, sizes, and brilliant colors. He started to collect books on mushrooms and to learn everything he could about them, and he has been doing so ever since. After all, mushroom hunting is a decidedly chancy, or indeterminate, pastime. No matter how much mycology one knows—and Cage is now one of the best amateur mycologists in the country, with one of the most extensive private libraries ever compiled on the subject—there is always the possibility of a mistake in identification. "I became aware that if I approached mushrooms in the spirit of my chance operations, I would die shortly," Cage said not long ago. "So I decided that I would not approach them in this way." But approach them he does; for several months in 1960 he supplied the Four Seasons restaurant with regular shipments of wild mushrooms, and he is one of the most active members of the New York Mycological Society, which he and three fellow-enthusiasts founded in 1962.

The music that Cage has composed since he took up residence in Stony Point reflects ever more ingenious ways of moving beyond the composer's own taste and control. He wrote eighty-four piano pieces by a new, rapid method of chance operations that involved marking the imperfections in a sheet of white paper (specks, holes, and so on), tossing coins to see which would be silences and which would be sounds, placing over the marked paper a transparent sheet on which musical staffs had been drawn, and noting where the marks fell within



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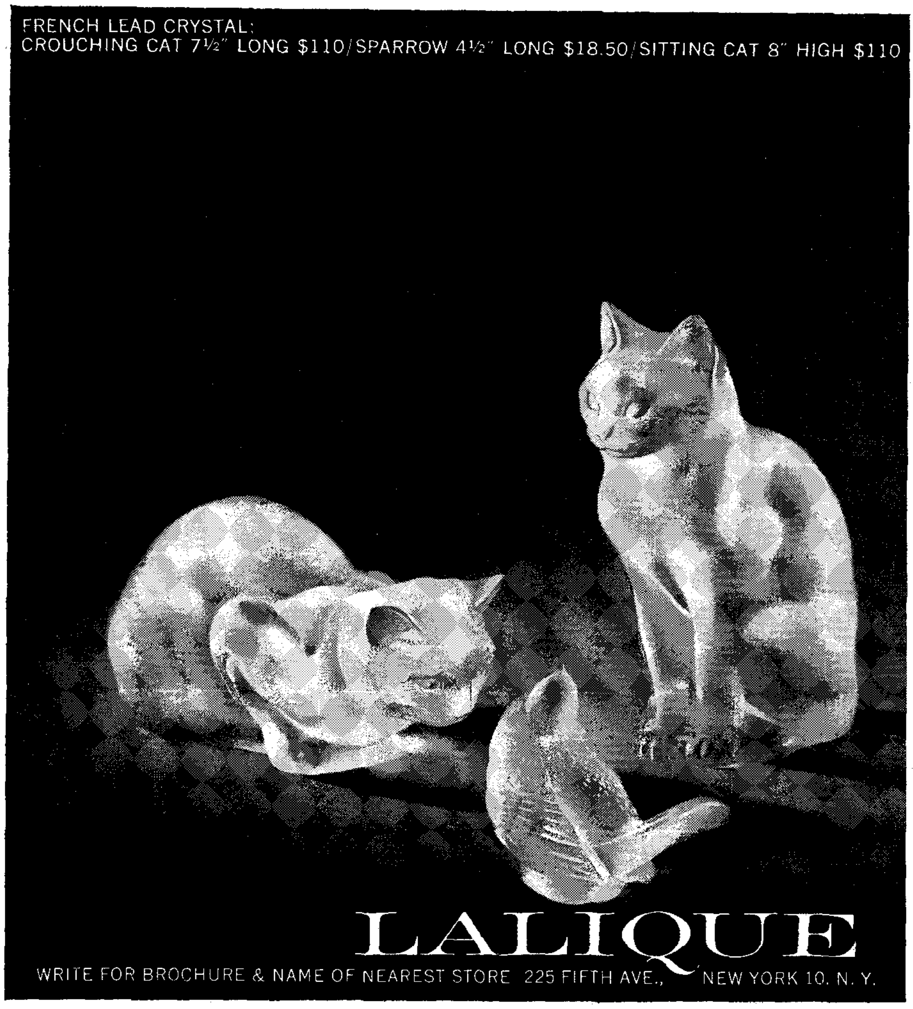
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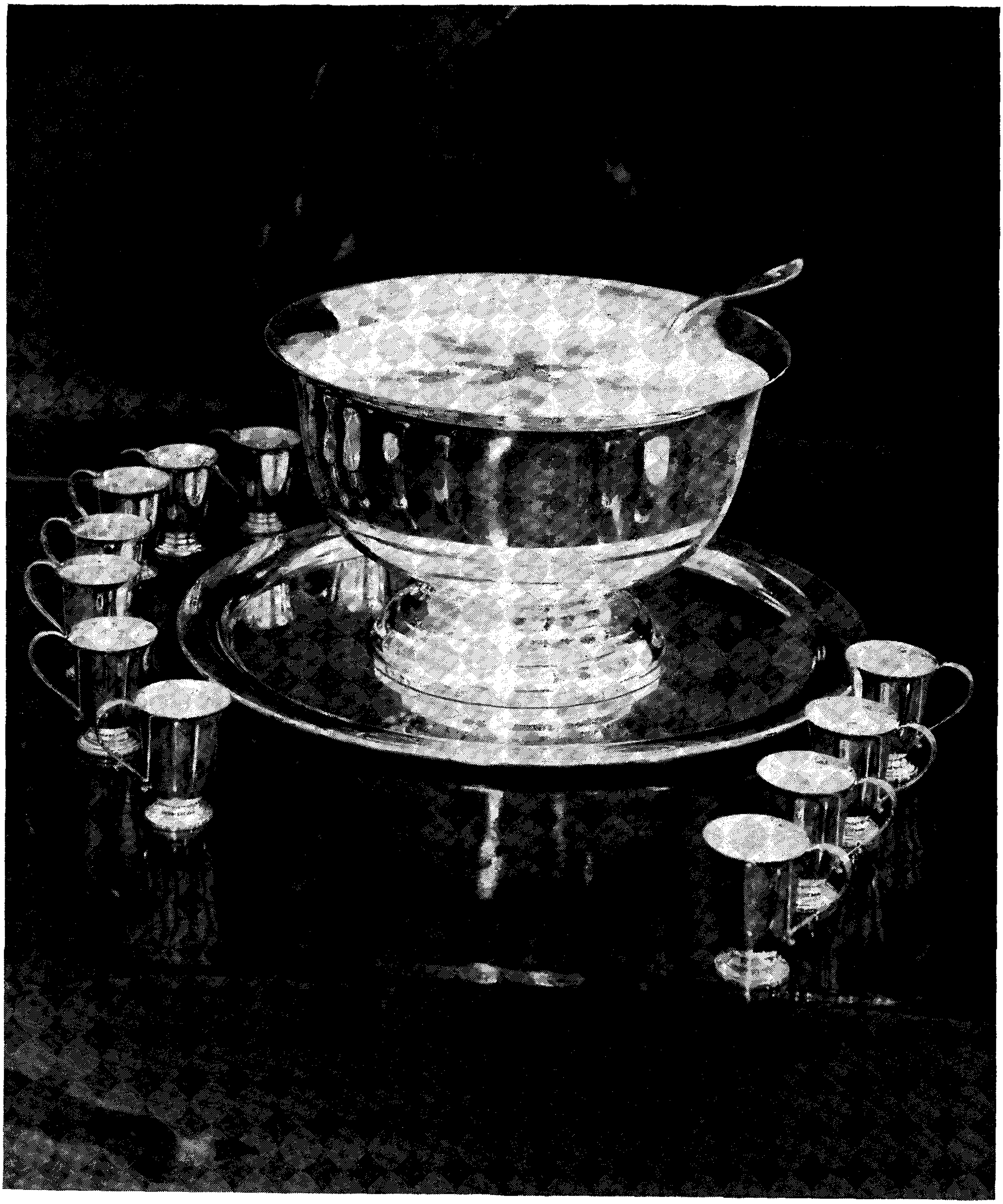
the staffs. Marks that fell outside the staffs, he decided, were to be considered noises made on the body of the piano. He began leaving more and more of the decisions about tempo and dynamics up to the individual performer, for he had reached the conclusion that chance methods of composition in themselves were not sufficient to his purpose. Once a composition had been arrived at by chance methods, the results were fixed for each performance. In works that left some decisions up to the performer, though, it was possible to arrive at results that the composer could not foresee—music that was truly indeterminate. Going further along these lines, Cage wrote five instrumental pieces that were meant to be performed together but that were not related except in time; the longest piece set the performance time, and players of the others could enter in at will. Cage's idea was that the parts could go together like the elements of a Calder mobile, moving independently but related by their presence in the same time structure. A later method of composition carried indeterminacy a long step further by giving each performer the materials with which to compose his own score—a score that would necessarily be different for each performance. These materials were in the form of transparent plastic sheets on which Cage had inked lines, dots, and amorphous shapes that were understood to refer to the various sound-producing means; when the performer superimposed one sheet on another, the intersections of the lines and dots and amorphous shapes would give him the information he needed to "compose" the piece.

In 1955, an energetic entrepreneur named Emile de Antonio, who was at that time the director of the Rockland Foundation, an arts center in the neighborhood, heard some of Cage's pieces and decided that the local populace should be exposed to the work of one of its more illustrious members; accordingly, he arranged and promoted a Cage-Cunningham concert in the auditorium of the Clarkstown High School, in New City. The concert took place on October 15th, a night of such torrential rains that the police warned Rockland County residents to keep off the roads, many of which were washed out. Despite such dire portents, the Clarkstown auditorium was filled to capacity with a crowd that was a mixture of local music lovers and avant-garde painters, dancers, and loyal Cage and Cunningham partisans who had beaten their way out from New York City. The



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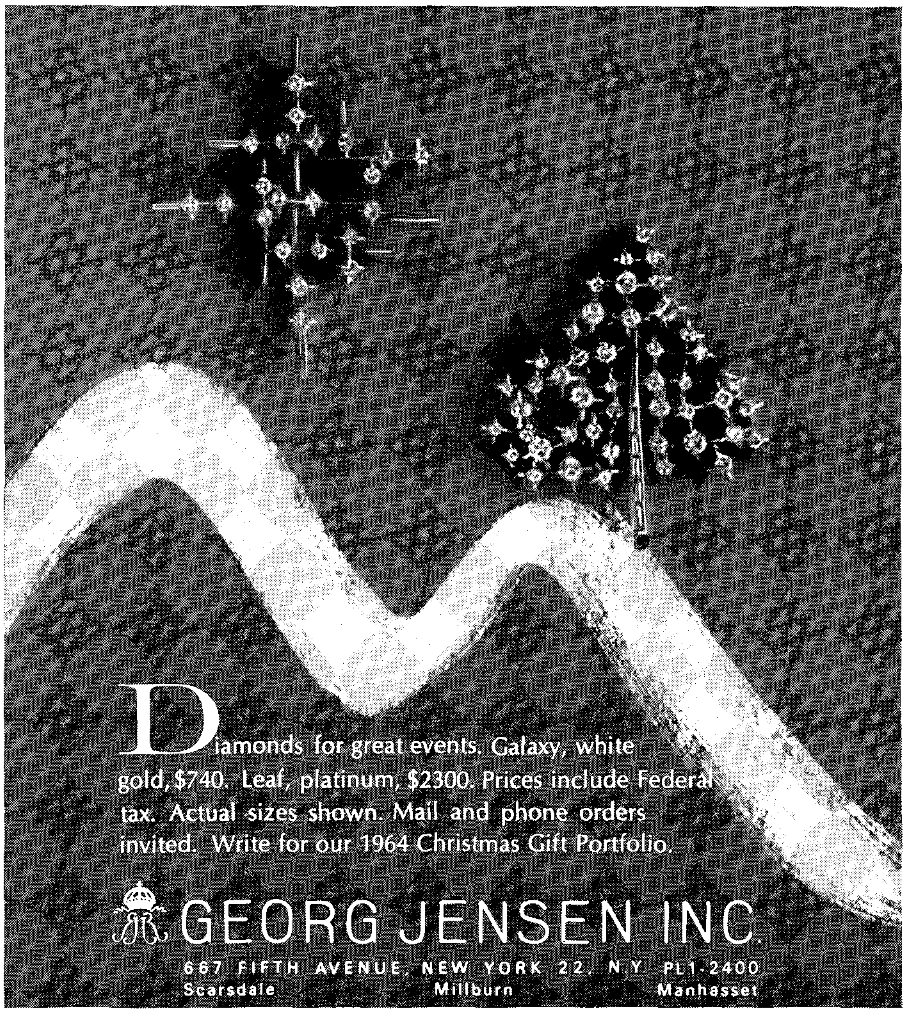

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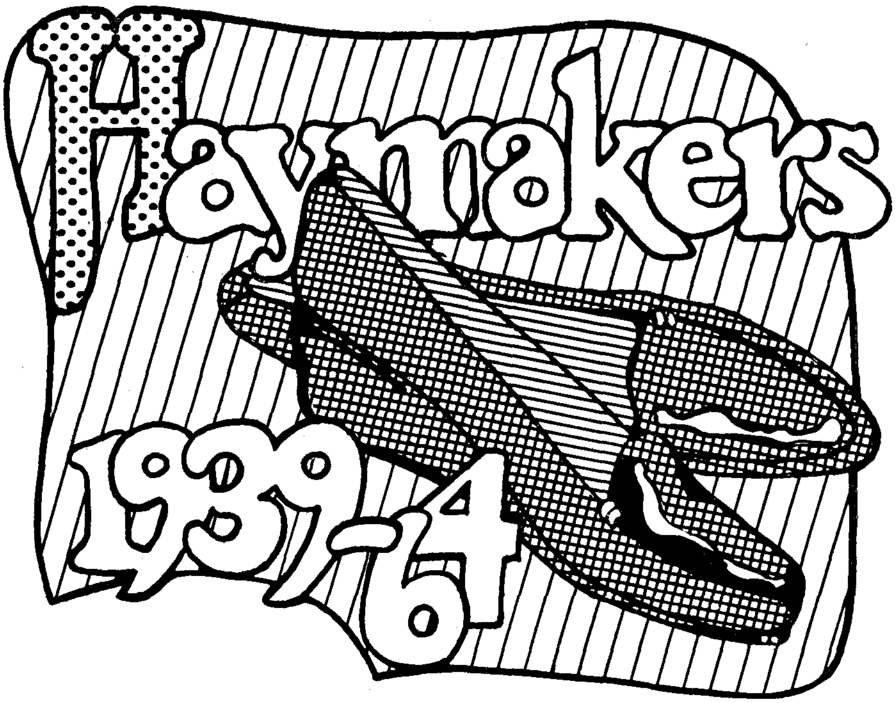

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New York contingent responded with high enthusiasm to the events onstage. Many of the local uninitiated looked and listened for a few minutes in utter astonishment and then got up to leave, only to find that the rain was coming down harder than ever. ("It was even worse outside than in," Cage recalls.) The evening was a memorable one, and some Rockland County residents still speak of it with an indignation that approaches disbelief.

Nearly three years elapsed before the next major presentation of Cage's music, which took place at Town Hall in May, 1958. Feeling that Cage had been unjustly neglected by the New York music world, three of his friends—de Antonio, Rauschenberg, and Jasper Johns—decided to pool their resources (Rauschenberg and Johns were making money then by designing window displays for Tiffany's and Bonwit Teller) and put on a concert of music he had written during the previous twenty-five years. The entire New York avant-garde turned out for the retrospective. An orchestra of specially selected instrumentalists shared the stage with a great variety of percussion and electronic equipment and reacted in various ways to Cage's newly invented conducting technique, in which the conductor turned himself into a human chronometer, making his arms function like the hands of a clock as he guided the orchestra through the performance. The reactions of the audience were equally varied. During the first part of the program, which included some of Cage's percussion music from the nineteen-thirties, and after the "Sonatas and Interludes" for prepared piano, which followed, the applause was unrestrained. Occasional laughter and a few catcalls served to indicate that the audience was not *all* avant-garde, but the protests did not become general until the third section of the program, which offered the first New York performance of the "Williams Mix." Loud and sustained booing contended with the applause for this electronic work, and the atmosphere of the hall had itself become fairly electric by the time Merce Cunningham turned himself into a chronometer to conduct the final selection, a new work called "Concert for Piano and Orchestra." Midway through this work, a group in the rear of the balcony stood up and tried to stop the performance with a sustained burst of applause and catcalls. The orchestra played on, despite increasing competition from the other side of the footlights, and the concert ended in a din of cheers, boos,

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shouts, whistles, and vigorous disputation.

By this time, electronic music had taken Europe by storm, and many of the leading avant-garde composers had maneuvered themselves into jobs with the laboratories of the government radio stations. When the Italian composer Luciano Berio invited Cage to come and work in the tape studio attached to the Milan radio, he accepted with pleasure. He spent four months in Milan, composing a work for magnetic tape called "Fontana Mix." (His landlady was a Signora Fontana.) During this period, he was also asked to appear on the Italian television program "Lascia o Raddoppia," an immensely popular quiz show based on well-known American forerunners. The basic format was for each contestant to answer questions on a subject of his own choice. Each week, the questions became harder and the rewards more munificent; a wrong answer at any point retired the contestant, who then kept half his winnings, but if he answered every question right for five weeks running he won a jackpot of five million lire, or about eight thousand dollars. Cage chose mushrooms as his subject, and also agreed to perform as a musician before answering the questions on each program. The first week, he answered all questions correctly after playing his "Amores" suite on a piano that he had prepared. For his second appearance, he decided to compose and perform a "theatre piece." He had found that television studios will procure on short notice any conceivable sort of prop, and he made out a list of things with which, he said, he would "like to associate myself"—a bathtub, a pressure cooker, a siphon, a Waring Blendor, a vase of roses, a watering can, a large rubber fish, and several other objects that had to do with water in some way. The piece, called "Water Walk," required split-second timing, for a great many separate actions took place within the time limit of three minutes, and every prop was used. It began with the rubber fish inside a piano, flopping its tail against the strings, and ended with the fish in the bathtub, swimming around the vase of roses, which Cage watered from above while the pressure cooker let off great jets of steam. The irrationality of it all won the heart of the Italian television public, and Cage, who answered all his questions right again and was thus eligible to return the next week, began drawing a crowd of admirers whenever he appeared on the Milan streets. He replied faultlessly to the

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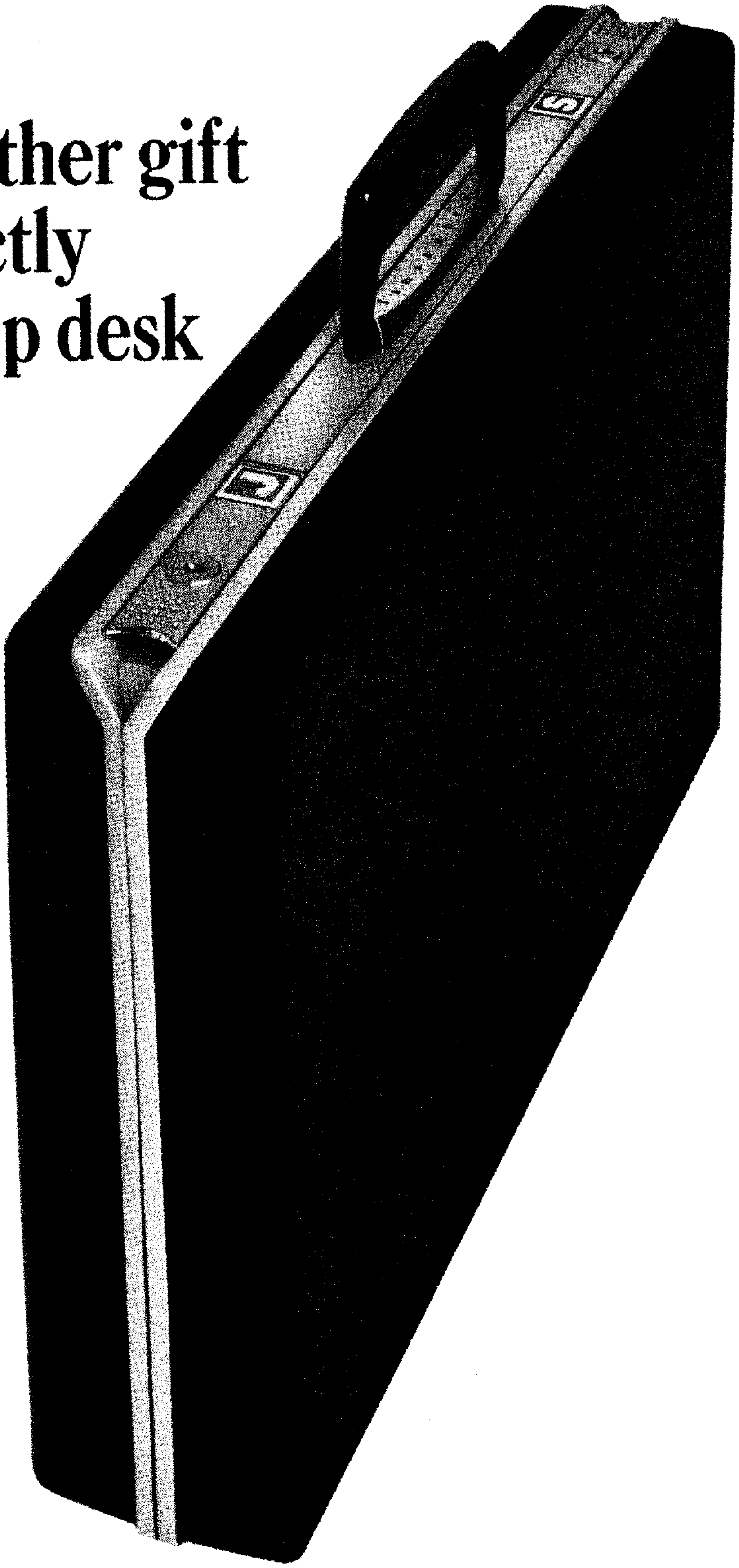

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mushroom questions of the third program, and delighted more Italian hearts by performing another theatre piece, called "Sounds of Venice." As he answered the increasingly arcane questions of the fourth week, the public's nervousness grew steadily more intense. On the climactic fifth program, he was placed in a glass isolation booth and asked to name all the genera of white-spored mushrooms. Cage had expected something of this sort and had memorized the genera of the white-spored, the black-spored, and every other family of mushrooms. He started in very slowly, naming them in alphabetical order. There was a time limit on his answer, but he didn't know this. Gradually, he became aware that people in the studio audience outside his isolation booth were getting excited, jumping up and down in their seats and gesticulating wildly toward a clock on the wall above his head, but Cage could not see it, and he continued to take his time. As each of his careful answers filtered out through the booth and was translated, the hysteria in the studio increased. Finally, a half second before his time was up, he named the last white-spored mushroom, and the audience exploded in delirium. Cage collected his winnings, turned down an offer from the film director Federico Fellini to appear in his next movie, to be called "La Dolce Vita," and flew home.

IT took Cage several months to recover from a severe attack of bronchitis brought on by the Milanese climate, but by spring he was again going out on tour with the Cunningham company, in a new Volkswagen station wagon, bought with the "Lascia o Raddoppia" funds, and working on a theatre piece for eight people along the lines of his "Water Walk." He was also giving three courses at the New School for Social Research—one on mushroom identification, one on the music of Virgil Thomson, and one on experimental composition. Cage likes to teach, but of late he has given it up. It sometimes seemed to him that the younger artists who embraced chance and indeterminacy did so in the wrong spirit, and this led him to wonder whether his influence on the young was altogether a good one. Too many of them seemed to interpret his views as meaning simply that anything goes. Cage repeatedly tried to point out that anything does go, "but only when nothing is taken as the basis"—that is, only when personal wishes and desires are ruled out, so that one can be free

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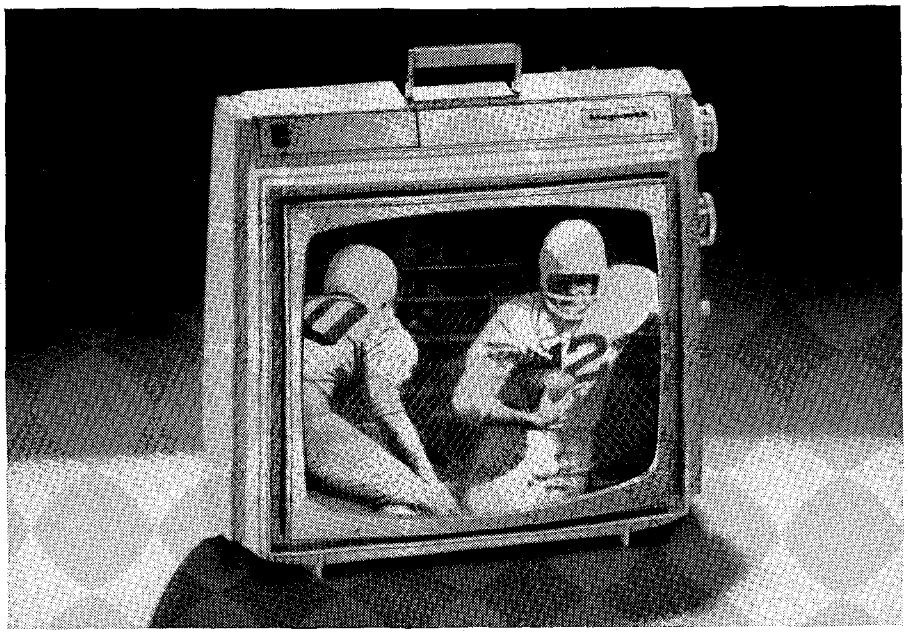

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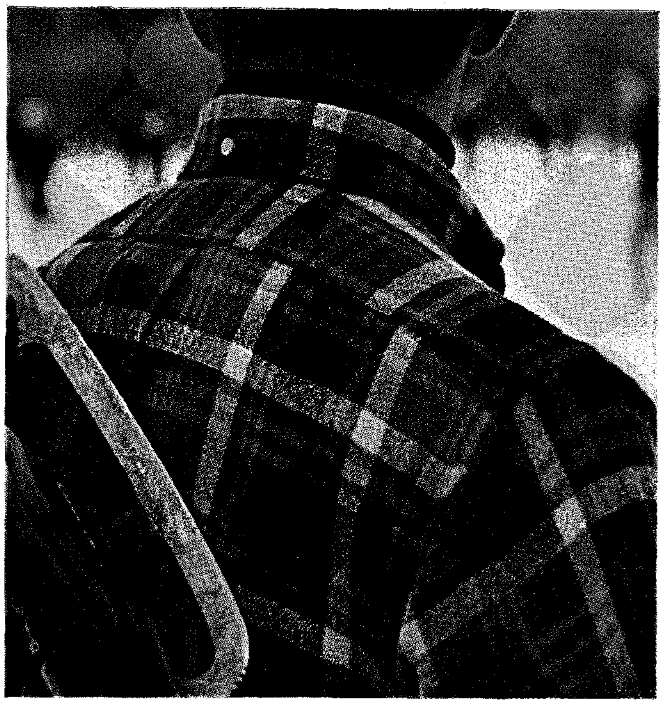

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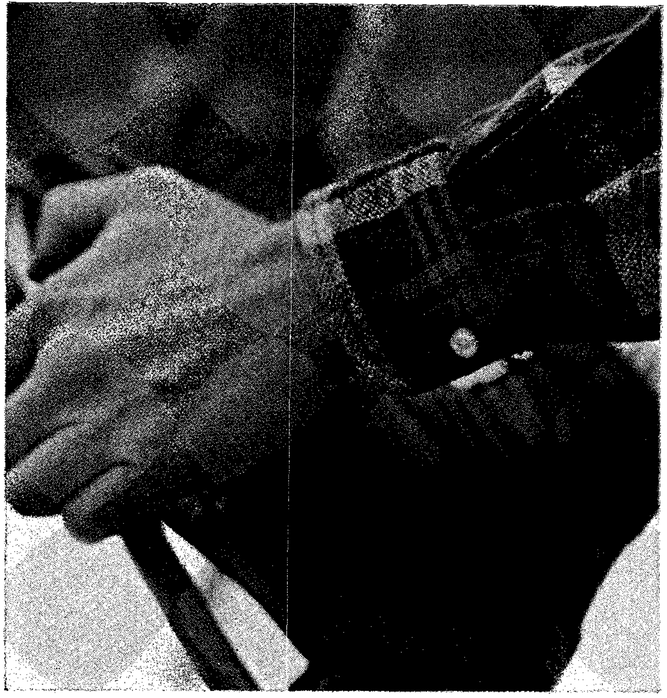

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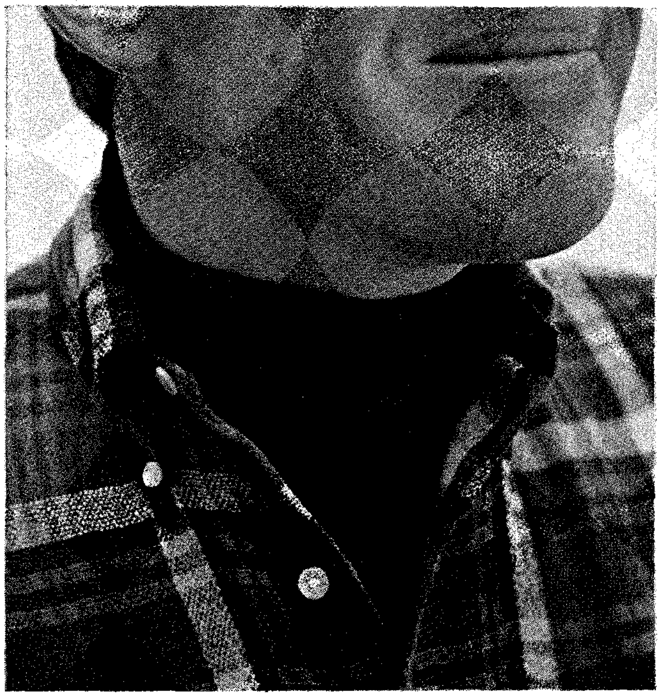

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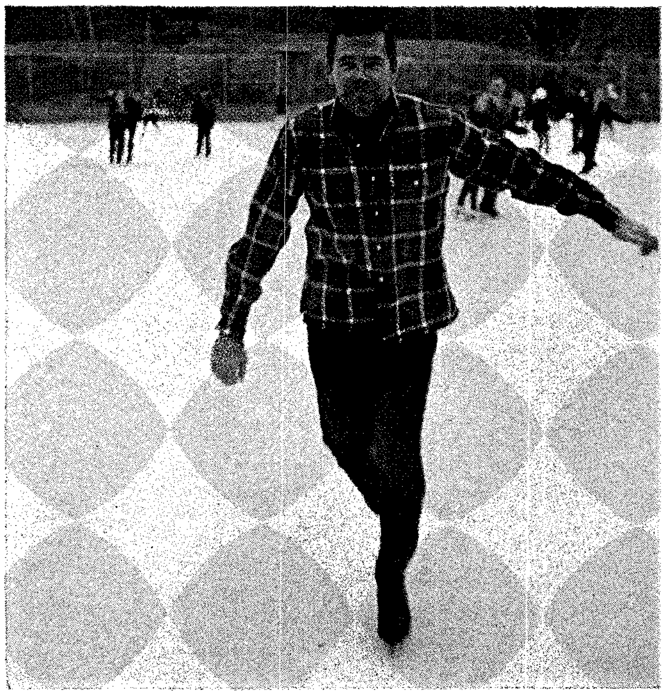

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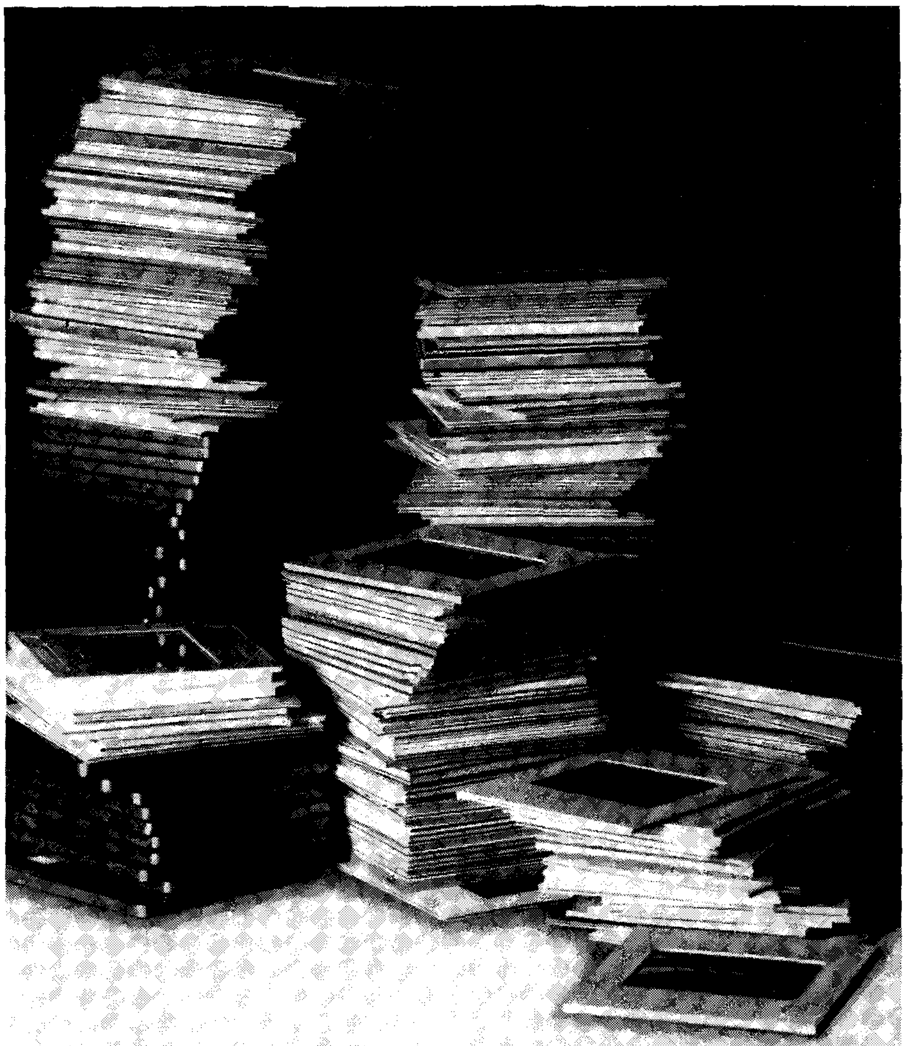
without being foolish. Since few young artists were willing to take nothing as a basis, Cage began to feel that he had lost rapport, and eventually he withdrew from teaching altogether. Ideally, what he would like to do is to establish a center for experimental music at a university, where he would not teach formal classes but, rather, act as resident composer, making his ideas and the center's equipment available to anyone who was seriously interested in either. It is his oldest dream, and it has been perennially thwarted. (The laboratory-and-theatre project planned for Paul Williams' community never did come into being.) He was enormously stimulated by a year he spent in 1961 as a fellow at the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University. He got a great deal of work done there, including the compilation of his lectures and essays that became the book "Silence," published by Wesleyan University Press, and he enjoyed the intellectual atmosphere of the place. Wesleyan apparently found Cage equally stimulating, but so far its authorities have not looked with much favor upon a detailed project, submitted by Cage, for the establishment there of a Center for Experimental Music. "There is *something in the nature* of my work that does not encourage universities," Cage admits.

The nature of Cage's work in the last few years has certainly done little to encourage established bodies of any kind, at home or abroad. Increasingly, he has moved toward a kind of musical performance that is close to theatre, with a great many bizarre activities taking place on stage; the audience, he believes, should be able to look as well as listen if the experience is to be truly lifelike. Early in 1960, he began experimenting with contact microphones and discovered that electronic circuits do more than amplify sounds; they change all the characteristics of a given sound, and sometimes introduce distortions so pronounced that the original sound is no longer recognizable at all. Feeling that this process was "part and parcel of our contemporary science and technology," and also a reflection of the Buddhist idea of perpetual reincarnation, Cage decided that he would accept in his work all the distortions caused by electronic circuits, including electronic feedback, with the idea that in this way new and unforeseen sounds could be brought into being. Sometimes feedback comes shrieking through the amplifiers with enough volume to produce almost unbearable physical pain, and no single aspect of Cage's work has come



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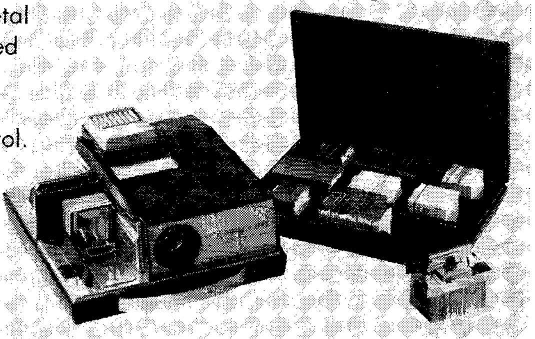

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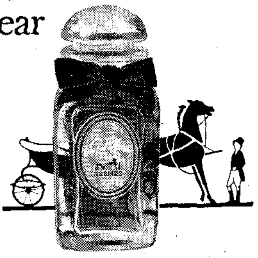

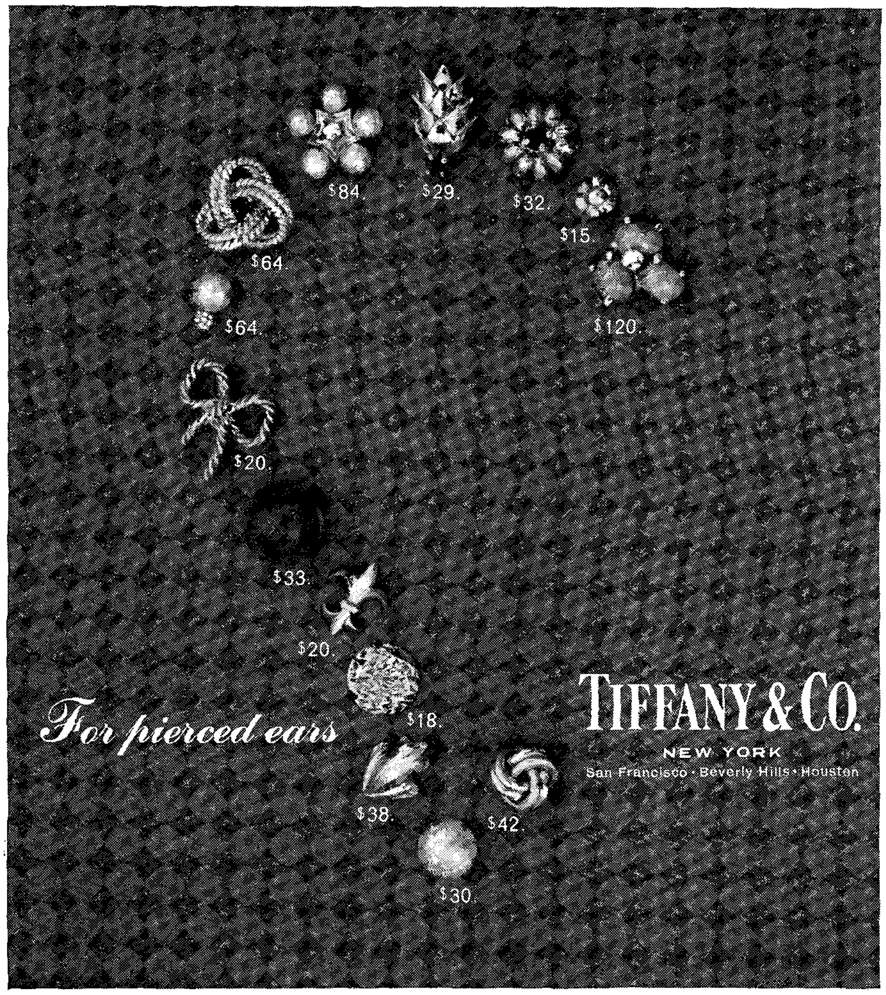

in for such severe criticism as his acceptance of extremely loud sounds. Cage himself was sufficiently troubled by this problem to consult the "I Ching" about it one day last winter. "I got perfectly marvellous hexagrams," he said afterward. "They told me to continue with what I was doing, and to spread joy and revolution."

Those who claim that Cage, in spreading his joy and revolution, has left the real world entirely must cope with the fact that in the last few years his ability to shock, enrage, and stimulate others has never been more pronounced. College students no longer react with incredulous laughter to the Cage-Cunningham appearances; they pack the auditoriums to capacity, and line up afterward to talk with the dancers and with Cage. Without doubt, though, the most impressive recent proof of Cage's spreading of revolution, if not joy, in the music world was the performance of his "Atlas Eclipticalis with Winter Music (Electronic Version)" by the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center last winter. Cage started composing it in 1961 at Wesleyan, when the Montreal Festivals Society commissioned him to write a work for full orchestra. His method of composition was remarkably complex, involving the use of large astronomical charts that he had discovered in the Wesleyan Observatory (the title refers to the stars in the great circle around the sun), together with transparencies and other materials to determine which stars on the charts would be notes and how they could go together. Months of work went into the composition, and the last of its eighty-six parts (one for each instrument of the orchestra) was not finished until 1962. Leonard Bernstein scheduled it—along with compositions by Earle Brown and Morton Feldman—for the last week of the Philharmonic's five-week series of programs on the avant-garde. Max V. Mathews, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, designed and installed an elaborate electronic sound system for Cage's composition, and Paul Williams constructed a mechanical conductor—a metal box on a stand, with colored lights to mark the divisions of the work and an extended arm that described a full circle in the eight-minute time span of the music. Not in the least offended by this automation of the maestro's traditional role, Bernstein worked very closely with Cage in showing the orchestra members how to apply contact microphones to their instruments, follow the motions of the chronometer-conductor, and read the score, which

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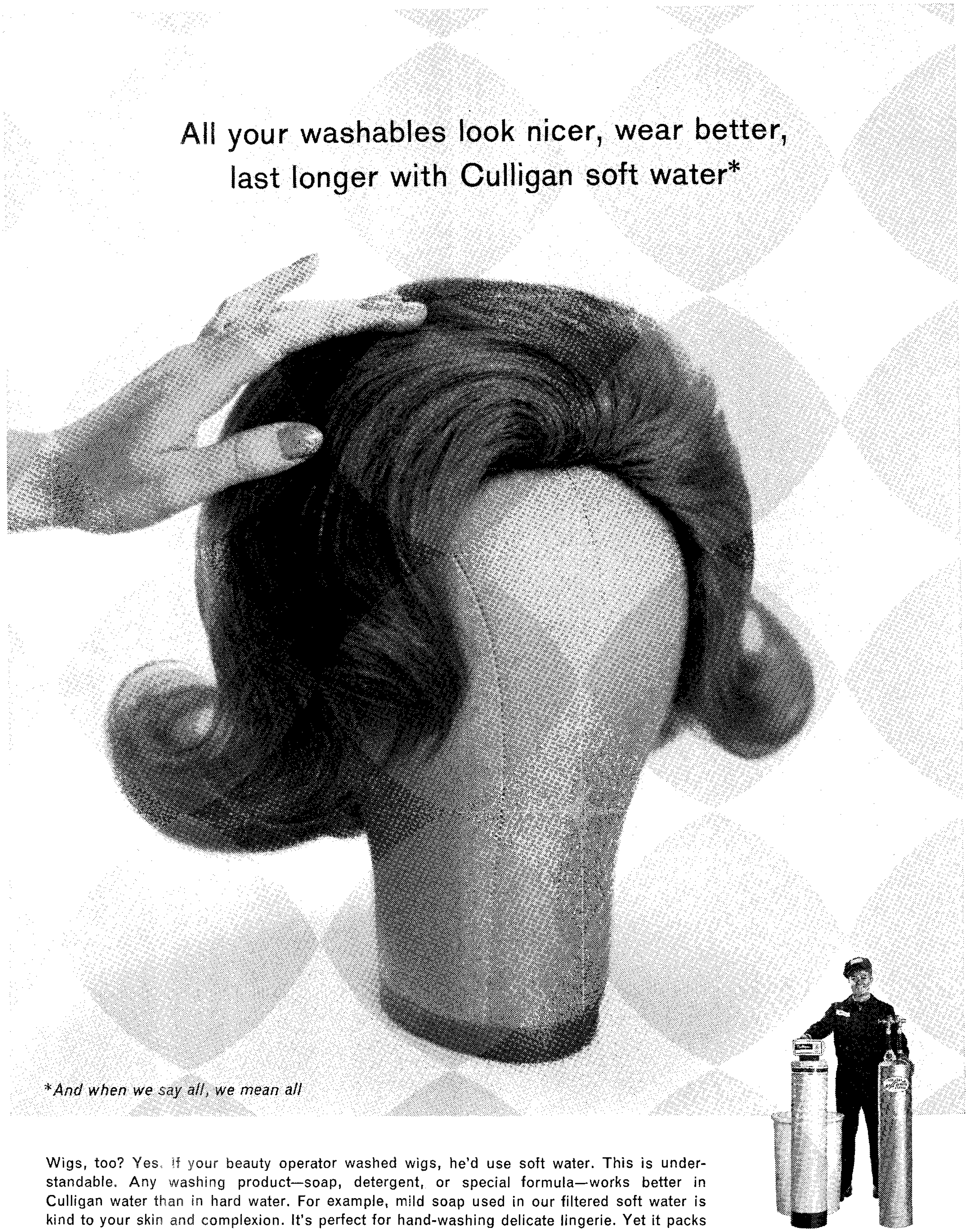

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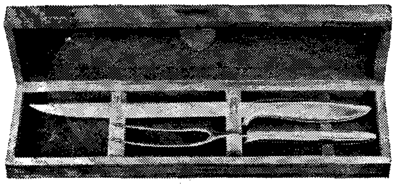

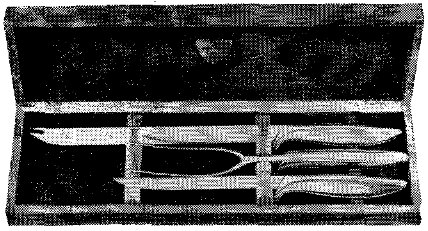

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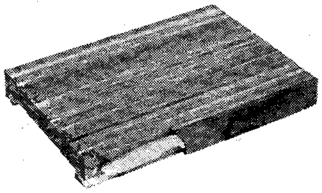

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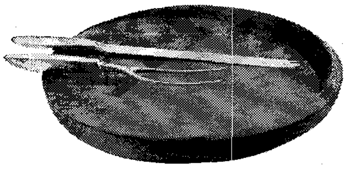

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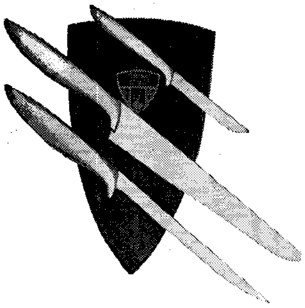

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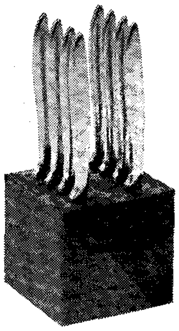

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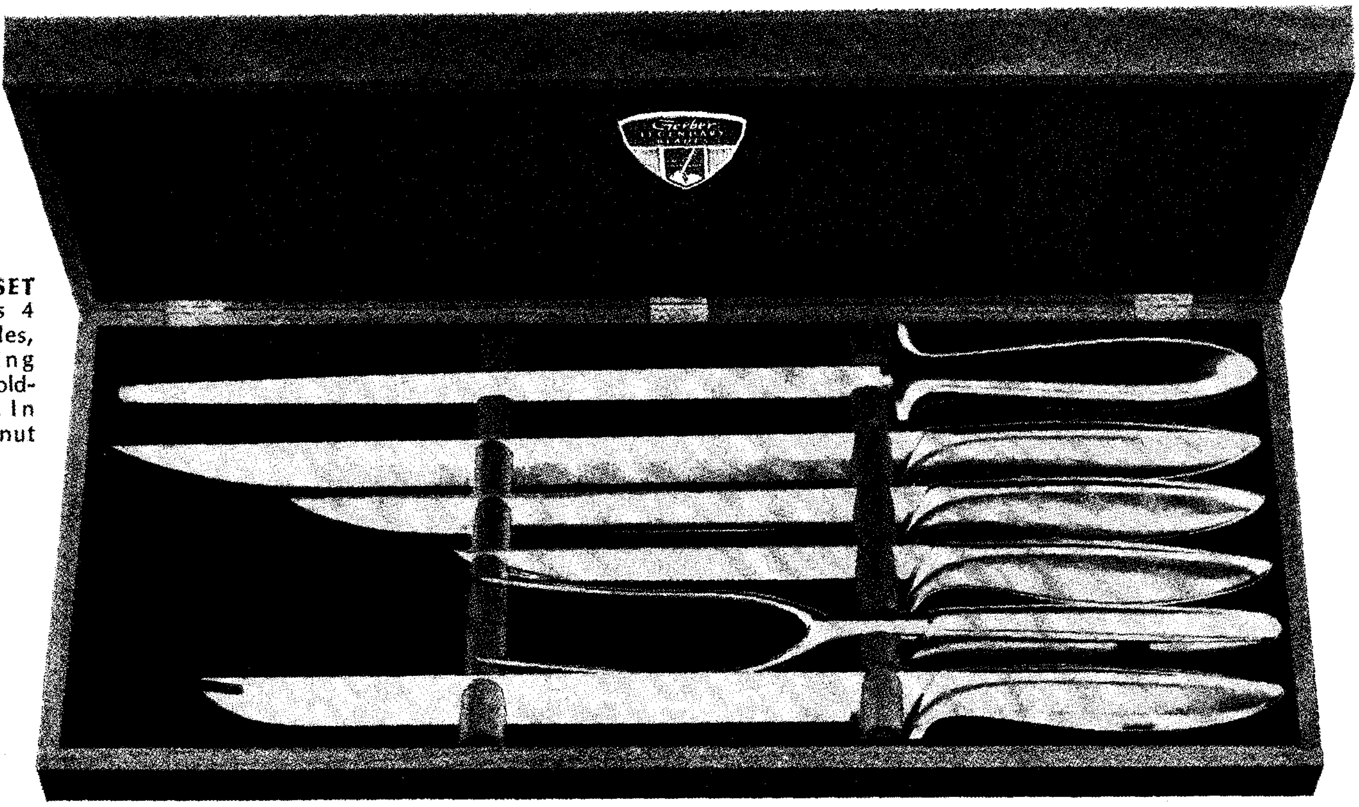

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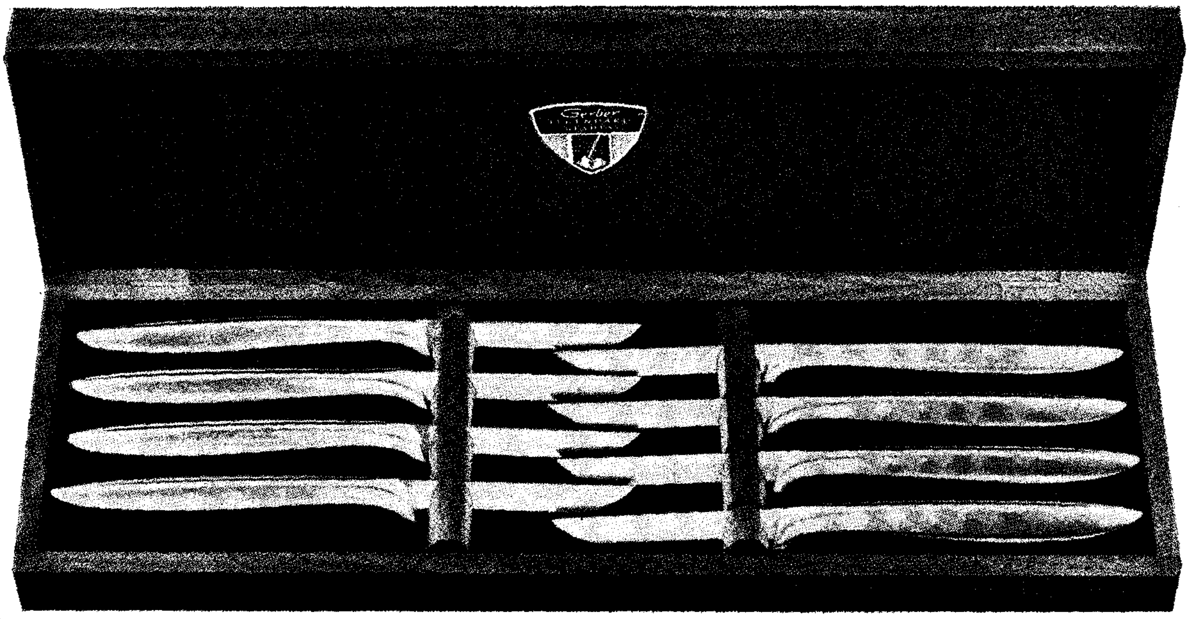

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was utterly unlike anything they had seen before. As a result, the attitude of the orchestra toward Cage and his associates was generally respectful up to the time of the performance.

Philharmonic Hall was sold out for the opening concert, which took place on the evening of February 6th. The first half of the program was comfortingly traditional—Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony—and when the audience returned after the intermission, Bernstein, in one of his platform chats, urged them to give their serious attention to the "music of chance" that followed. The audience, however, after listening with amusement to the initial selection, consisting of music "composed" by a British computer named Pegasus, and responding tolerantly to a brief orchestral improvisation by Bernstein himself, flatly refused to pay any attention whatever to Cage's "Atlas Eclipticalis." As soon as the first electronic sounds issued from six loudspeakers that had been placed in strategic parts of the hall, people began to mutter angrily and leave their seats. The Feldman and Brown works followed, and by the time they had been performed Philharmonic Hall was two-thirds empty. The program was repeated on three subsequent occasions. During the second performance, while Cage was taking his bows from the stage, he heard what he thought at first to be "the sound of escaping air." The same greeted Feldman and Brown when *their* works had been played, and Cage realized with a shock that the members of the Philharmonic orchestra were hissing them. Conditions onstage deteriorated even further during the third performance. The musicians laughed and talked among themselves throughout "Atlas Eclipticalis;" some of them played scales or melodies instead of the notes written, sang or whistled into their contact microphones, and in a couple of instances smashed the electronic equipment. Cage spoke to their union representative afterward, and Bernstein called a meeting of the full orchestra to demand that such activities cease. As a result, the final concert went off without incident, and the avant-garde series ended amid general relief.

CAGE was saddened but not particularly surprised by his experience with the Philharmonic, and he took some comfort from his discovery that "even when 'Atlas' is performed badly it still sounds interesting." Professionally speaking, the Philharmonic

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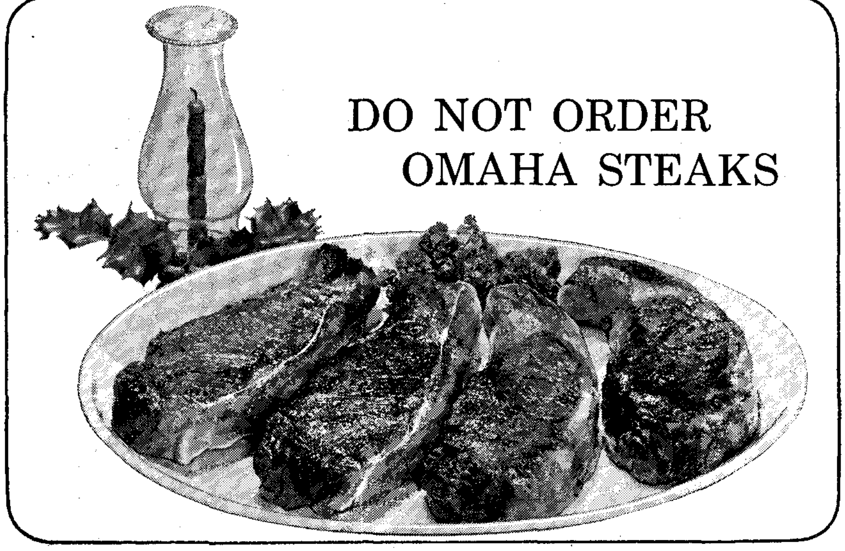

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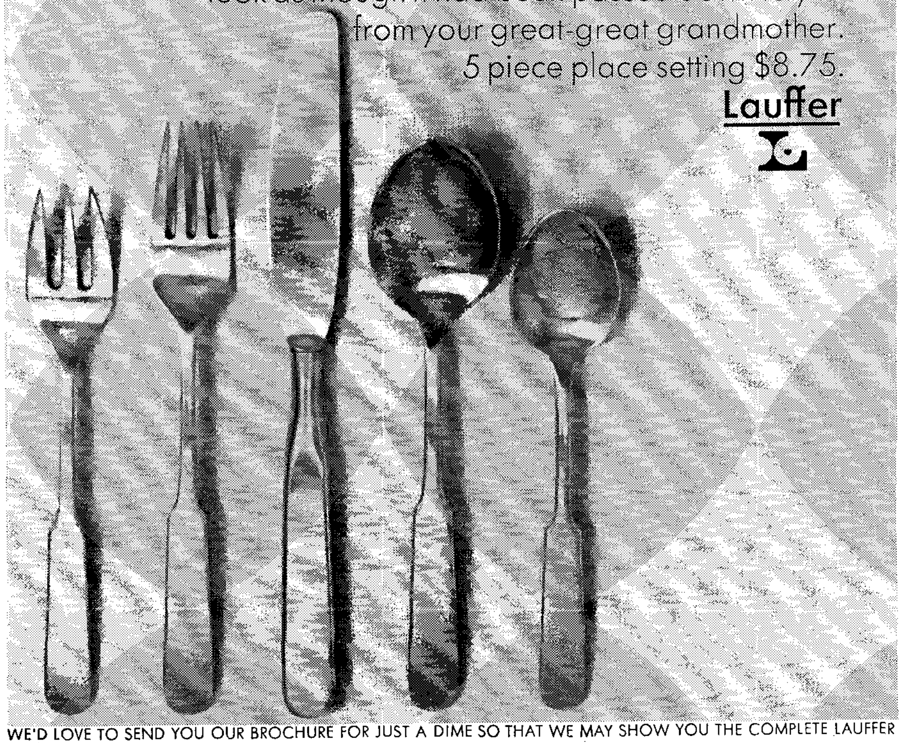

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concert probably did little to advance his career. His situation today is essentially what it has been for the last fifteen years. In spite of the influence of his ideas on the younger generation of painters, musicians, and intellectuals, he has no status in the music Establishment. One day recently, sitting on the floor of the glass-walled living room of a monkish two-room house near Stony Point that is his home between lecture and dance tours, Cage told a friend that he sometimes feels as though he had come to the point reached many years ago by Marcel Duchamp when he stopped painting pictures. "I understand Duchamp's not doing things," Cage said. "And it seems to me that I am somewhat in Duchamp's situation now, except that instead of not doing things I will keep on doing whatever there is to do. One does what there is to do, that's all. I remember during the rehearsals for the Philharmonic concerts the contact microphones seemed to be causing all kinds of trouble, and Morty Feldman tried to persuade me not to use them. 'Think how shimmeringly beautiful it would sound with just the instruments playing that star music, with no electronics!' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'but think how magnificently ugly it will sound with the microphones on!' That's how I feel now. I am going toward violence rather than tenderness, Hell rather than Heaven, ugly rather than beautiful, impure rather than pure, because if one does these things they become transformed, and we all become transformed. If I were moving toward the good, toward Heaven, I would simply search out the David Tudors of the world and work only with them. After the Philharmonic, David came to me and we talked about the possibility of doing 'Atlas' at the Guggenheim Museum, with a selected group of musicians—doing it properly, as it should be done. I will not refuse this. But I also will not refuse situations such as the Philharmonic, when and if they come up. I will let circumstances decide."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

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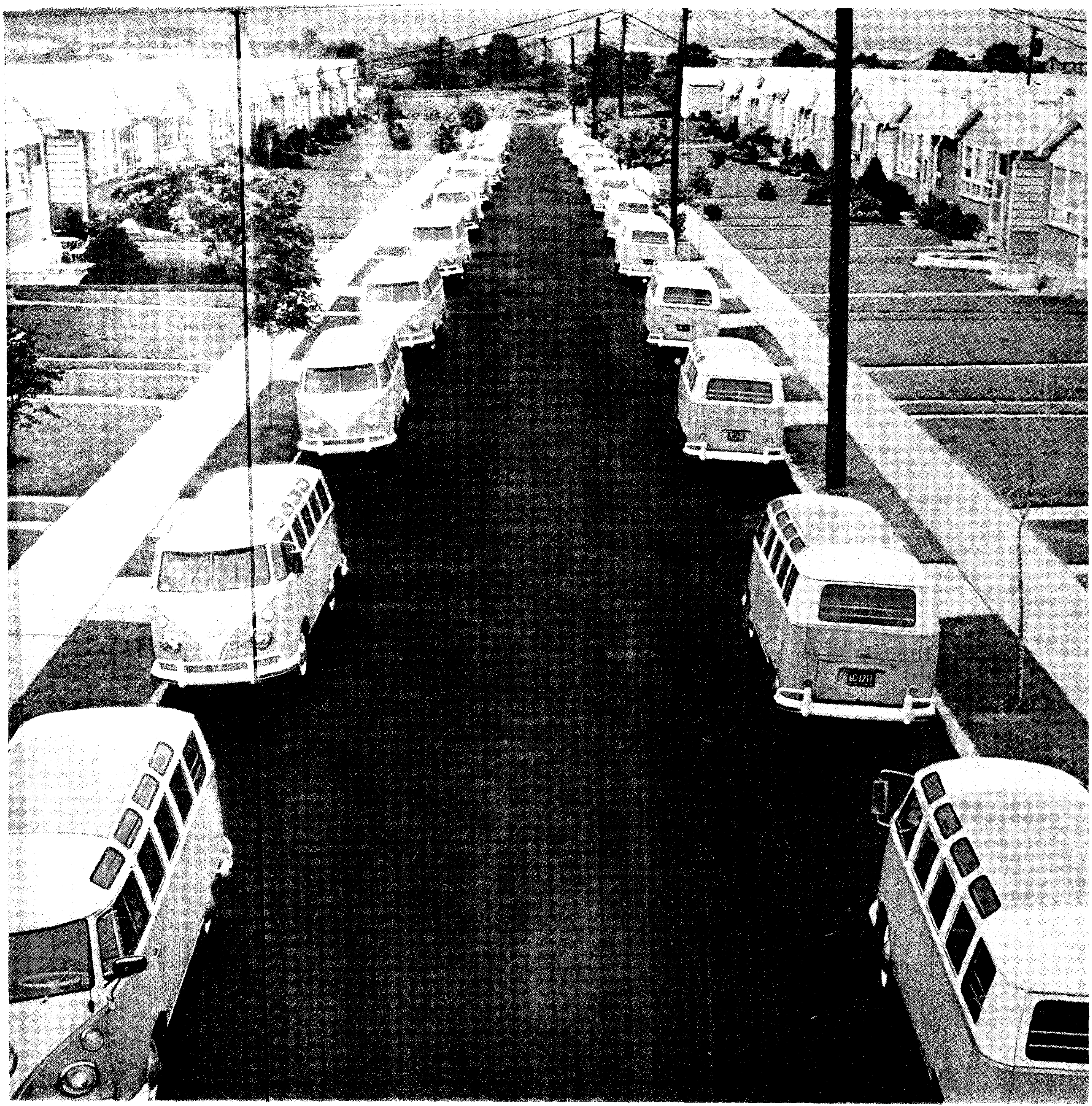

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THE THEATRE

FEATHERWEIGHT

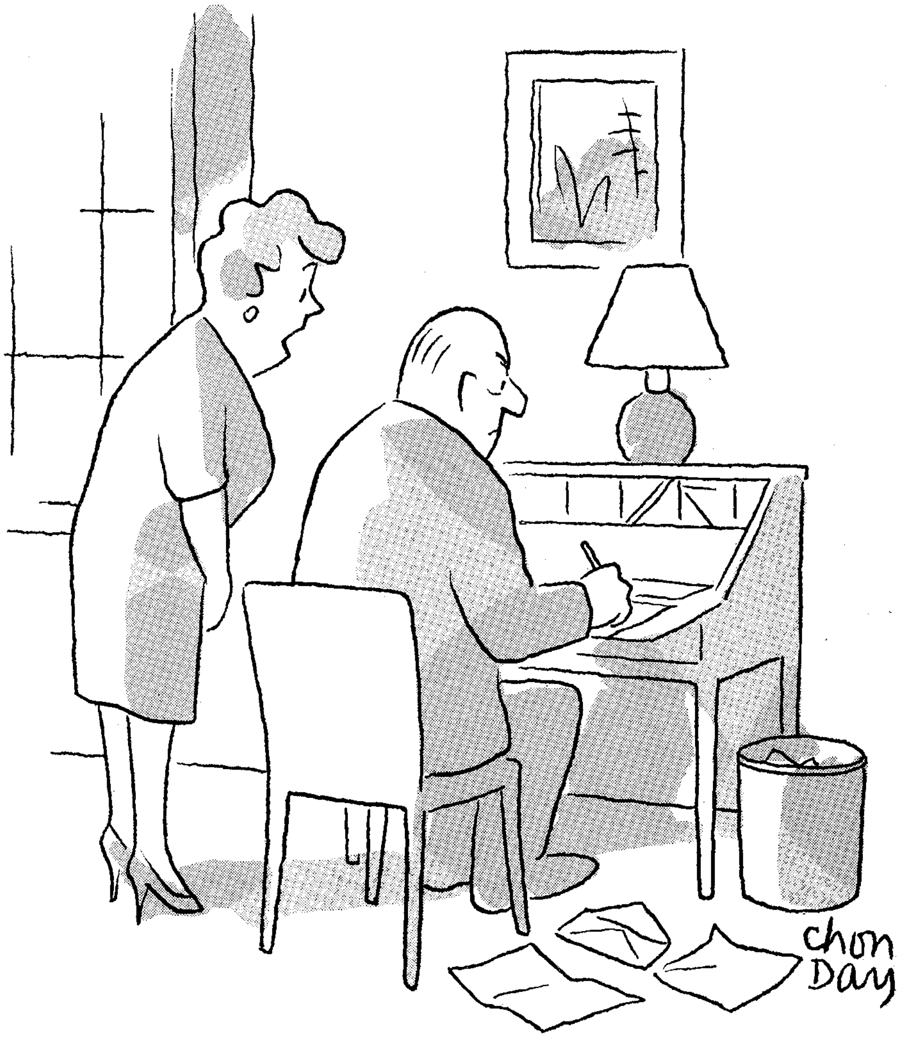
BILL MANHOFF, the author of "The Owl and the Pussycat," at the ANTA, has had a long career as a radio and television writer, producer, and gagman, and in his first play on Broadway he exhibits a good deal of very slick ingenuity. The comedy has only two characters—a harlot and a would-be littérateur—and its theme, which is tenuous indeed, deals with their attempts to understand each other. The heroine is the sort of girl who says things like "I may be a prostitute, but I'm not promiscuous" and who is full of wonderment when she hears words like "enervating" and "naïve." She is also quite a pragmatic girl, and this puts her into sharp contrast with the hero, a doltish dreamer who is convinced that he is going to cause a stir in the literary world with such items as a short story entitled "Scream," which starts out with the line "The sun spit morning into a man's face." The backing and filling that these two go through while he is vaguely attempting to play Pygmalion to her Galatea is mildly amusing for a while, but midway through the second act (there are three) Mr. Manhoff's manipulation of his team becomes a trifle monotonous. However, Alan Alda, as the Owl, and Diana Sands, as the Pussycat, are highly skilled performers, and the direction, by Arthur Storch, is commendable.

The doings all take place in a San Francisco apartment designed by Jo Mielziner, where Mr. Alda, when not creating "Scream" or something like it, enjoys a spot of voyeurism by focussing binoculars on neighboring apartments. In one of them he has espied our heroine busy at her carnal trade, and has righteously reported her to the building superintendent, which has resulted in her eviction. At the curtain's rise, she is seen barging in on Mr. Alda, intent upon maiming or murdering him. Instead of doing either, she decides to move in with him, and from there on we have Mr. Alda alternately succumbing to her obvious charms and falling into deep broods over his susceptibility to non-spiritual compulsions. The dialogue that the pair toss back and forth is fitfully entertaining, but I rather regret Mr. Manhoff's introduction of some dubious bathroom humor. I suppose the main trouble with "The Owl and the Pussycat," apart from the fragility of its content, is that it is so full of predictable situations. Ah, well, there may be those who will love it in all its simplicity. Incidentally, although Miss Sands is a Negro, Mr. Manhoff has seen to it that no attention is paid to the fact. He is to be congratulated. —JOHN MCCARTEN

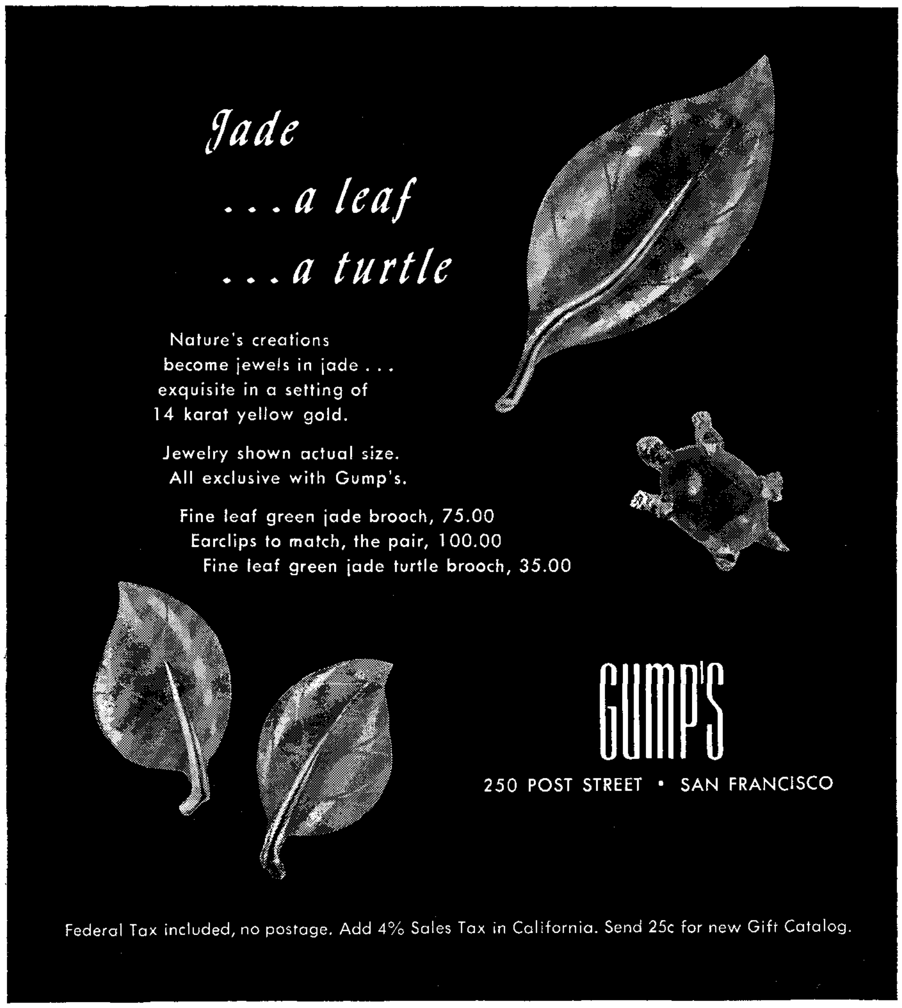
OFF BROADWAY

Dance to a Distant Drum

WHAT "The Giants' Dance," a recent tenant at the Cherry Lane, was about was plain enough; it was about a king in fifth-century Britain, his beautiful daughter, her ambitious and scheming fiancé, the Christian slave who loves her, the queen, a blustering general, a Druid bishop, and Merlin. But what it was meant to *be*, exactly, was more than I could figure out. It was almost a once-upon-a-time project, yet it kept breaking its own spell with weak up-to-the-minute jokes and references, standing with one foot in Old Britannia and the other in Commerce Street. At its best, though, it did have a kind of gentle, wispy appeal, and there were a number of comic moments. The dramatist, Otis Bigelow, provided almost everyone with lines that sounded literate enough, and much of the acting was more accomplished than the usual Off Broadway brand. Kelly Jean Peters, Bill Fletcher, Dillon Evans, Wyman Pendleton, Terence Scammell, and Boris Tumarin did quite well as princess, fiancé, Merlin, bishop, slave, and king, respectively, but Alice Drummond's daffy-housewife queen was somewhat out of key with the rest of the performances, and Leonard Drum's would-be-comic court herald was extremely irritating. William Ritman designed handsome sets for the throne room and the tower of the primitive, bleak, stony palace. —EDITH OLIVER



"Why do you say we're happy to enclose our check when we're not?"



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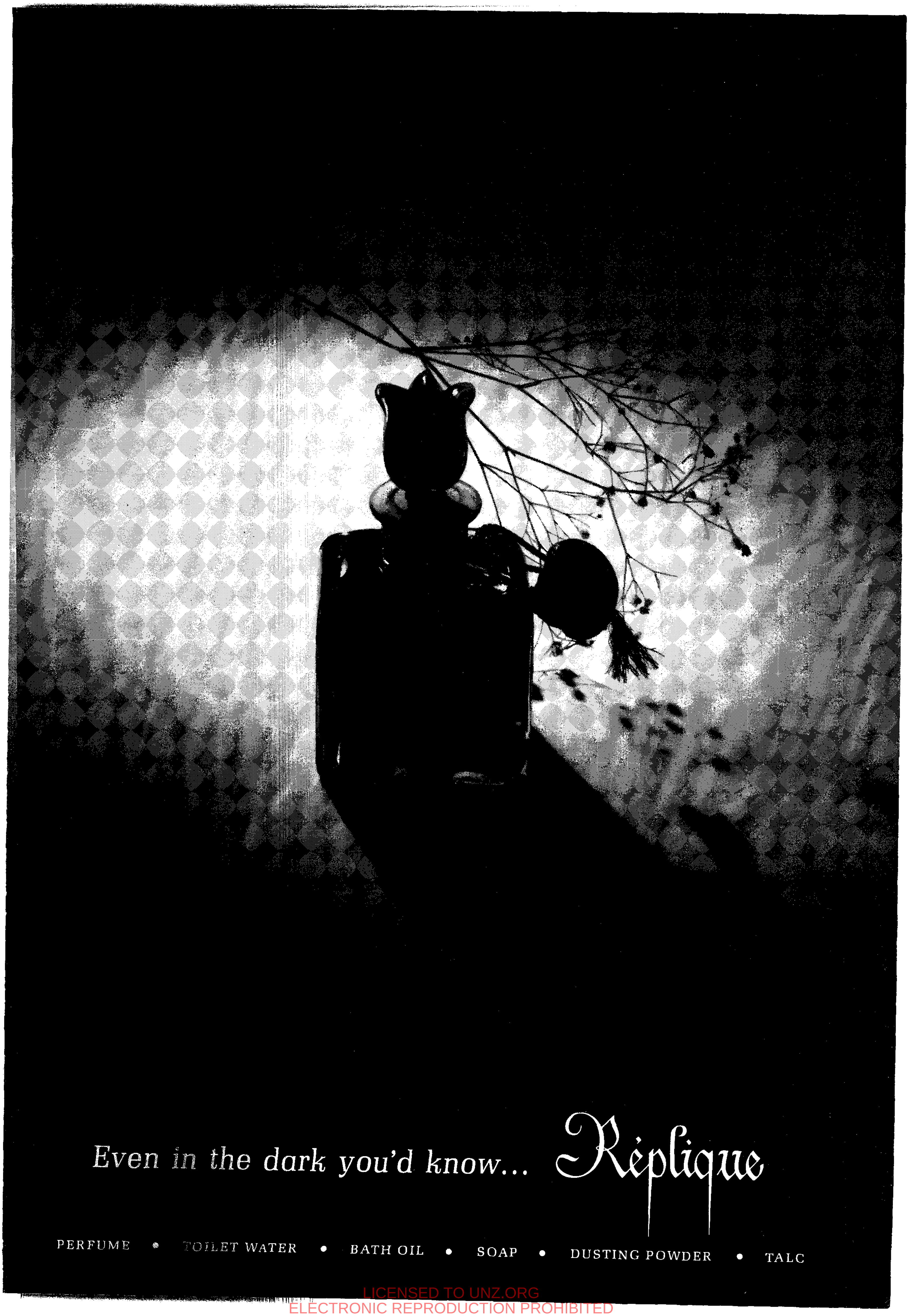
THE RACE TRACK

Money Talks

COMPARED to most of the racing I saw at Aqueduct last week, the Demoiselle Stakes, won by the Wheatley Stable's Discipline, was positively sensational. Eight two-year-old fillies ran, and for the first half of the mile Adorable and Straight Deal dominated the scene, but on the stretch turn the others moved up, and they all swept into the straight like a charge of cavalry. In the last furlong, Discipline pulled away to win comfortably from Lay Aft, and Cordially came in third. It was the first victory in a stakes race for Discipline, who on three occasions recently was overshadowed by her stablemate Queen Empress. As you probably know, the Wheatley Stable is having its most successful season. With Bold Lad and Queen Empress leading its galaxy of runners, it has amassed more than a million dollars in purses and stakes. To be exact, the $18,525 won by Discipline brought the total to $1,073,314. It's a big year for Bill Winfrey, too; besides being Wheatley's trainer, he handles the horses of Ogden Phipps and his son Ogden Mills Phipps, and they have earned $200,407 and $102,702, respectively, for a combined total, with the Wheatley horses, of $1,376,423, which should put Winfrey at the top of the list.

INSTEAD of trying to pick a winner these days, I find it more interesting (and less costly) to speculate on how long Kelso will be the world's leading money-winner. Round Table, with his $1,749,869, was No. 1 for six years, which is four years more than Nashua was, with his $1,288,565. Citation, the first horse to earn a million in prize money, was on top from 1950 to 1956, with $1,085,760. Though Kelso's position, with $1,893,362, seems secure for many years, it is not invulnerable, because the purses are getting bigger all the time. There are more than thirty races every year worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. Suppose, the season after next, a colt comes along with all the ability and quality of Native Dancer and Citation rolled into one, and has a trainer and a jockey who do everything right. (I admit this may be stretching things a bit.) And suppose that after picking off a race for maidens he wins the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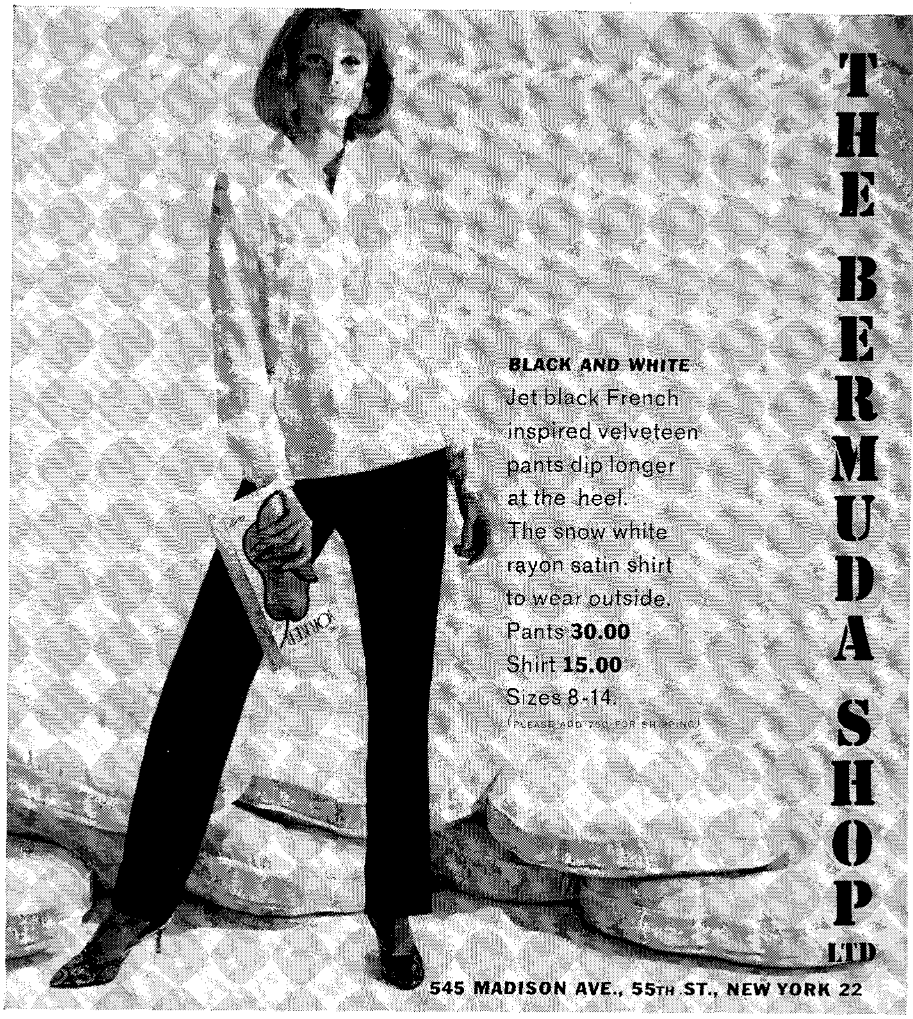
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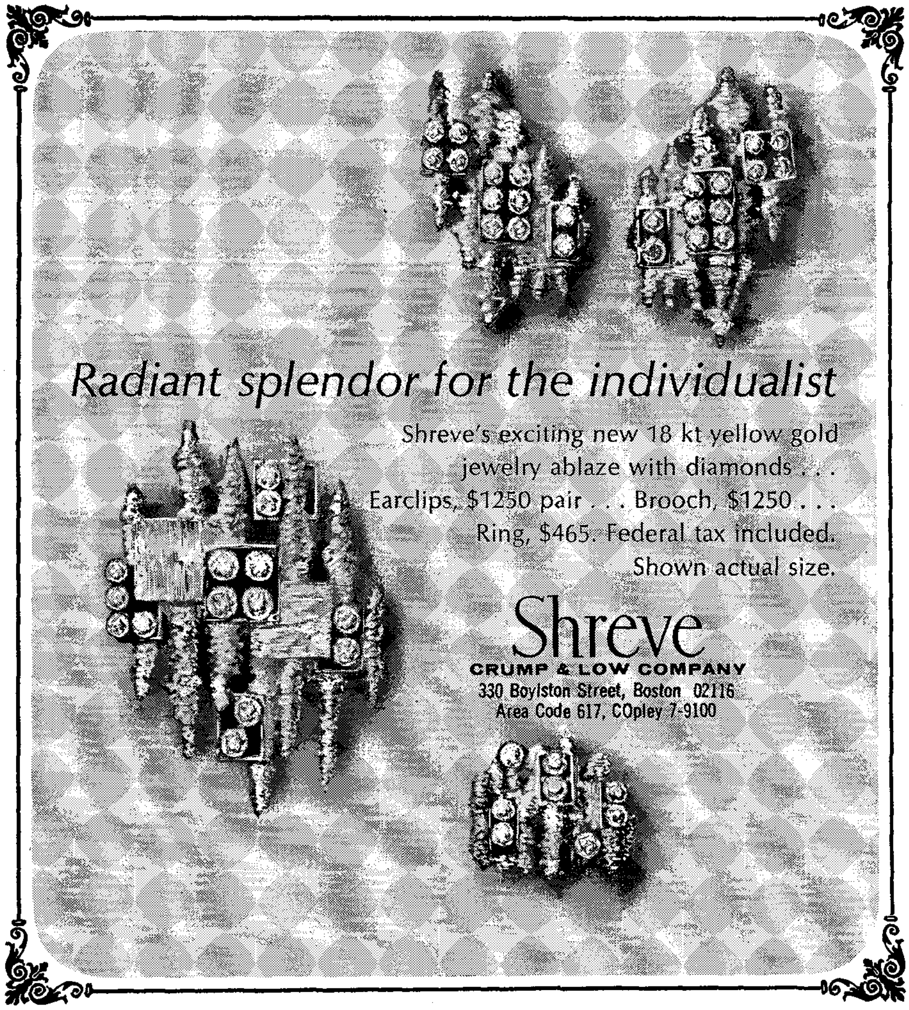
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Sapling, the Hopeful, the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Futurity at Aqueduct, the Champagne Stakes, the Garden State Stakes, and the Pimlico Futurity. Our nonesuch would then have won $764,854 in eight starts, which isn't much for a two-year-old. (Native Dancer was unbeaten in nine.) At three, he'd go for the really big ones, and win the Santa Anita Derby, the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, the Wood Memorial, the Kentucky Derby, the Jersey Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont Stakes, the Hollywood Derby, the Travers, and the American Derby. Since there are no big races exclusively for three-year-olds in the autumn, he'd take a shot at the Jockey Club Gold Cup and the Washington, D.C., International, and win $1,113,469 in thirteen starts. (Citation made $709,470 in twenty starts.) Altogether, our imaginary prodigy would have earned $1,898,323 in two seasons of racing—slightly more than Kelso has earned in six.

Thumbing through the *American Racing Manual* the other day, I came across the record of Kingston, a famous racer in the eighties and nineties. He won eighty-nine of his hundred and thirty-eight starts, was unplaced only four times, and earned $138,917. Northern Dancer's first money in the Preakness last May was $142,200.

STILL on the high dollar: At the recent Keeneland Sales in Lexington, La Dauphine, a seven-year-old mare by Princequillo out of Baby League, brought $177,000—the all-time high for a brood mare. The buyer was Charles H. Wacker III, a Chicagoan who races both here and abroad. La Dauphine has never faced the starter, nor has her first foal, a two-year-old colt, but she is beautifully bred and has a number of distinguished relatives, among them Busher, Mr. Busher, and Striking. No doubt the reason for her extraordinary price is that she is in foal to Bold Ruler, America's leading stallion. At Keeneland last July, a yearling colt by Bold Ruler—the only one of his get offered at auction this year—brought $170,000. At the same sale, La Dauphine's yearling daughter brought $71,000. Whether La Dauphine foals a colt or a filly next spring, Mr. Wacker may not have done badly.

SADAIR, Royal Gunner, and Hail to All, the first three in the Garden State Stakes, will be among the starters in the Pimlico Futurity this weekend. I'll take Sadair. —AUDAX MINOR

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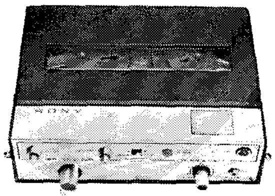

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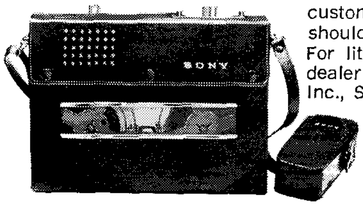

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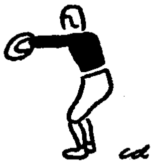
FOOTBALL

Archives



"How to Watch Football" was what the late John Lardner, back in the forties, called a treatise in which he maintained that football is not a sport that can be watched, and nothing has happened in the intervening twenty years to gainsay his contention. I knew at the time that he was right; in fact, I had become convinced of the truth of his principle twenty years before. It was not until October of 1933 that I puzzled out the partial solution that a few colleagues had devised for the unsolvable problem. Equipping themselves with field glasses, notebooks, and a working knowledge of shorthand, they had taken up positions in press boxes under the eaves of the football stadia of the Eastern Seaboard, and there, flanked by a covey of (we'll say) voluble Dartmouth chartmakers on one side and a pride of voluble Pennsylvania chartmakers on the other, they discovered a viable technique of watching football by piecing together a set of improper fractions. ("All right, Jack, you watch the left side of the line on defense. Ed, you watch the linebackers. Bill, you watch the right side of the line. I'll take the secondary. George . . .") Looking and listening in every direction in these particular surroundings, my colleagues were able to fix on paper a hieroglyphic précis of what was really going on down on the playing field, even though no one of them could see it all for himself.

Their art is long, and their life (especially on blizzard and typhoon Saturdays in late November) is shortened, but theirs is a labor of love, and so is "The Fireside Book of Football," which—edited by Jack Newcombe, who has played the game himself, and overseen by Peter Schwed, one of history's calmest and yet most dedicated watchers of Ivy League football—has lately been put out by Simon & Schuster. The Lardner diatribe is in it, and so are other expected guests—Heywood Broun and Tom O'Reilly and Joel Sayre and Caswell Adams and John Kieran and Red Smith, for a starter. And so are unexpected ones—Scott Fitzgerald and Katharine Brush and John McNulty and Samuel Yellen and Frank Sullivan, for a starter. So is Owen Johnson, because of "Stover at Lawrenceville." And so are an assortment of pertinent cartoons. All the

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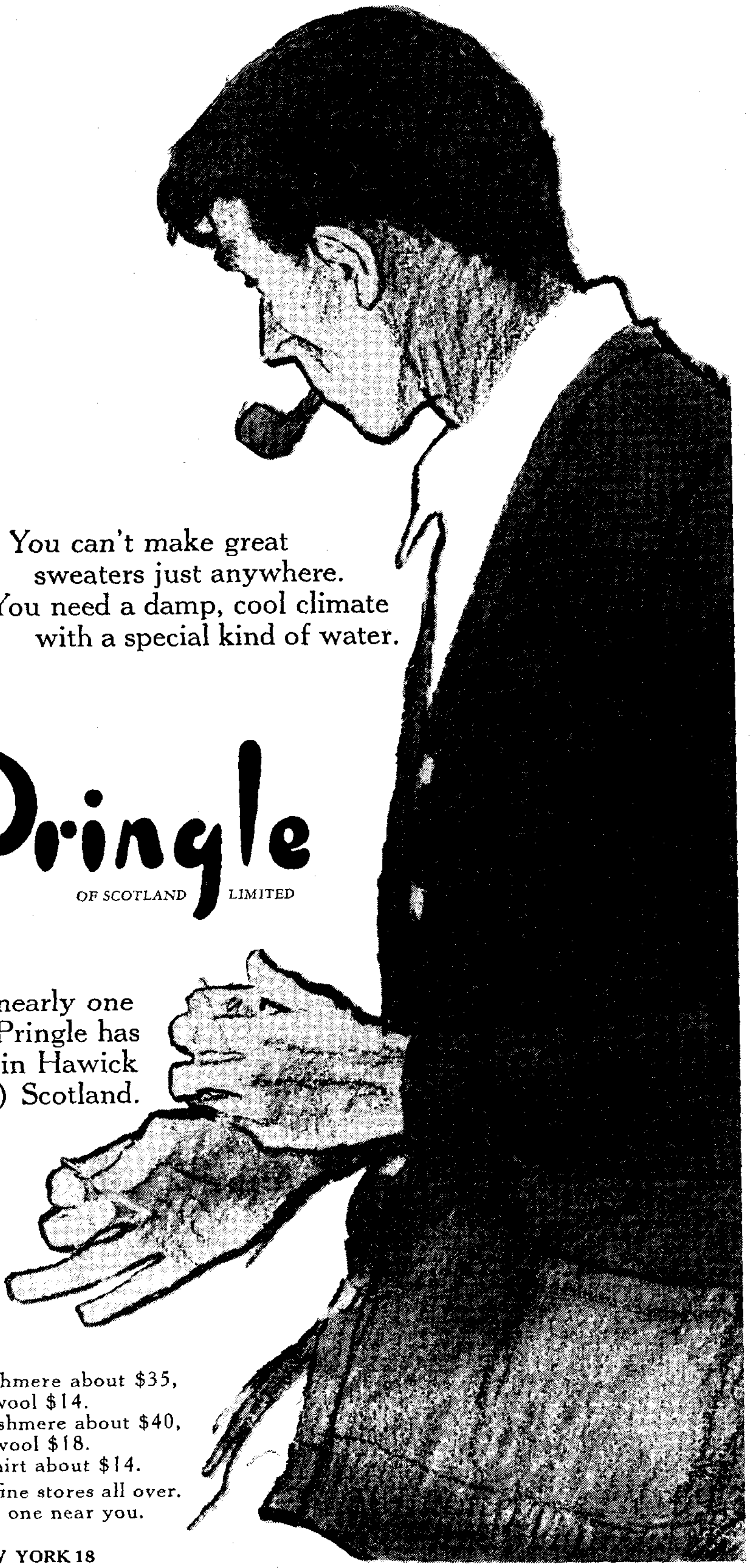

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PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD. 24 WEST 40 STREET NEW YORK 18 way, the key is minor; no thundering herds of prose anywhere affront the eye. The scope is enormous: the blood, the sweat, the tears; the delights and the deviousnesses; the honors and dishonors—all these are accounted for. Reading it will require a month of Sundays during which you do not turn on the television set to watch professional football, so you might as well begin now. There isn't, by the way, any Westbrook Pegler, who in his sporting days, stern and rockbound in a black bowler, wrote some of the merriest running accounts of football matches I have ever read, but I learned years ago that you can't have everything.

ONE reason for straying to Shea Stadium (I can think of others, too) is to watch Pete Gogolak, late of Cornell and now of the Buffalo Bills, doing his first turn at the professional game. A couple of Sundays ago, looking tiny among his teammates, even if he does weigh two hundred pounds, he was getting off punts good for seventy-five yards on the first bounce and field goals of up to fifty yards, and though this work was gravely affecting the fortunes of the Jets (a team I enjoy because it is still sufficiently young and coltish to make professional football seem like kids having afternoon fun), I was aware that I was watching an artist. No one expects Ivy League players who turn professional to stand up to the rigors of the Big Time, but Gogolak, a reformed Hungarian soccer player who, as we all know, has the damnedest way of cuffing the ball sidewise, should go on for years at his art, for a performer used only as a kicker hardly ever comes into bruising contact with anyone else. Charlie Gogolak, Pete's younger brother, who makes field goals the same way, has another year at Princeton, and on a recent Saturday morning when minor games were going on in every direction up at New Haven, one corner of my eye caught an anonymous junior-varsity punter (you can't tell the players without a program) who was applying the same body Hungarian to a kick that, at the last moment, won a tight little game.

THE tickets for the meeting of Lafayette and Lehigh at Easton last weekend were exuberant. Announcing, with a vast "100th" imprinted amidships, that this was the hundredth gathering of the clans, they went on to ring the numerals with "America's most played series." I wonder what they meant by that. —J. W. L.

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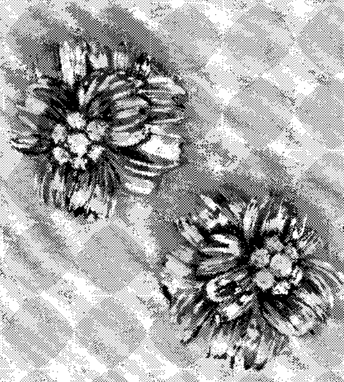

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Abercrombie & Fitch (all branches)
I. Magnin (all branches)

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Robert W. Gates, Burlingame
Bidwell's, Lido Isle

COLORADO
Neusteter's, Denver

CONNECTICUT
The Ed. Malley Co., New Haven

FLORIDA
Del Hurd, Delray Beach
Maas Bros. of Florida

ILLINOIS
Blum's Vogue, Chicago

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Frank Murphy, St. Paul

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Guy Hill, Inc., Greensboro

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Higbee Co., Cleveland

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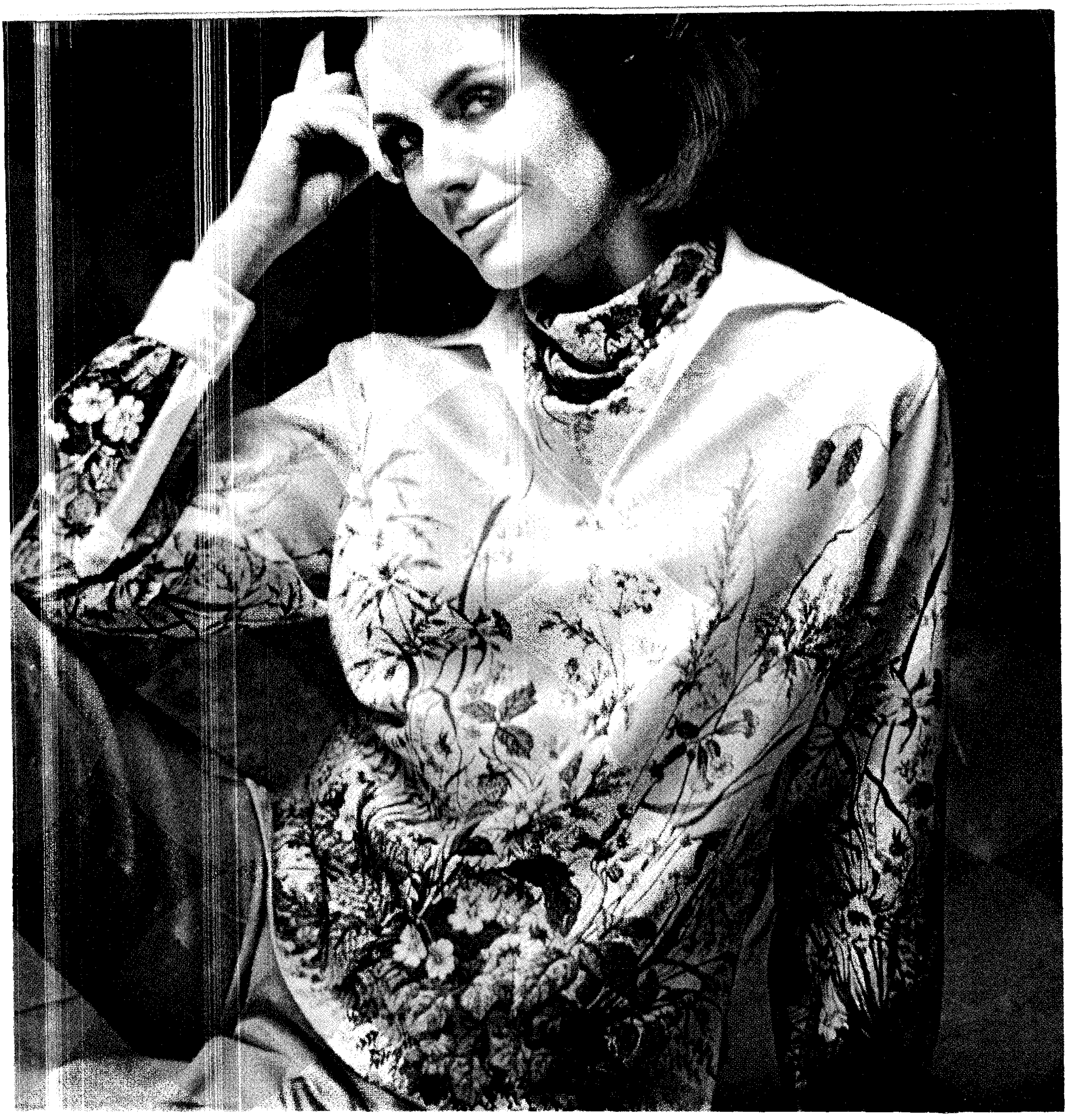

In America, only Lady Hathaway may tailor Liberty prints. Shirt $40.00. Matching scarf $6.50.

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"WOMEN'S shirts are often well tailored, extremely smart and *utterly* boring," says Lady Hathaway. "Thank heaven for Liberty prints—they are *always* fascinating."

One glance at Wild Strawberry above and you will readily understand our heroine's enthusiasm.

The print is an uncopiable Liberty original. *Hand*-printed. *Devilishly* expensive. And imported from London exclusively by Lady Hathaway.

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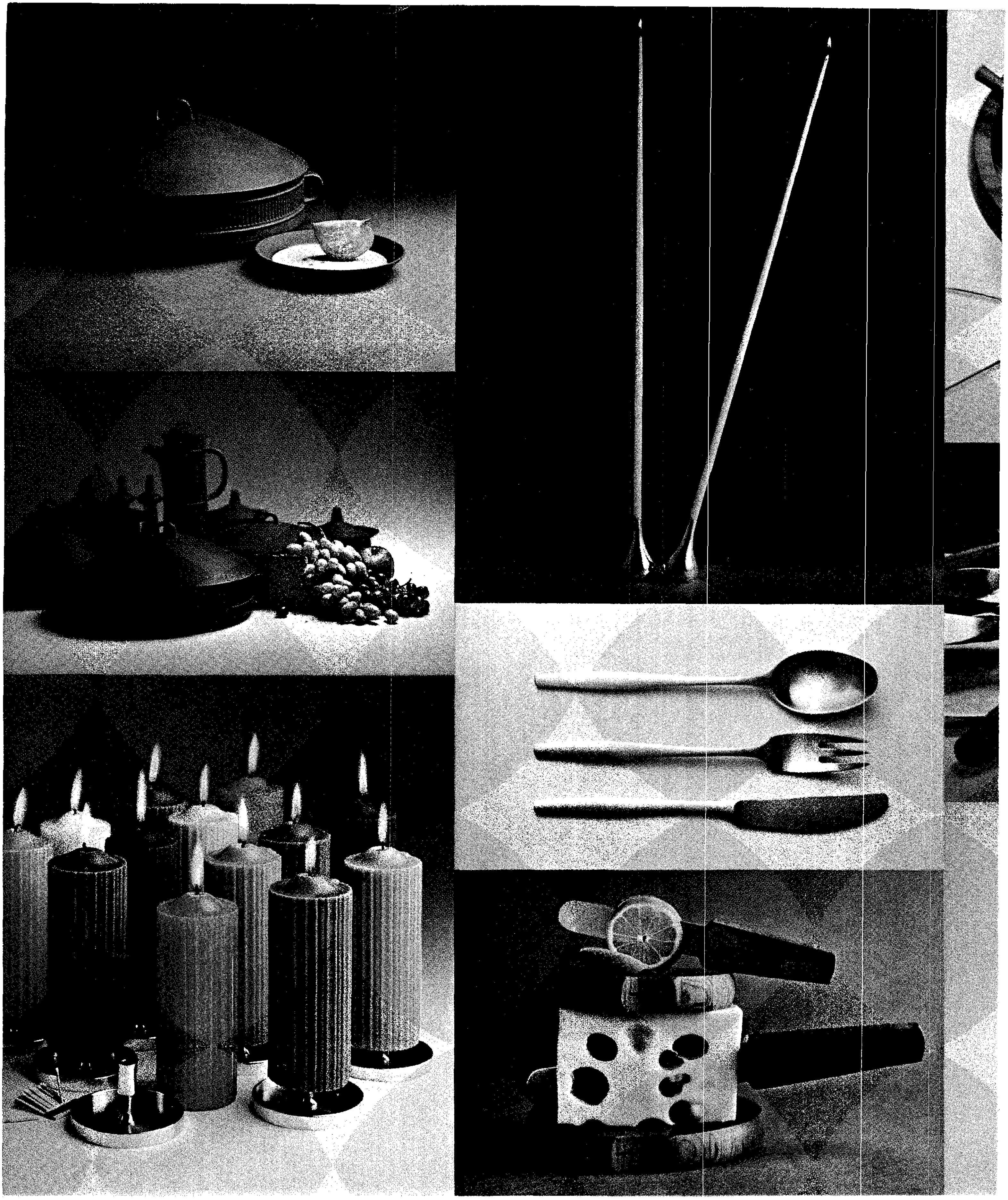
Now for Lady Hathaway's patrician tailoring. Note the classic overshirt styling. The casual smoothness of the collar. And that creamy, silk-surah scarf. *Look closely.* The scarf is an exact replica of the shirt—an outrageous touch of elegance. Remember: Shirts from Lady Hathaway get the same meticulous tailoring as Hathaway's shirts for men.

For store names nearest you, see column opposite.



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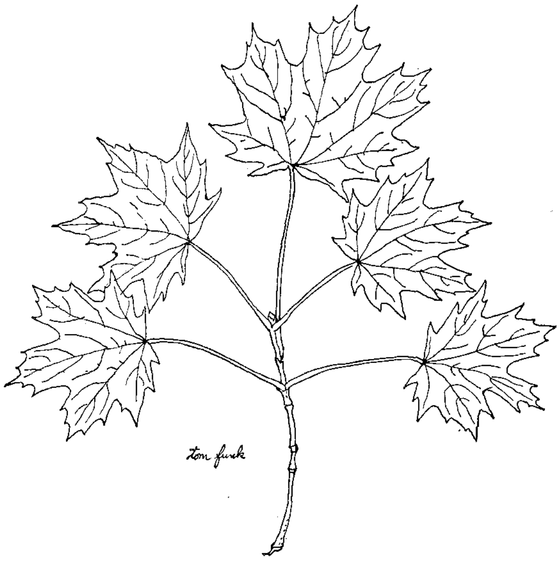
A REPORTER AT LARGE

O CANADA

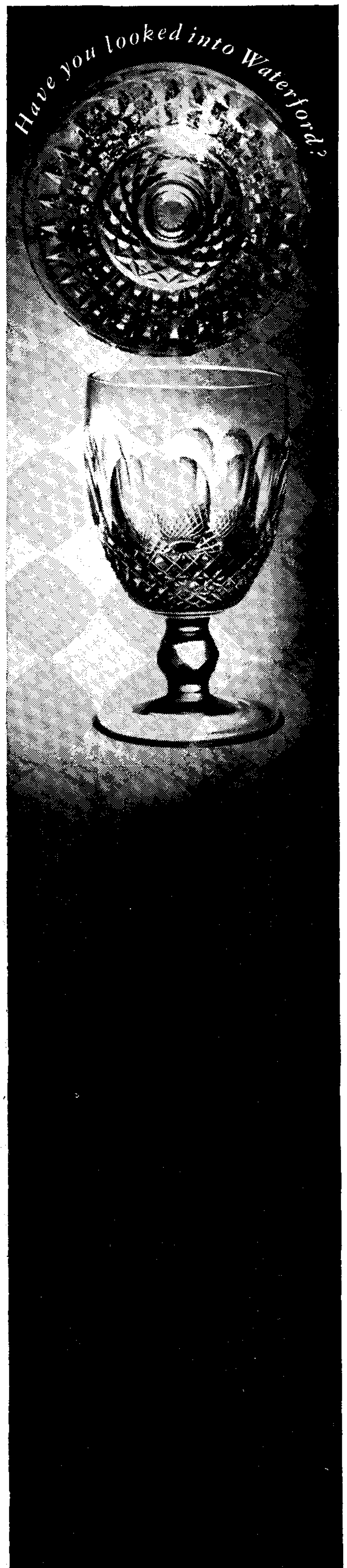
AN AMERICAN'S NOTES ON CANADIAN CULTURE—III



THE NATIONALISTS: It is enough to have read the novels and other works which I have described in my earlier articles to recognize that the life of French Canada is extremely constricted and tense with frustrations. One outlet for the younger generation has been the anticlerical movement—the rebellion against the tyranny of the Church, partly stimulated by Pope John's reforms. Another has been a vigorous reaction against pressures imposed by the English.

The antagonism toward the English does not date in its more virulent form from the "Conquest" of 1760. The French Canadians did not at first much feel themselves crowded by their conquerors. They were actually in a majority in the part of Canada where they lived, and the English let them alone. Wolfe's soldiers became thoroughly Gallicized, and some families with Scottish names are at the present time unable to speak English. But the Protestants soon moved into eastern Canada, and they made themselves the masters of its commerce. The French were ill-equipped to deal with them. They found themselves at a disadvantage in not possessing a bourgeoisie. After the victory of the British and the conceding of French Canada to the English by Louis XV at the Peace of Paris, the French administrators and *commerçants*, who could no longer look forward to careers in French Canada, mostly packed up and went home. They left a few seigneurial estates, a small professional class, an unambitious and illiterate peasantry, and a priesthood that came to be the mainstays of the otherwise unenlightened parishes. It was inevitable that—with little other guidance—this priesthood should dominate French Canada, while a hard-headed business world was growing up both around and within it. The first serious rebellion of the French was that led by Louis Joseph Papineau in 1837. Papineau was a spirited and brilliant man who had for years been Speaker of the colonial Assembly. This local governing body had been struggling with the British Crown for the control of Canadian revenue and for an elective Legislative Council modelled on the American Senate. It had already caused the British government to drop a bill for a union of French and English Canada, which would have restricted the freedom of the Catholic Church, made English the official language, and imposed so high a property franchise that most of the French inhabitants would not have been able to vote. The new governor of Lower Canada (Quebec) refused the Assembly's demands. Papineau had been working with the leader of the reform party of Upper Canada (Ontario), but three Frenchmen had been killed by English troops in an election riot of 1832, and he became more and more a French patriot. He now advocated escaping from the British by having French Canada annexed to the American Union. He instigated armed resistance to the government, and a battle took place in Montreal. The "Patriots" were defeated and Papineau took refuge in the United States. Lord Durham, who at this moment was appointed Governor General of British North America, had twelve of the rebels executed and the rest deported in order to save them from death. He made a report to the Crown that was to become one of the most famous documents in Canadian history. Durham was a Whig, rather far to the Left, who was sympathetic to the colonists and who carefully studied their problems. He approved of the French priesthood, but he thought the French Canadians very primitive, and decided that the best that could be done for them was to assimilate them into English civilization. He complained that he had not been able to discover that French Canada had produced any culture of its own. (Professor Arthur R. M. Lower, the author of "Colony to Nation," in commenting on the Durham report—his summary of which I have here been paraphrasing—adds, apropos of this complaint: "His search would have been even more barren in English Canada.") One passage in Lord Durham's report has become rather stereotyped, but it has still its validity as a key to the Canadian situation: "I expected to find a contest between a government and a people: I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state. I found a struggle not of principles but of races."

Growing fear of the expansion of the United States, after the Northern victory over the South in the Civil War, impelled the Canadian provinces to unite under a kind of constitution—the British North America Act—in the Confederation of 1867, but a recrudescent nationalist feeling on the part of the French Canadians was aroused by the execution of Louis Riel in 1885, and it has been kept alive ever since. Riel, a French half-breed with Irish blood, had been the leader, in 1870, of a rebellion of the colony of Roman Catholic half-breeds at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, against the inroads of surveyors from the East. The territorial rights in this region of the Hudson's Bay Company had just been transferred to the Dominion of Canada, and the members of the colony were afraid of being dispossessed. Riel had already succeeded in keeping out a newly appointed governor, and he had set up a provisional government of his own. This government court-martialled and shot a young Orangeman who refused to accept its authority, and a military force was sent out that unseated it and drove Riel, like Papineau, to take refuge in the United States. But he very soon returned, and, in the seventies, was twice elected to Parliament and twice expelled. He went to live in Montana, and then was recalled to Canada, in 1885, to head another rebellion, this time in the Saskatchewan Valley, by another half-breed colony which was



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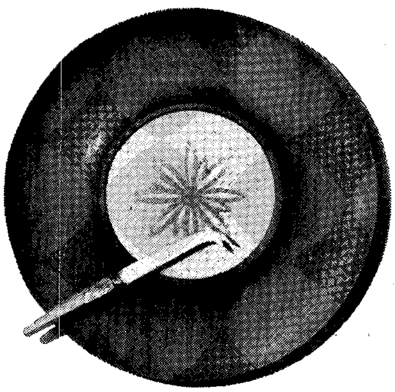
afraid that English settlers would take their lands. This insurrection, too, was put down, and Riel was tried for treason. The jury, which found him guilty, recommended mercy, but the revengeful anti-Papist Orangemen, remembering the death of their co-religionist, demanded that Riel be hanged. The execution was twice postponed, but the Ulstermen at last prevailed. A great meeting of French Canadians was thereupon assembled in Montreal, at which a French politician named Honoré Mercier called for a national party. Riel became a symbol of French revolt. Mercier was made Premier of Quebec in 1887 and lasted till 1891. He called his ministry a "national government," and attempted to put through a bill—furiously opposed by the Orangemen—to compensate the Jesuit Order for the estates that had been taken from them by the English. The situation was further exacerbated, in 1894-96, by the problem of the Manitoba schools. The French in Manitoba had been by this time reduced to a minority by the newly arrived English. These latter set up their own school system, subsidized by the state, and refused to grant state support for French-speaking Catholic schools. The crisis was met by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the French-Canadian federal Prime Minister, through a compromise that gave the Catholics not separate schools but some control over their children's education. The Quebec Roman Catholic Church would not accept this and, says Lower, treated Laurier, a Catholic, as if he were the Antichrist. In this quandary, he appealed to Rome. The Orangemen loudly cried out against "papal domination" in Canada, and the Pope, in an encyclical "in carefully guarded language . . . enjoined his bishops to quiet down." "The incident," says Professor Lower, "must have impressed on the Prime Minister what he already no doubt knew, that it is not easy to govern a country, part of whose people are more British than the King and part more Catholic than the Pope."

So much will be enough to show the kind of wrestling that has gone on in Canada for decades. At the time of the Boer War, when the imperialism of Britain was booming, the English Canadians caught the spirit and enthusiastically sent troops to South Africa; the French, who regarded themselves as victims of British imperialism, resisted and followed the course that had been indicated by Mercier in organizing a nationalist movement that opposed the involvement of French Canadians in what they regarded as England's predatory wars. In the first war against



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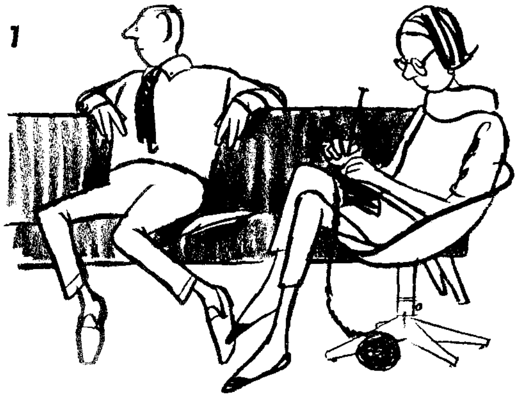
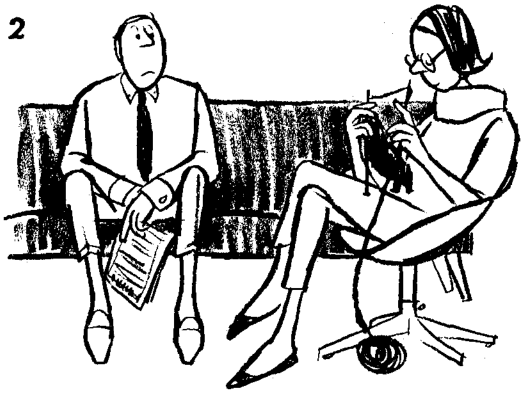


Fred's in the kitchen making a snack.

What's he having this time?

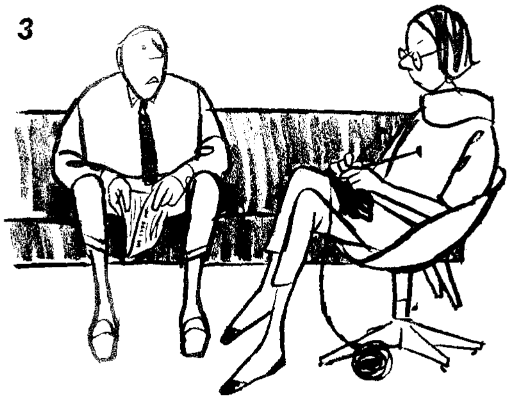
2



Sure you want to hear?

As his mother I feel obliged to.

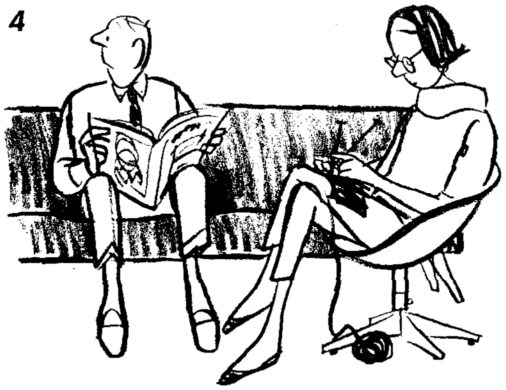
3



Pickle and anchovy on whole wheat raisin bread.

How could he!

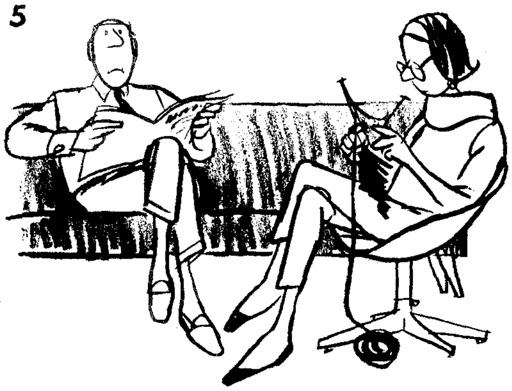
4



He said it was democratic—he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker.

They think of nothing but eating.

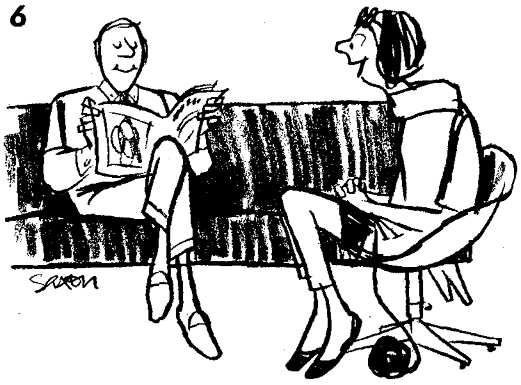
5



I like to see children enjoying their food.

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.

6



The way I've arranged it, you'd have all the groceries you'd need as long as you need them, if I weren't here. My Equitable Living Insurance policy would take care of that—and all the other expenses in raising a brace of big eaters.

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Germany, the French at first seemed to be supporting it as strongly as the English did, but the belligerent pressure of the Protestant clergy, the tactlessness of the English Canadians (who kept calling the French slackers), the fact that the language of command was English, an unfortunately timed decision on the part of the Ottawa government to make English the primary language of education, and finally, in 1917, the passage of a conscription act violently antagonized the French Canadians, who, not having been rescued by the French of France at the time they had been fighting the English invaders, were not necessarily eager to risk their lives in order to rescue the French from the Germans. The French Canadians were also opposed—though not to the same degree—to taking part in the Second World War, and the Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, used furtive and rather disingenuous methods to get by with a commitment to conscription. The French nationalists were still resisting it in the provincial elections of 1944, but by 1945 it was evident that the war would very soon be over, and the issue was left up in the air.

THE nationalist movement in Canada has recently entered on a new phase, which has involved in some quarters the proposal that Quebec Province and possibly New Brunswick shall split off from the Confederation and set up as a separate country called Laurentie, and which has even, on the part of extremists, given rise to a campaign of violence. This revolt was an immediate consequence of the death of Maurice Duplessis, who had succeeded for more than eighteen years, 1936-39 and 1944-59, in exercising almost dictatorial powers as Premier of the Province of Quebec, and in order to understand what has been happening there it is necessary to study the career of this ruthless, almost feudally reactionary, and rather remarkable man. This has been made conveniently easy by the recent publication of two books on Duplessis: "The Chief," by Leslie Roberts, and "Le Vrai Visage de Duplessis," by Pierre Laporte. The first of these is a political biography by a veteran liberal journalist, who writes without partisanship, and the second a collection of anecdotes and first-hand impressions by a reporter for the "liberal" Montreal newspaper *Le Devoir*, which one imagines M. Laporte has been filing away through the years.

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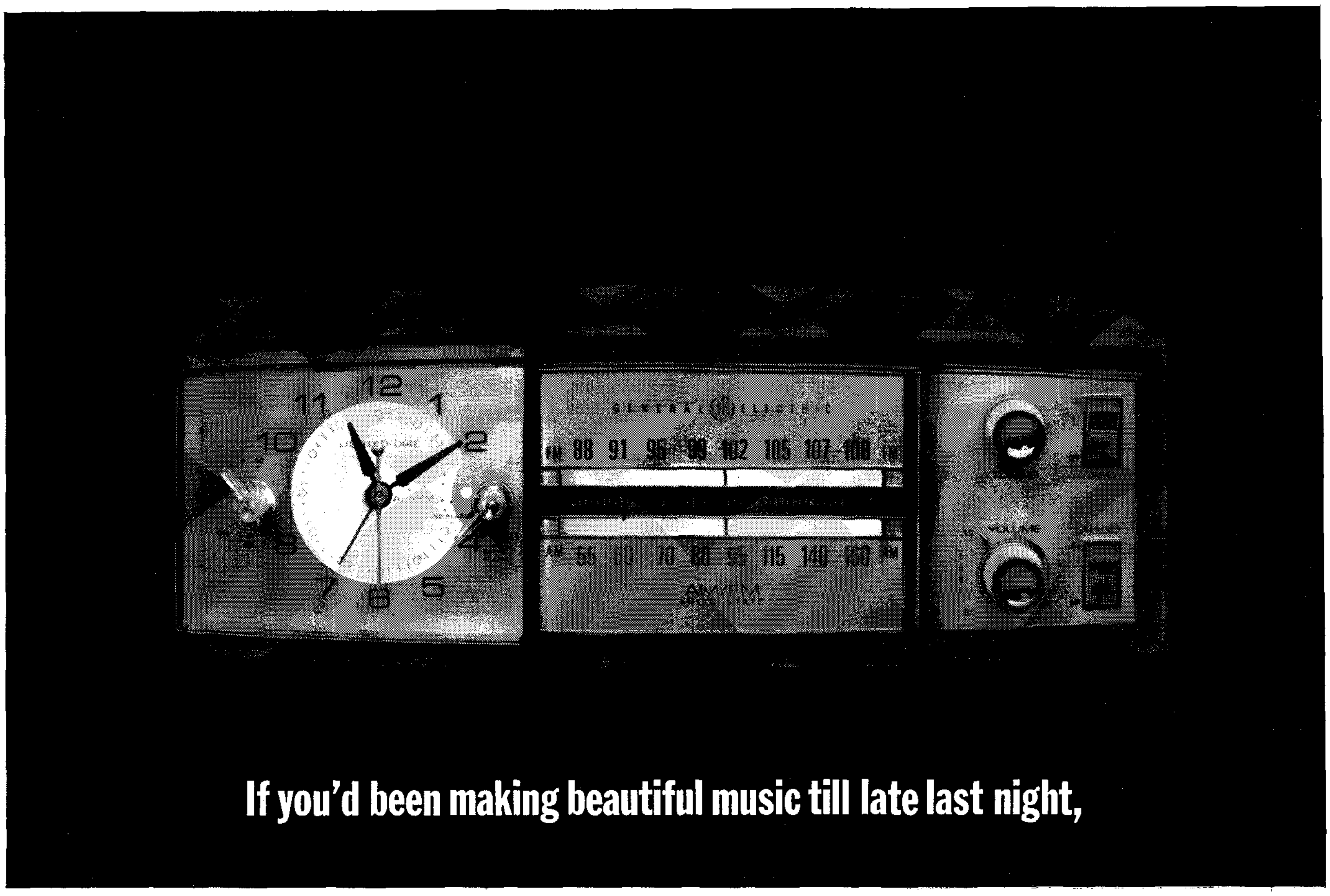
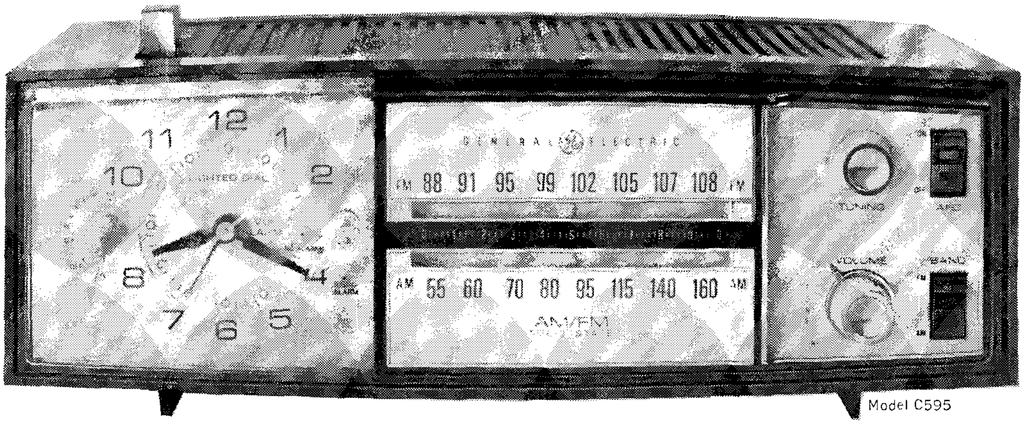


If you'd been making beautiful music till late last night,



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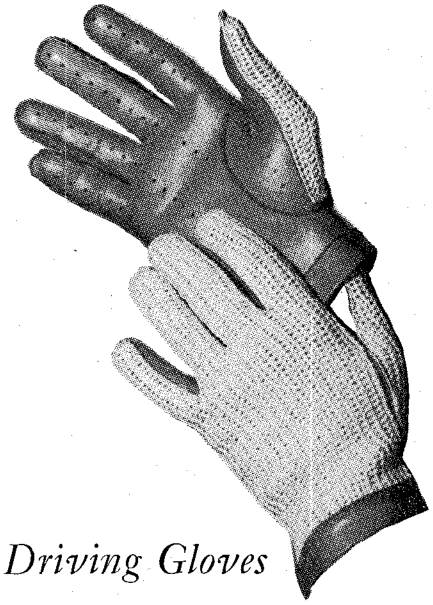
tician, who eventually went to the bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, and the scion of a *maison seigneuriale*, with all the assumptions of superiority which this social position implied. He stood high in his Catholic college and won a prize for a thesis on "The Theology of St. Thomas," but he is believed, after leaving this school, never to have read a book, and—he never cared to visit France—was content to write and speak bad French. He had the utmost contempt for literature, and could always bring a laugh from his audience by saying of someone, "*Ça, c'est un poète!*" He was equally contemptuous of science, to the degree that he refused to listen to the opinions of engineers on mineralogical problems. He had no interest other than politics and, while still at the seminary, is said to have announced, "I shall be the Premier of Quebec," and, at law school, "Some day *I'll* run this province and make Ottawa listen!" He concentrated so single-mindedly on his chosen field that he became, at thirty-seven, Conservative deputy to the Provincial Parliament from his birthplace, Trois-Rivières, and, nine years later, Premier of Quebec.

Duplessis's declared objective through the whole of his political career was the triumph of French-Canadian nationalism; he ostentatiously defended the "autonomy" of the Province of Quebec from the "centralization" of Ottawa, and even when he was leasing out Quebec to American and British-Canadian interests, these professions were believed by the rustics upon whom he depended for his strength. From the moment of his entry into public life, Duplessis was arrogantly unscrupulous. He got himself elected to Parliament by allying himself with a group of young Liberals who were working against the antiquated machine of the Liberal Premier Taschereau. Taschereau had succeeded, over a period of fifteen years, in consolidating a government hierarchy based on favoritism and seniority in office; there were forty-five of his relatives on the payroll. Duplessis, though a member of the Conservative Party, combined with these Liberal reformers in a Union Nationale. He went after Taschereau tooth and nail, and uncovered scandalous irregularities in the proceedings of the Committee of Public Accounts. When he revealed that Taschereau's brother had deposited to his private bank account the interest from public funds, the Premier was forced to resign, and the Union Nationale was able to swing the election that followed and to install Duplessis as Premier. He



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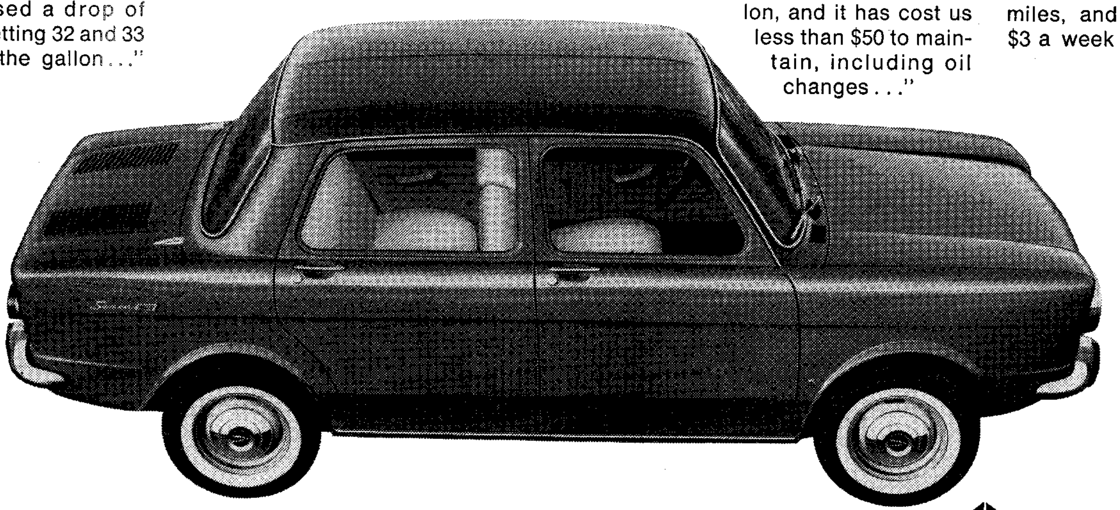

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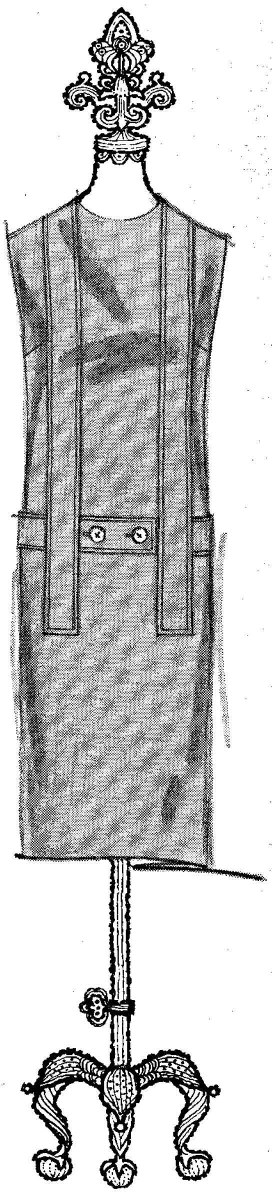

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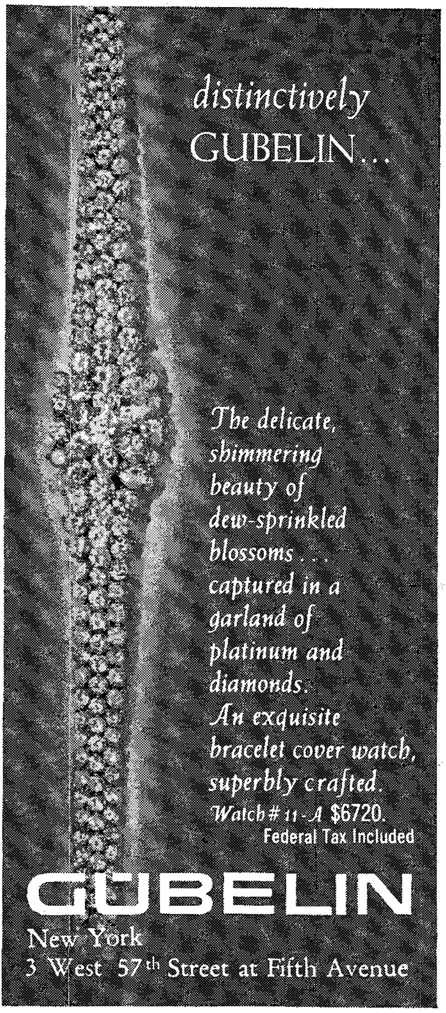
immediately proceeded to disassociate himself from his young Liberal friends by deliberately alienating them or assigning them to minor positions. It had been one of his campaign promises that the Union Nationale would break the power of the public-utilities trust, but when the young Liberal leaders complained that he was not doing anything about this, he would sneer at those "imbeciles" who thought that "politics consists of keeping promises." He did relieve the destitution of the farmers—on whom he mainly depended for support—by providing them with low-interest loans. His method with these peasants was simple. He would go into the country among them and put on an excellent show, with brass bands and free liquor and a rally in the public square, at which he would assure them that he had pledged himself to defend Quebec Province against Communism, against the "foreigner" and the urban exploiter. If they wanted a highway paved or a bridge to replace a ferry, they had only to come to *him*—that is, to signify their wishes by voting for the Union Nationale. If they did not so vote, they would find that they did not get any improvements. The public roads that were otherwise well maintained would be left with unimproved stretches where they ran through constituencies that had voted Liberal, and Highway 9, between Quebec and Montreal, of which only one lane had been completed by the Liberals and which led through St. Hyacinthe, the home of one of Duplessis's opponents, was allowed to have a dangerous six-inch drop at the side of the completed surface.

In the elections of November, 1939, Duplessis and his group were defeated. It was the critical moment of the Second World War, and the issue was Canadian conscription. Duplessis, in the *fougue* of one of his speeches, had made a very serious *faux pas.* "Quebec," the Premier had declaimed, "will never be the creature of Ottawa. . . . A vote for Maurice Duplessis and his candidates will be a vote for our autonomy and against conscription. A vote against Maurice Duplessis or any of his candidates will be a vote for participation, assimilation, and centralization." "Participation" was the word that ruined him. The conclusion was drawn that his stand was not merely against conscription but against taking any part in the war, and to some kind of participation the Mackenzie King government was already committed. Duplessis, as a result of this, was obliged to go into a retirement that lasted for four years. But he also went into training for his



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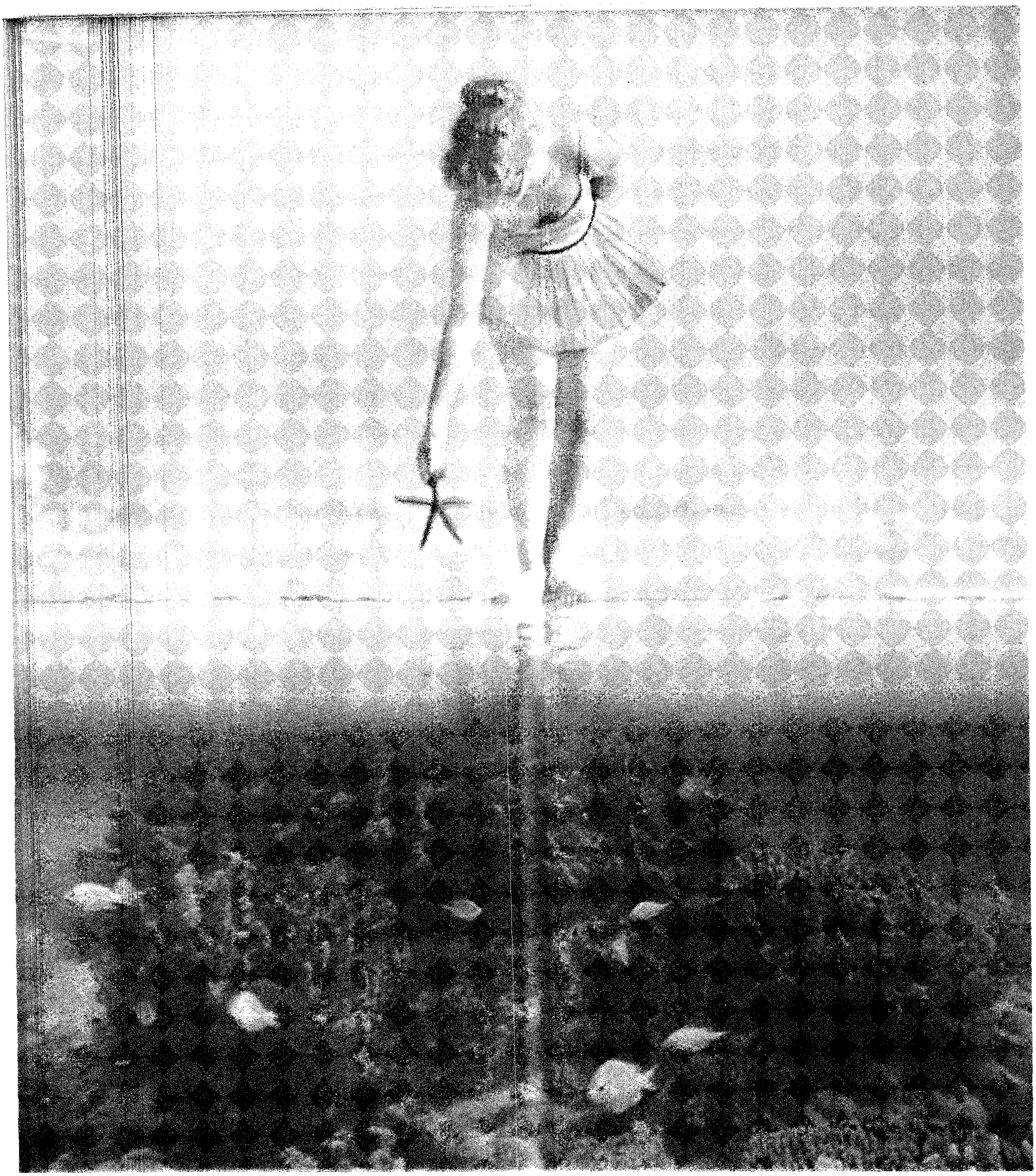

See the [illegible] down under Down Under. See Australia: the uncommon place.

See the Great Barrier Reef. [illegible] in the wat[illegible] Green Island (above), one of the Reef's [illegible] paradise islands. Or ride a glass bottom boat out to view [illegible] coral gardens under the sea. See Sydney, Australia's glittering gateway city. Take a ferryboat ride for a close-up view of the magnificent harbor that sits in the heart of this South Seas metropolis. See Port Arthur. Roam gentle green countryside, explore ivy-covered ruins. The tranquility of this historic Tasmanian town belies its turbulent past as a convict settlement. See Healesville Wildlife Sanctuary. Cuddle a koala in a bushland setting near Melbourne. You can walk among kangaroos, wallabies, bandicoots—and other animals Noah forgot. See the romantic Outback. Sip tea brewed in a billy in the color-splashed land of Waltzing Matilda. Visit a Merino sheep station and see where the jolly swag man camped by the billabong. This is Australia, highlight of your exciting destination South Pacific. This is the uncommon place. (Even the animals won't conform: foxes fly, mammals lay eggs, birds bark like dogs.) For a free copy of "This is Australia," and news on New Zealand, see your travel agent. Or write: Australian National Travel Association, 350 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. or 636 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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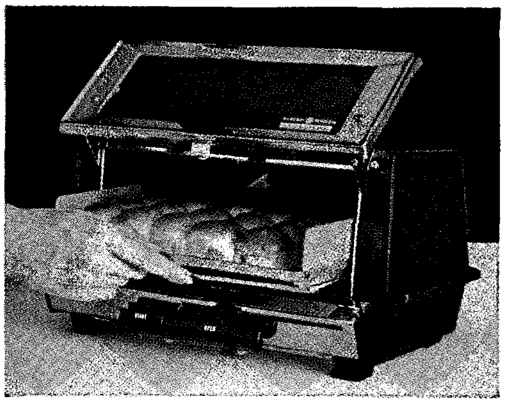
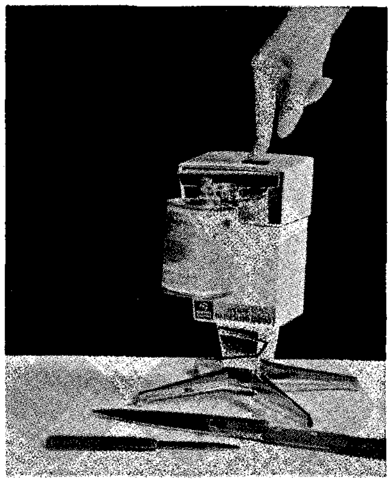
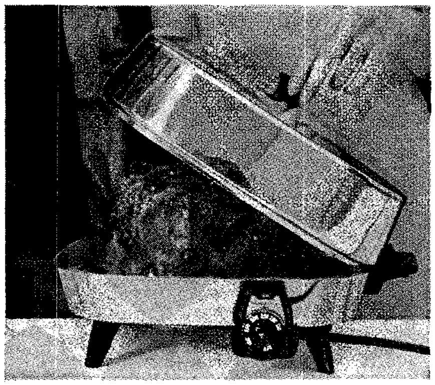


G.E.'s *Toast-R-Oven** heats canapés and hors d'oeuvres for parties, and every day it toasts all sizes of bread; even bakes potatoes or frozen meat pies, reheats cooked foods for delicious eating. Even top-browns muffins.



G.E.'s *Electric Can Opener* automatically pierces and opens cans at a finger's touch. Opens all types of cans—even square anchovie cans. Also sharpens knives easily with professional results.

Hint: Start preparing well ahead of time. Do as much work as you can before the party. These G-E work savers will help.



G.E.'s new *High Dome Skillet* with more cooking capacity. Fries, bakes, roasts, sautes, pan broils, stews perfectly right at the table. Detachable temperature control lets you immerse the skillet for cleaning.

G.E.'s new *Electric Slicing Knife.* Make neat, even slices of meats, cheese, bread . . . even angel food cake without shredding or tearing. All you do is guide it. Cordless model with rechargeable batteries also available.

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eventual return to power. He seems to have had a kind of collapse, and though he is said, in his earlier period, to have indulged in a somewhat reckless conviviality, he now adopted a more wholesome regime, which was strictly non-alcoholic—he drank nothing but orange juice—and which he adhered to all the rest of his life. His habits became almost ascetic. In 1944, he got himself reëlected, on the strength of an attack on the labor unions and "Socialism in all its forms," which won for him the approval of English business, and he also improved his position by resorting to a more moderate position than the intransigent Bloc Populaire, then led by André Laurendeau, which was still opposing conscription. He now devoted all his energies to maintaining himself in power with a merciless elimination of anyone who tried to check him that recalls the overweening ambition—if not quite the self-mortifications—of the seventeenth-century Bishop Laval of Quebec. Maurice Duplessis never married. He took a suite in the Château Frontenac, and he remained in it all the rest of his life. He would emerge and walk to the Parliament Buildings at half past eight every morning and return at the end of the day—as a rule, to spend his evenings alone. He insatiably read the papers and then threw them down beside his chair, where no one was allowed to touch them till his secretary picked them up. His only pastime was playing the phonograph—as M. Laporte says, "*à tue-tête.*" He had few friends and almost never saw anyone except to talk politics. He would occasionally entertain distinguished visitors, but a certain lack of cordiality is indicated by his reception of Pierre Mendès-France, then Prime Minister of the Fourth Republic. "How long have you been in my office, *Monsieur le Premier Ministre?*" Mendès-France consulted his watch: "I'm not sure. I think about twenty minutes." "Are you sure that the government hasn't changed in your country?" Duplessis gave a great shout of laughter, which the company did not echo. No fear of *his* government's changing! He had created for himself a role as the master of a docile machine that, even with such examples as Tammany before us, seems astonishing in North America. Duplessis rarely took a vacation, and when he did he always kept in close touch with Quebec. He never delegated any authority, and was said to have "a portable government." Duplessis never travelled

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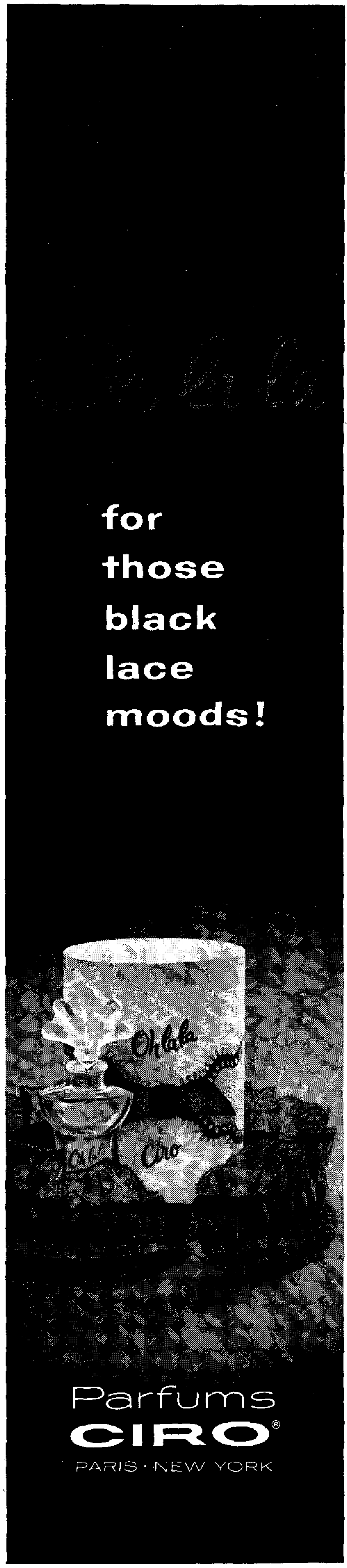

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Duplessis had piercing and expressive eyes, which made people lose countenance when they came into his presence, and a long and crooked nose, which was much caricatured in the press, and about which he seems to have become almost as self-conscious as Jimmy Durante has been of his. When he had sent for a former opponent, who did not appear in his office until after he had been summoned several times, the Chief greeted him with "*Pourquoi ne venais-tu pas? Avais-tu peur de mon nez?*" Even people who disapproved of him were aware of his personal magnetism. His vitality was immense. He easily recuperated from fatigue, and when asked how he was would answer, "*Je suis dangereusement bien.*" He was surrounded entirely by yes-men, and if anyone disagreed with him, that official was discarded and his future was closed. On one occasion, at a meeting of the Cabinet, he snapped at a colleague who had queried some decision, "I took you out of the gutter. Keep your mouth shut or I'll put you back where I found you!" In his second administration, he made hash of parliamentary and departmental procedure. In the Legislature, he would audibly coach the speakers or speak for them or interrupt them and make them sit down. The Speaker of the House did not dare to give any delegate the floor without a signal from Duplessis. He enjoyed humiliating his colleagues, all of whom he seems always to have *tutoyéd*—one supposes they had to call him *vous*—and of whom he was frankly contemptuous, saying, "*Sans moi ils ne valent pas cher!*" He was much addicted to crude puns. To an undersecretary described by Laporte as "both cultivated and distinguished"—now Canadian ambassador to Argentina—who had to deliver to Duplessis at some ceremony the Great Seal of the Province of Quebec, he announced in a voice loud enough to be heard through the whole hall, "*Le petit sot portant le Grand Sceau.*" Later on, on some other occasion, this official remarked to Duplessis, "*Saviez-vous, Monsieur le Premier Ministre, qu'autrefois en Angleterre le gardien du Grand Sceau devait coucher avec le Grand Sceau?*" "*Je ne sais pas. Je sais toutefois qu'il y a longtemps déjà que Madame Bruchési couche avec le grand . . . sot de la province!*" He went over the heads of departments and sometimes did not even consult them in making decisions

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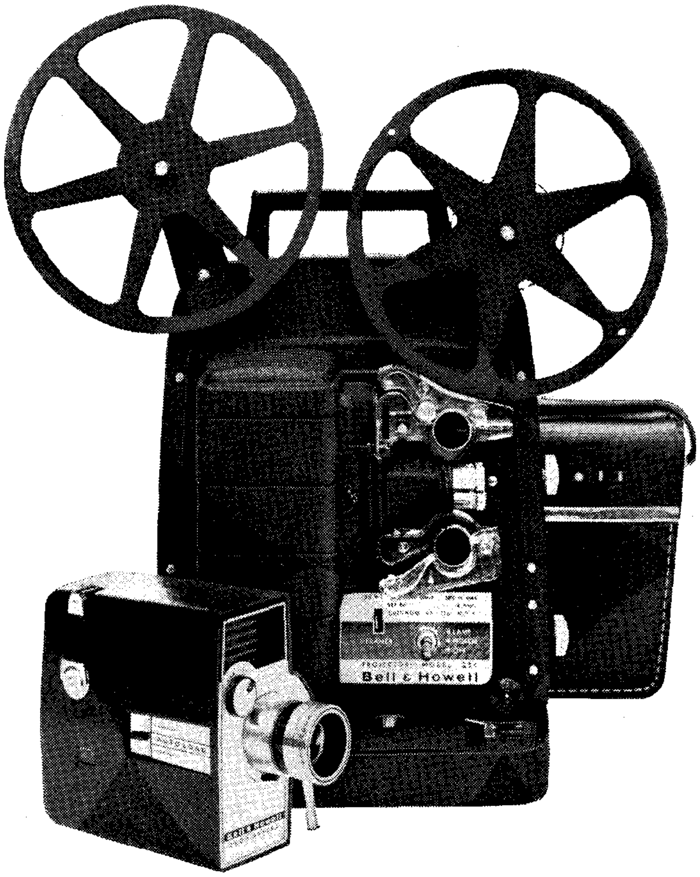

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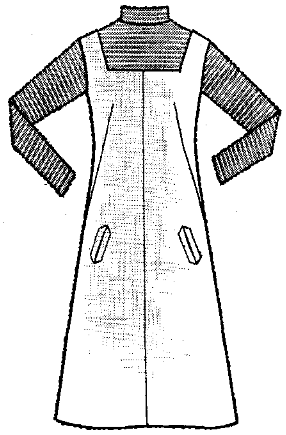

the colors of

Luminously pale tones on wool hopsacking . . . something to light up the night. Something for jumpers, with turtleneck pullovers of the same paleness. This one, a narrowed A, with slanted pockets. Apricot, Cool Green, Cool Pink, Cool Blue. 5 to 15. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper.
Jumper about $30.
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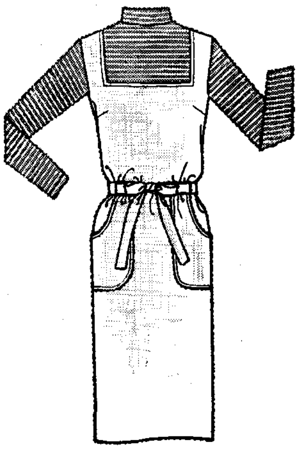

the northern lights

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Jumper about $30.
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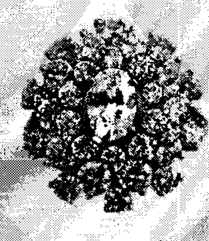
about matters for which they were supposed to be responsible. He somewhat offset his bullying highhandedness by a paternalistic concern for the home life of those who were resigned to accepting it, sending flowers to their wives in the hospital, making inquiries about the progress of their children, and occasionally replastering a house that seemed on the point of crumbling, but he also took the precaution of keeping dossiers on their misdeeds and scandals. Duplessis was hardly second to Stalin in his demand for constant adulation. Pretending to discourage praise, he always insisted on homage to the beneficent omnipotence of his government. "Does the deputy forget to thank the government?" he would remind at the end of a speech, or "Has the deputy something to say?" "Get up," he would sharply prompt him.

The policies of Duplessis in office displayed the same outrageous insolence. (In describing them, I shall run together the events of his two administrations.) He did not hesitate to take measures or to put through laws which he must have known to be unconstitutional but of which he could be sure that it would take a long time to have their unconstitutionality declared. (It is a to us strange feature of Canadian government, both federal and provincial, that a Prime Minister may allot to himself a post in his own Cabinet, and Duplessis had made himself Attorney General.) The most notorious of these extra-constitutional exploits was the Padlock Law of 1937, "An Act Respecting Communistic Propaganda," which, without defining what this was, made it illegal to publish anything "propagating or tending to propagate Communism or Bolshevism," and gave authority to close any building in which anything of the kind was supposed to take place. This remained on the books twenty years and was used for all sorts of suppressions—police raids that confiscated newspapers and lockings of people out of their lodgings. The boast that he had purged Quebec of Communism became one of Duplessis's great appeals to both the Church, which was afraid of its atheism, and the industrials, who were afraid of its agitators. His "war without mercy" on Jehovah's Witnesses also strengthened his position with the Church. He prosecuted over sixteen hundred members of this fanatical sect, which at most was only a minor nuisance, on charges that ranged from disturbing the peace to engaging in seditious activities. An Italian restaurant keeper, Frank Roncarelli, who had been supplying bail for the



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Elizabeth Arden

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Paul Masson
Champagne
[Tonight Could Be The Night!]

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Witnesses had his liquor license revoked and his entire stock of liquor confiscated. This gave rise to a vigorous protest on the part of English-speaking Montrealers, but it was not until five years later that Roncarelli was able to get any satisfaction in having this injustice righted. He had brought suit against Duplessis, and eventually a judge with a Scottish name, MacKinnon, censured the Quebec Premier for giving orders to the Liquor Commission and for failing to disqualify himself in his role of Attorney General in a case in which he figured as a private citizen. MacKinnon awarded Roncarelli $8,123 in damages. Since Duplessis appealed against this and Roncarelli, too, appealed for more damages, the case went on for eight years more, at the end of which time the Supreme Court of Canada decided against Duplessis and awarded to Roncarelli $33,123, plus interest and costs. The same court, two years before, had declared the Padlock Law unconstitutional, in connection with the case of a man—ironically enough, a Communist—whom the police had locked out of his apartment. Both these cases were argued by Mr. Frank R. Scott, Professor of Law at McGill University, the relative mildness of whose satirical verse I have mentioned in discussing Canadian poetry but whose effectiveness as a fighter for civil rights is by no means open to such criticism.

In the field of education, Duplessis was, in his way, constructive and generous, insofar as he built new schools and increased the grants for schooling, but his way of doing this was still feudal and hence autocratic. He invariably withheld these facilities if any member of a school board voted Liberal, and if the school badly needed anything, the Liberal had to go. Duplessis thus succeeded in eliminating from Laval University the Dominican Père Lévesque, the creator and at that time the head of its School of Social Sciences, of whose important cultural role I have spoken in the second of these articles. Duplessis, as the defender of provincial rights against federal intervention, usually made a point of rejecting federal aid to education, and he refused to receive delegations of students from French Catholic universities who wanted to take advantage of university grants then being offered by Ottawa. On the same grounds, he fought a bill for a national system of employment insurance. In the labor field, while constantly posing as the champion of his own people against alien exploitation, he did everything possible to bring to Quebec English-

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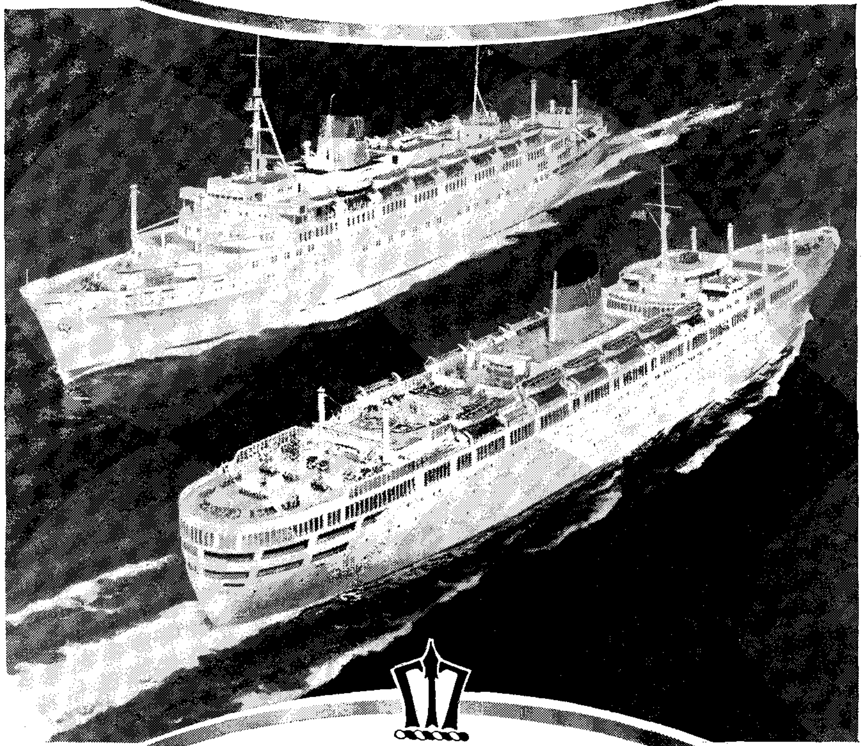

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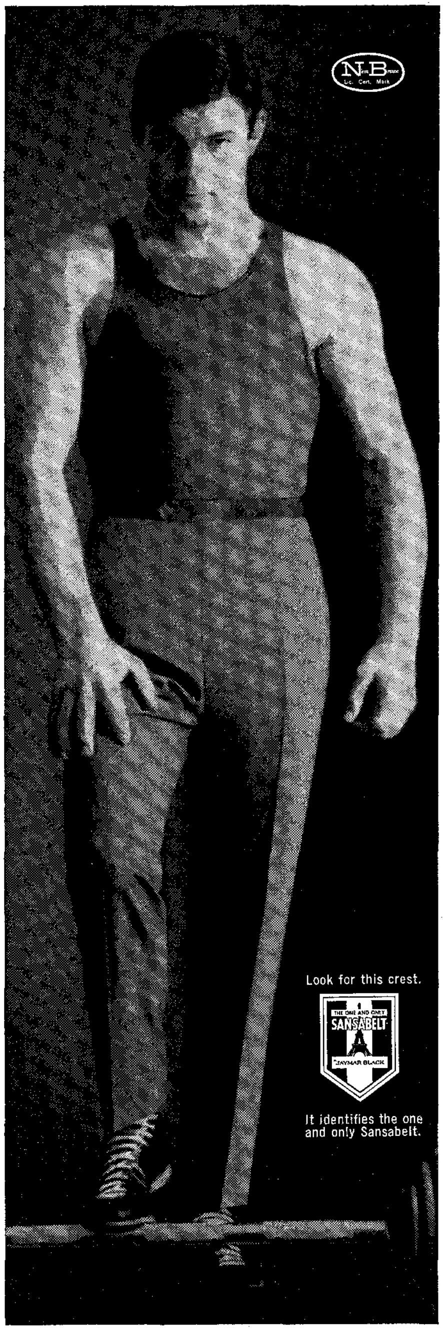
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Canadian and American capital by the lure of the local low wages. He declared war on organized labor—jailed labor leaders, incited riots, and suppressed many strikes as illegal. Always relying on his popularity with the primitive rural population, Duplessis was so little in touch with the forces of modern industrial society that he could not foresee that this policy was bound to make him unpopular in the cities.

In the case of the great asbestos strike of 1949, this policy cost Duplessis a defeat. The asbestos industry of Quebec at that time produced eighty-five per cent of the world supply of this commodity. At the Johns-Manville Company plant in the town of Asbestos, five thousand workers had walked out, demanding a fifteen-per-cent raise, which would mean a basic raise of a dollar a day—well below, Mr. Roberts tells us, the average wage for Canadian mineworkers—and protection against silicosis, the suffocating lung disease contracted through inhaling the dust from the mills. (One remembers the pernicious atmosphere of the little asbestos-mill town in André Langevin's novel "Poussière sur la Ville.") The employers refused to negotiate, and the strike lasted a hundred and forty-one days. Duplessis first sent in the provincial police, with the intention, apparently, of provoking hostilities, and then, in his capacity as Attorney General, condemned the strike as illegal. The strikers, who had in some way been led to believe that they were threatened with an invasion of strikebreakers protected by the armed police, put the town into a state of siege, with the approaches defended by road blocks, and riots broke out against the local police and unknown persons who were thought to be strikebreakers. Seventy-five carloads of provincial police were sent in from the outside. But *Le Devoir* came out on the strikers' side and revealed that the asbestos company was paying each of these policemen fifty dollars a week and that a student demonstration at Laval in sympathy with the strikers had at the last minute been called off by the Rector, under pressure from Duplessis, who had threatened to withhold a grant. The Church, too, now backed the strikers, who belonged to a Catholic union and were led by a devout Catholic. Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal instructed the parish priests to take up collections for the relief of the strikers, who had by now been almost reduced to starvation. From these and from labor organizations, something between two and three hundred thousand dollars was

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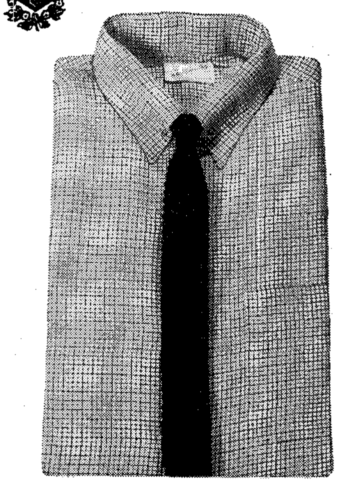

Exclusively made for The Arthur M. Rosenberg Co., this perfectly designed neckband sport shirt can be worn either with tie or open. Made from full-bodied Swiss cotton and fine lightweight English woolen yarn in tattersall checks of gold, blue or red on white ground. $18.50. In solid colors of scarlet, maize, white, and French blue. $16.50. Please include 50¢ for postage.

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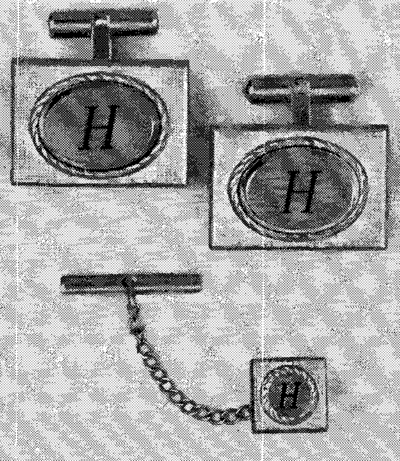

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What RMSFSS men wear under their kilts uncovered.

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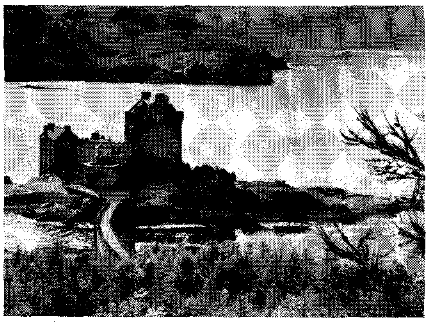
Our cunning exposé began with one of the more enterprizing members of our organization worming his sly way into their clannish conspiracy by flashing a bogus RMSFSS badge around certain Highland Pubs. After winning their confidence by expounding profoundly on the real smooth light flavour and full-bodied mellowness that is found only in The Real MACKENZIE, our agent was taken as one of them and led (blindfolded) to a secret rendezvous at Eilean Castle.



Secret hide-out at Eilean discovered.

There, our undercover man was unceremoniously initiated into their closed ranks by having his underdrawers stamped RMSFSS. (See above evidence.) Unruffled, he managed to be snapping away with a hidden camera and jotting down damaging notes.

Next, a meeting took place amidst much riotous cheering and toast making. The leader of the secret society (who incredibly claims to be a direct descendant of old Peter Mackenzie himself) (we're checking his tree at this very moment) spoke at great length on the tradition of The Real MACKENZIE being the Scotsman's best friend, indeed for the past 138 years, and how they must fight no matter what the odds be to keep it that way.

Our man in Eilean, forced to sit and applaud such drivel, consoled himself by hoisting a goodly number of noggins o' the lovely MACKENZIE.

After more boisterous outbreaks and much piping from rebel pipers, a business meeting of sorts was called to hatch plots on how to stop our drive to send The Real MACKENZIE to you deserving lads in America.

Rare photo of clandestine clan revealed.

Och aye, the intrigues flew fast and thick. Some, so scrofulous they are not fit to print. But finally, the plotters agreed on a scheme (our agent did admit it a divilishly clever one) whereby the RMSFSS members pledged themselves wholeheartedly to drink up all existing bottles of The Real MACKENZIE, leaving nary a dribble left to export to America.

Americans! We are doing everything in our power to prevent this motley band (RMSFSS) from keeping The Real MACKENZIE from you. We promise anew our loyal devotion and brave efforts to insure that you may be allowed to sample the many joys of The Real MACKENZIE!

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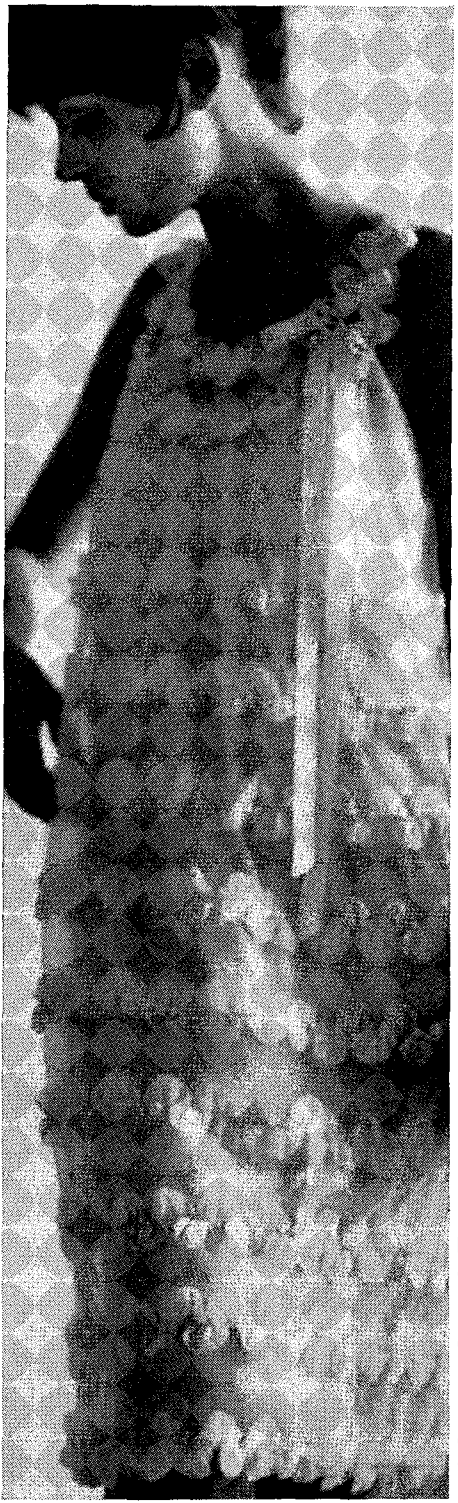

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raised. Even the Montreal city police contributed two hundred dollars. The company settled for a ten-per-cent raise instead of the demanded fifteen, as well as holidays with pay, elimination of asbestos dust, and reëmployment—which up to then had been refused by the company—of all workers involved in the strike.

BUT Archbishop Charbonneau, for supporting the asbestos strikers, was made to pay a terrible price. He had already been out of favor with Duplessis, whom he was said on one occasion to have thrown out of the archiepiscopal palace. For Charbonneau, like Père Lévesque of Laval, had studied sociology, and Duplessis hated sociologists, with their solicitude for the industrial working class. The Archbishop seems the perfect opponent, the spokesman for Christian idealism, which the challenge of Duplessis required, and their conflict became so dramatic that it should surely, at some later period, provide a historical play—of the type of Hochhuth's "The Deputy" or Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian"—for the French-Canadian theatre. Certain steps in this tragic drama had till recently remained mysterious; but as a result of persistent inquiry a certain amount of light has been thrown on them by the researches of Mlle. Renaude Lapointe, a reporter for the Montreal *Nouveau Journal*, whose articles for this paper have been published in a book, "L'Histoire Bouleversante de Mgr. Charbonneau."

Joseph Charbonneau was the son of an apparently rather well-to-do Ontario farmer who lived on the Ottawa River. He studied at the Catholic University, in Washington, D.C., and at the Collège Canadien, in Rome. He taught philosophy at St.-Sulpice and was given an honorary degree in philosophy by Ottawa University. He was made bishop when he was forty-seven, in 1939, and archbishop the following year. He was the first Archbishop of Montreal who had ever come out of Ontario, and this and his early experience of Europe and the United States—his knowledge of the non-Catholic as well as of the non-French-Canadian world—had saved him from the provinciality so often characteristic of the Québecois clergy. Charbonneau stands out as a figure with a clear individual outline that differentiates him from the body to which he belonged and from which he must have been somewhat alienated. He was glad to accept invitations to the festivities of the Irish Catholics—to whom the French were not

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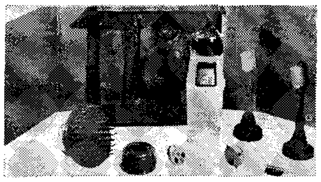

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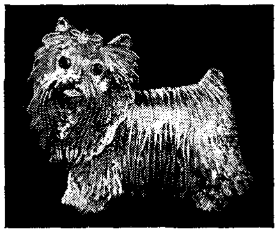

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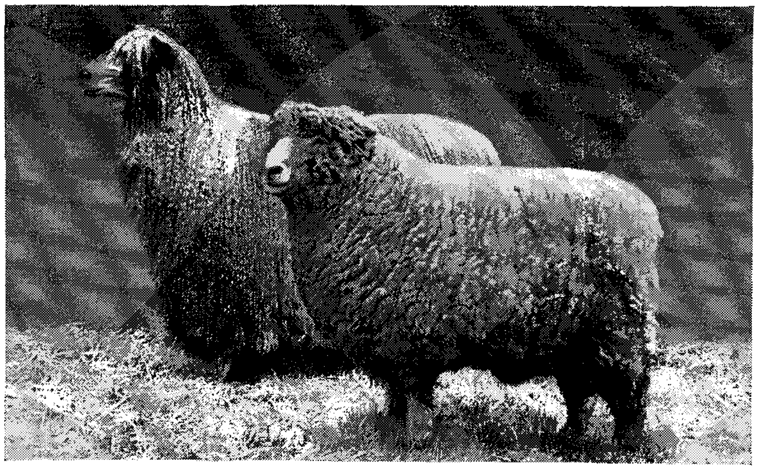

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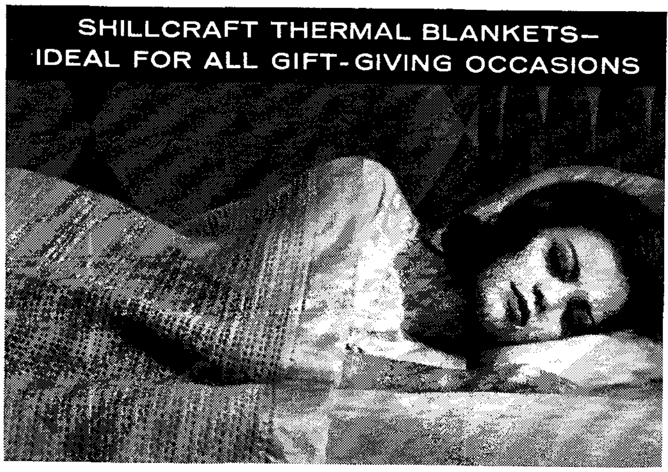

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always friendly—and he even expressed an entirely unorthodox ambition "to be archbishop not only of the Catholics but of all the Montrealers." To the horror of conventional churchmen, he approved the admission of non-Catholics to the trade unions and workers' co-operatives. He was able, energetic, intelligent, with an authority that derived both from obvious good will and from physical strength and imposing stature, and he made himself much respected in Montreal during the decade of his active ministry.

Charbonneau had been occupied with the problems of the young people who had recently been swarming from the countryside into the cities and finding themselves unemployed or at the mercy of the factory owners. At the time of the asbestos strike, he made the following public statement: "We desire social peace, but we do not want the working class crushed. We are more attached to men than to capital. It is on this account that the clergy have decided to intervene. We wish to inspire respect for charity and for justice, and we desire to see less respect paid to the interests of money than to the human element." Charbonneau, who had had experience as superior of the Ottawa Grand Séminaire and as principal of the Normal School at Hull, was made Chancellor of Montreal University, in which capacity he raised eleven million dollars, and set out to modernize its curriculum and bring it up to the standards of McGill. He drew up a new charter—unacceptable to Duplessis—which would admit a certain number of laymen to the university faculty. He reorganized a number of departments and approved the introduction of a department of psychology, which included psychoanalysis. Charbonneau did his best to diminish the gap between the educational advantages of English Canada and the relatively scant opportunities afforded by Catholic Quebec. He tried to have two more years added to the courses of the Jesuit college, Loyola, in order that its graduates might not be obliged to go on at such an early age to McGill, and he worked to procure through taxation enough funds to emulate Ontario, where the state provided twelve years of schooling. "Why," he asked, "should our education here not be brought, on an equal basis, within reach of the whole population?" He backed a law making attendance at school compulsory, which was put through in the teeth of Duplessis but disregarded when he was reëlected. In a school strike of 1949—which was of course denounced by the Premier—Charbonneau took the

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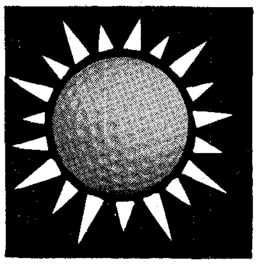

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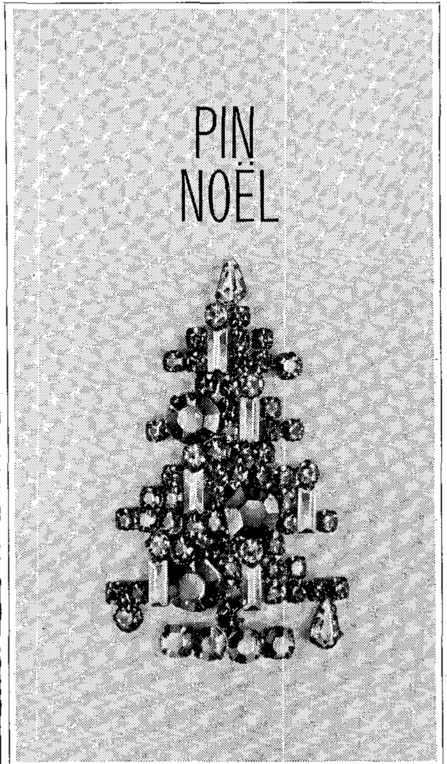

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side of the teachers. This was the year when he had already supported the strike of the asbestos workers.

He was to last only one year longer as Archbishop of Montreal, after a pastorate of only ten years. Not merely the Premier of Quebec but also the reactionary Archbishop of Rimouski, Mgr. Georges Courchesne, had become his implacable enemy. Archbishop Courchesne drew up and himself presented in Rome a list of charges against Charbonneau. The Archbishop of Montreal, according to this memorandum, was "no longer in communion with the hierarchy;" he was "preaching an advanced social Catholicism;" he had "put the Episcopacy in an embarrassing position at the time of the asbestos strike, in view of the fact that the unions had defied the law of the province;" he had "put the whole clergy in a difficult position as a result of his hostility to the legitimate government of M. Duplessis;" he "had occupied himself with social theses at the expense of his administration and had made too many concessions to the Communists"—i.e., the international unions. Archbishop Charbonneau had also come to be at serious odds with the papal delegate to Quebec, Mgr. Ildebrando Antoniutti, a smooth and noncommittal Italian to whom the Archbishop's forthrightness was apparently uncongenial. It is claimed by Charbonneau's friends that Duplessis—who had boasted in the provincial Parliament that he "had the clergy eating out of his hand"—brought pressure to bear on Antoniutti, threatening to cut off funds in the Montreal diocese unless Charbonneau were removed. At any rate, two of Duplessis's ministers were dispatched to Rome for the Holy Year with a mission which one of them told friends was very delicate and which he did not like, and at the beginning of 1950 the Archbishop was notified by the Vatican Secretariat of State, over which the Pope presided, that he was ordered to resign before the end of the month or "accept an apostolic administration," in which last event he

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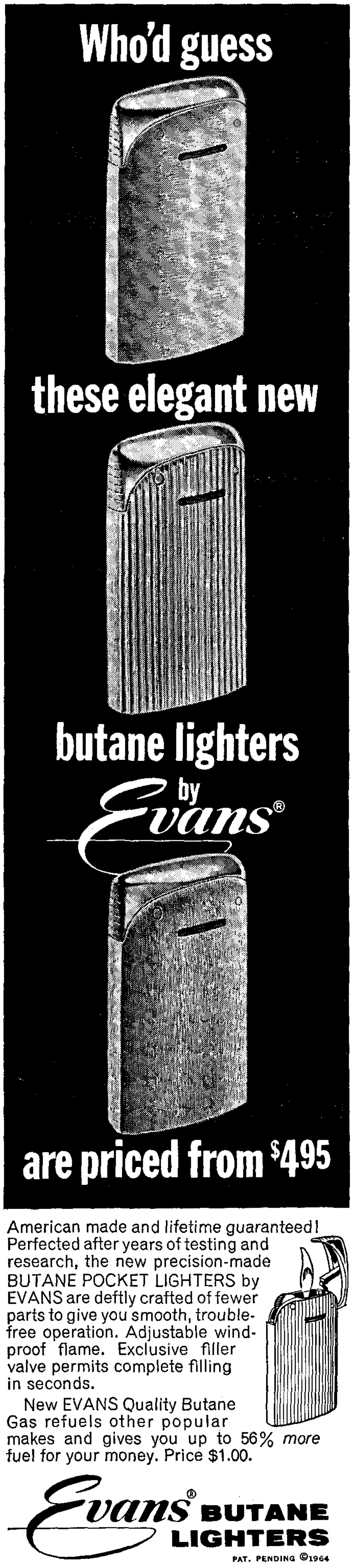

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would be allowed to stay on, as Charbonneau said, "as a decorative object." He called on Antoniutti, who confirmed the decree of the Vatican. The interview is reported to have been disagreeable. Mlle. Lapointe, Charbonneau's biographer, in her effort to get to the bottom of the intrigue which had effected Charbonneau's dismissal, paid a visit to Mgr. Antoniutti, then enjoying one of the plums of the Vatican's diplomatic service as the nuncio at Madrid. She found him surrounded, she says, with "masterpieces of Spanish painting, immense Gobelin tapestries, graceful sculptures, a reredos of the old Castilian school," and other objects of luxury. He explained that a papal representative, from the moment he left his post, was unable "to supply information as to events which had occurred during his administration." He assured Mlle. Lapointe that he regarded Charbonneau as "a great archbishop," and added that he cherished the memory of this great man's zeal and devotion and that he prayed for him.

In the meantime, Charbonneau had resigned. He had appealed to the Secretariat to no avail; he had written a letter to the Pope petitioning that he be allowed to come to Rome and make his defense in person, and had even made a plane reservation, but Pius XII ignored his request. Cardinal Spellman, of New York, advised Charbonneau to submit; Mgr. Cushing, of Boston, said, "This is the work of wicked men." Charbonneau seems to have been very innocent, for the blow had been quite unexpected. He had visited Rome in February the year before, and had been told by an ecclesiastic friend that he was constantly under attack and that he ought to take measures to protect himself. He had gone straight to the Vatican Consistory and had been told that there was nothing against him. His Roman friend, however, warned him to be on his guard and advised him to stay on awhile, to get to know some of the subordinate officials and induce them to show him his dossier. But the trusting Charbonneau returned to Montreal and told people that he had made inquiries and been assured that his record was clear. Now, suddenly, he found himself dismissed and directed—which he found distasteful—to pretend that he was doing so on account of his health, which at that time was notably robust. He was invested with the bogus and humiliating rank of "Titular Archbishop of Bosphorus"—whereupon he removed his archiepiscopal ring—and was shipped off to the opposite edge of the continent, to Vic-

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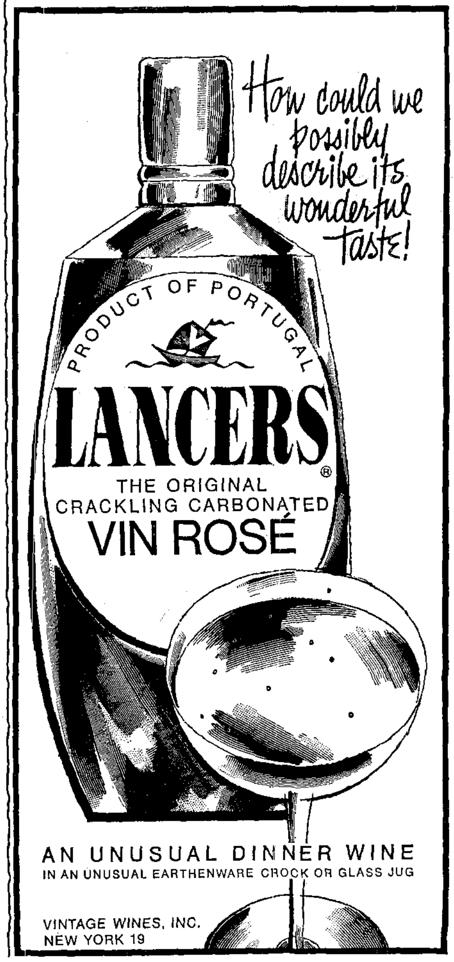

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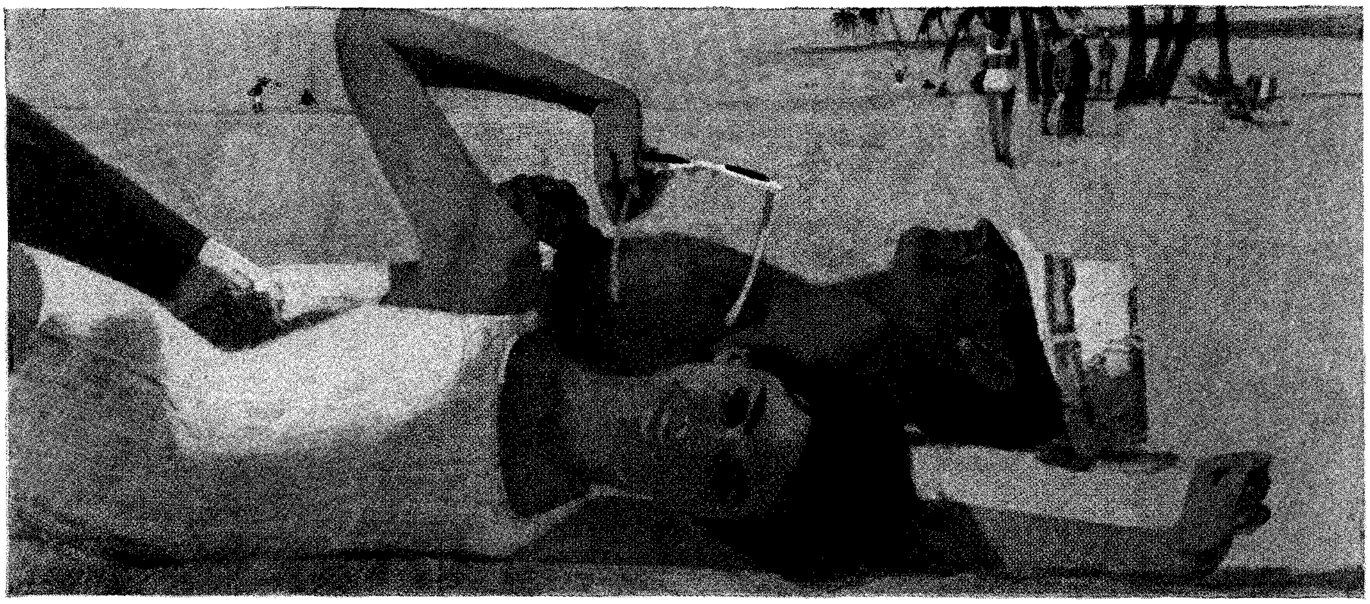
Oh!... the beat in Trinidad



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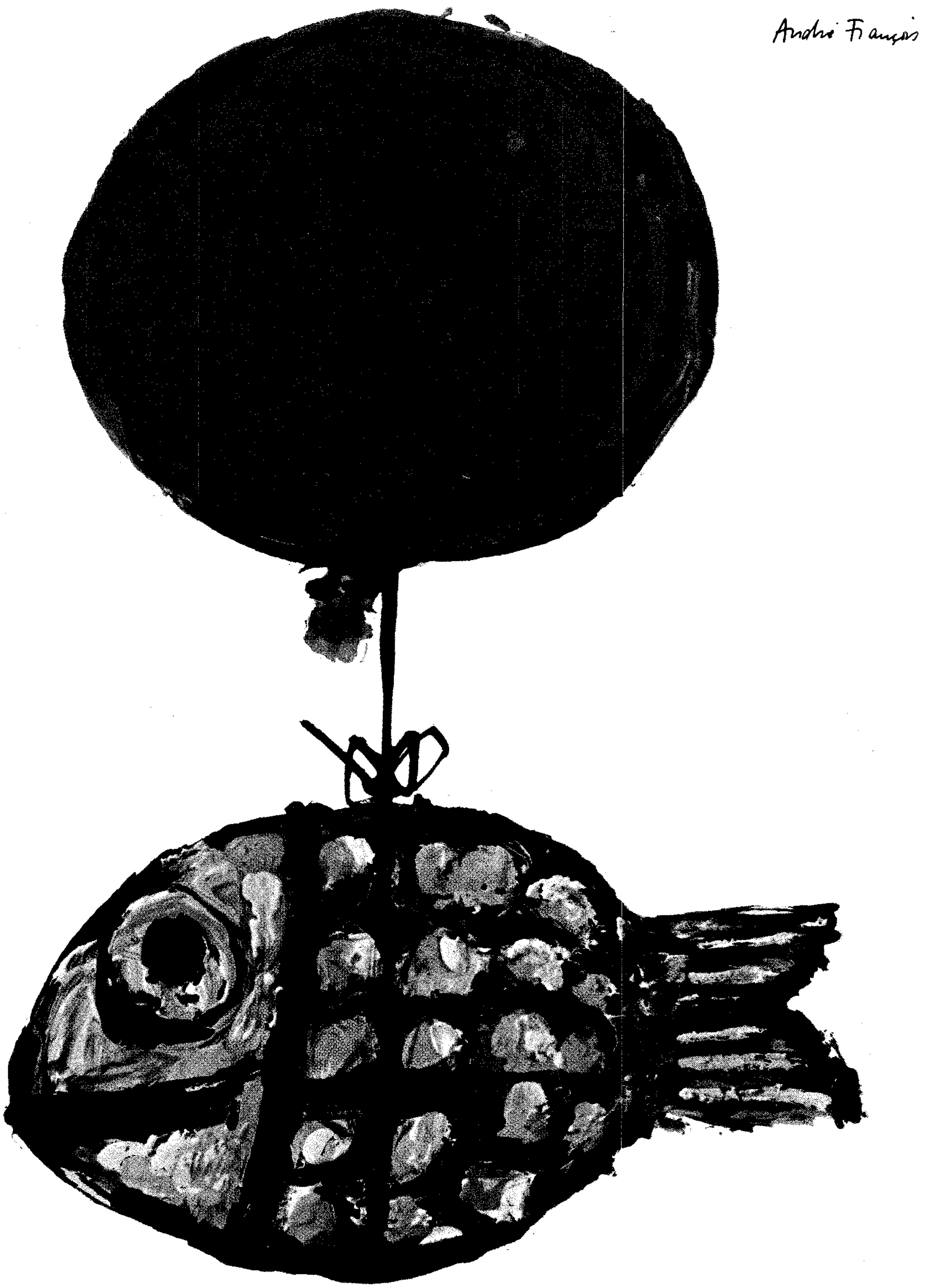

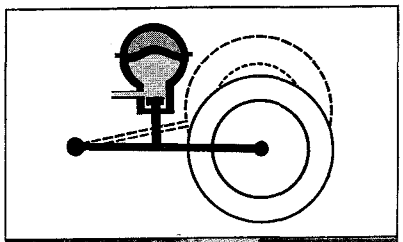

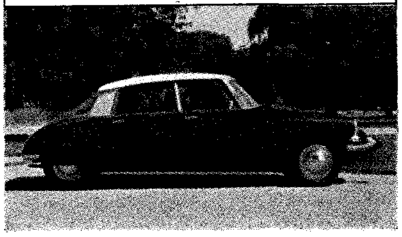

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toria, in British Columbia. He was smuggled away on a plane, with two bags and less than seventy dollars in cash—having given the rest of his money to his diocese—at dawn. On account of his great popularity, the authorities did everything possible to prevent his departure from being known and did not announce his resignation till a week after he was gone. A clamor then was raised in the Canadian press, and the Vatican denied that he had been forced to resign on account of "his supposed anti-capitalist attitude." Six weeks later, in consolation, "for services rendered to the Church," he was awarded the titles of Roman Count and of Assistant to the Pontifical Throne. "They cut off both my legs," he said, "and then give me a gold-headed cane to help me walk."

Charbonneau, arrived in Victoria, was received at the airport and given an apartment in the Mount Saint Mary's Home for the Aged. There this active and strong-willed man was condemned to years of near-vegetation. He took long walks, read a great many books, and sent off innumerable letters, smoked incessantly, and documented himself on the region to which he had been sent and in which it was impossible for him to accomplish anything constructive. A great many people came to see him. Since his departure, his fame had grown. Deprived of his see and in exile, he had almost the prestige of a saint. Eventually, when the chaplain of the Home was away, he was asked to visit the sick in his stead. When this chaplain returned, Charbonneau was offered the chaplaincy of the Sisters of Saint Anne, which was conveniently just across the street. "I'm finishing my ministry," he said, "just as I began it—teaching the catechism." He died in November, 1959, as the result of a car accident, a coronary thrombosis, bladder trouble, and diabetes. The doctor had made him stop smoking. "*Que je m'ennuie donc!*" he sighed while he was waiting to die in the hospital. The body of Charbonneau was sent home to Montreal, where a hugely attended Mass was said for him in the cathedral. In spite of defeat and death, his moral example was lasting. Joseph Charbonneau was to come to stand as a pioneer and martyr of Church reform. The non-sectarianization of the unions was very soon to be accepted; the laicizing of education was soon to prevail on a scale that the Archbishop may never have imagined.

But, even before Charbonneau's fall, Duplessis had found himself in trou-

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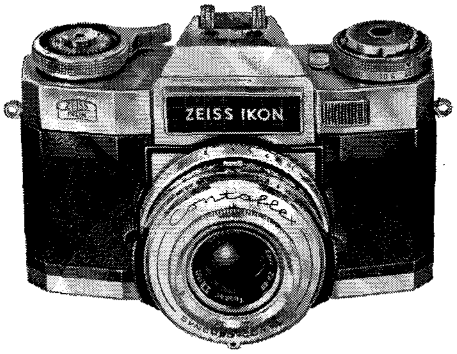

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ble. A serious scandal had broken and had led to the sensational discovery that the Duplessis organization was committed to a system of corruption in comparison with which the peculations of its predecessor, the Taschereau government, which Duplessis had once exposed, seemed trivial and venial. Had not Duplessis, after all, been following Taschereau's example with more boldness and fewer scruples? It was inevitable, one supposes, in still semi-feudal Canada, that any government, however democratic in theory, should become authoritarian, and authoritarianism had led inevitably to plunder. Two abbés, in 1956, had circulated a daring pamphlet that attacked the electoral practices of l'Union Nationale, and hence, since the Duplessis machine had just been reëlected, the methods of the government itself. It showed that not only the laity but the Church organizations, and in some cases even the clergy, had been taking bribes to vote for the government. And now, in 1958, *Le Devoir* made the accusation that at least six of Duplessis's ministers, and perhaps Duplessis himself, had taken advantage of private knowledge of the sale of government property—the distribution facilities of the Hydro-Quebec Corporation having been sold to a privately owned company, the Quebec Natural Gas Corporation, which was now making excess profits by charging excessive prices. These officials were supposed to have enriched themselves to the extent of twenty million dollars by acquiring shares at low prices before the sale had been announced and then cashing in on their increased value. The Premier sued the paper, but the main accusations were proved. An investigation conducted by a Royal Commission of Inquiry uncovered a huge system of graft. Even *the hospitals and sanatoriums had been* used by the Department of Health as indirect channels for transmitting large gratuitous sums that did not appear on their books. Two of Duplessis's principal henchmen—his treasurer, whose function it was to assign government contracts and who had been selling them for party contributions, and his Minister of Colonization, who was more realistically known to the press as the "Minister of Constituencies and Elections"—were especially censured by the Commission's report.

Duplessis did not live to see all this. He must have known that his officials were grafting and selling government contracts, but he apparently had not known about the deal with the Natural Gas Corporation. He was furious with

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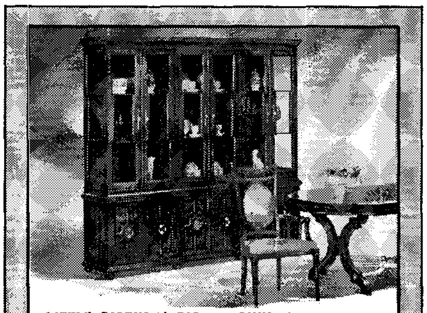
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the guilty ministers: "*Vous, vous êtes f..... dans le pétrin, laissez-moi tenter de vous en sortir.*" The situation provoked one of his brutal snubs, which has since become a catch phrase in French Canada. On the occasion of some public gathering, when he was detonating against *Le Devoir*, and his loyal Solicitor General made an attempt to reinforce his remarks, the Prime Minister shut him up with "*Toé, tais-toé, Rivard!*" (*Toé* is peasant French for *toi.*) There was no evidence that Duplessis himself had ever made any illicit profit. He was comfortably well off, had no luxurious tastes, and was casual about money. When his will was probated, it was found that he had nothing but a few paintings, which had been given him, and a few thousand dollars, which he left to his relatives. He had cared about nothing but power. He died in September of '59, perhaps shamed and broken like Harding. On a visit to the iron pits on the Labrador-Quebec border which he had sold to a Canadian mining group and which had then been rebought by an American company but of the vigorous development of which Duplessis was extremely proud, he had a series of cerebral hemorrhages. In a few days, the old Chief was dead. He was then in his seventieth year. When, after the first of these strokes, he was admonished by the doctors to be careful, he had retorted, "*Je ne suis pas une catin, moi!*" His funeral, in the cathedral of Trois-Rivières, was attended by thousands of weeping women.

THE SEPARATISTS: The death of Duplessis and the destruction of the Duplessis machine, which followed the exposure of its practices, had a liberating effect on French Canada and inaugurated a new phase of the nationalist movement. What Duplessis had come to mean for the young, for the elements who were growing impatient with the feudal regime in Quebec, which masked, as they thought, the domination of British and American interests, is best illustrated by a famous editorial written by M. Laurendeau for *Le Devoir* on the occasion of one of its reporters' being ejected from a Duplessis press conference:

> Quebec's Anglophones behave like the British in one of their African colonies.
>
> The British are too wise, politically; they rarely destroy the political institutions of a conquered country. They surround the Negro King, but they let him behave as he pleases. Occasionally he will be permitted to cut off heads if it is customary. It would never occur to them to

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demand of a Negro King that he conform to the high moral and political standards of the British.

The Negro King must collaborate and protect the interests of the British. With this taken care of, the rest counts for little. Does the little king violate the rules of democracy? Well, what could one expect from such a primitive creature?

I do not attribute these attitudes to the English minority of Quebec. But things go on as if some of its leaders believed in the theory and practice of the Negro King. They pardon in Mr. Duplessis, chief of Quebec's natives, what they would not stand for in one of their own. [Translation, slightly revised, from "The Quebec Revolution," by Hugh Bingham Myers.]

The comparison of the French Canadians with the natives of African colonies was given a certain appropriateness by the insulting habit of the British Canadians of ordering the French to "talk white" when they failed to express themselves in English. This pretension of the English that the French belong to an inferior race whose language they cannot be expected to bother with has been carried to preposterous lengths. Even among tolerably well-educated people, you rarely hear an English Canadian make any attempt to pronounce a French name correctly. I found in Montreal that when I called up the offices of *Maclean's Magazine* and wanted to speak to the editor of the French edition, I could not ask for Monsieur Lapointe if the English staff were to know whom I meant but had to call him Mister Lapoint, with the "point" pronounced as in "ball point." Even among literary people, the name of the novelist Gabrielle Roy is likely to be pronounced like "Rob Roy." And one even finds Francophile English Canadians who adore the French of France—painting, literature, châteaux, cuisine, and all the rest—but are contemptuous of the French of French Canada, a country they seem hardly to have visited.

It became very plain, after Duplessis's death, that French Canada wanted no more *rois nègres*. What it wanted was independence of the British—independence, in a sense, of its own past. In this past, the Catholic Church had always been a conservative force; it had inhibited social change. But Pope John had come to the Vatican the year before Duplessis's extinction, and Cardinal Léger of Quebec was one of the chief agents of Pope John's reforms. Archbishop Charbonneau had been justified. French Canadians now had the feeling that the brakes had been taken off; they were free to possess their own soul. (In an article in the Toronto monthly *Sat-*

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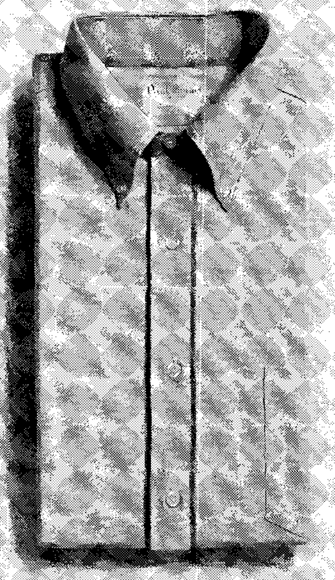

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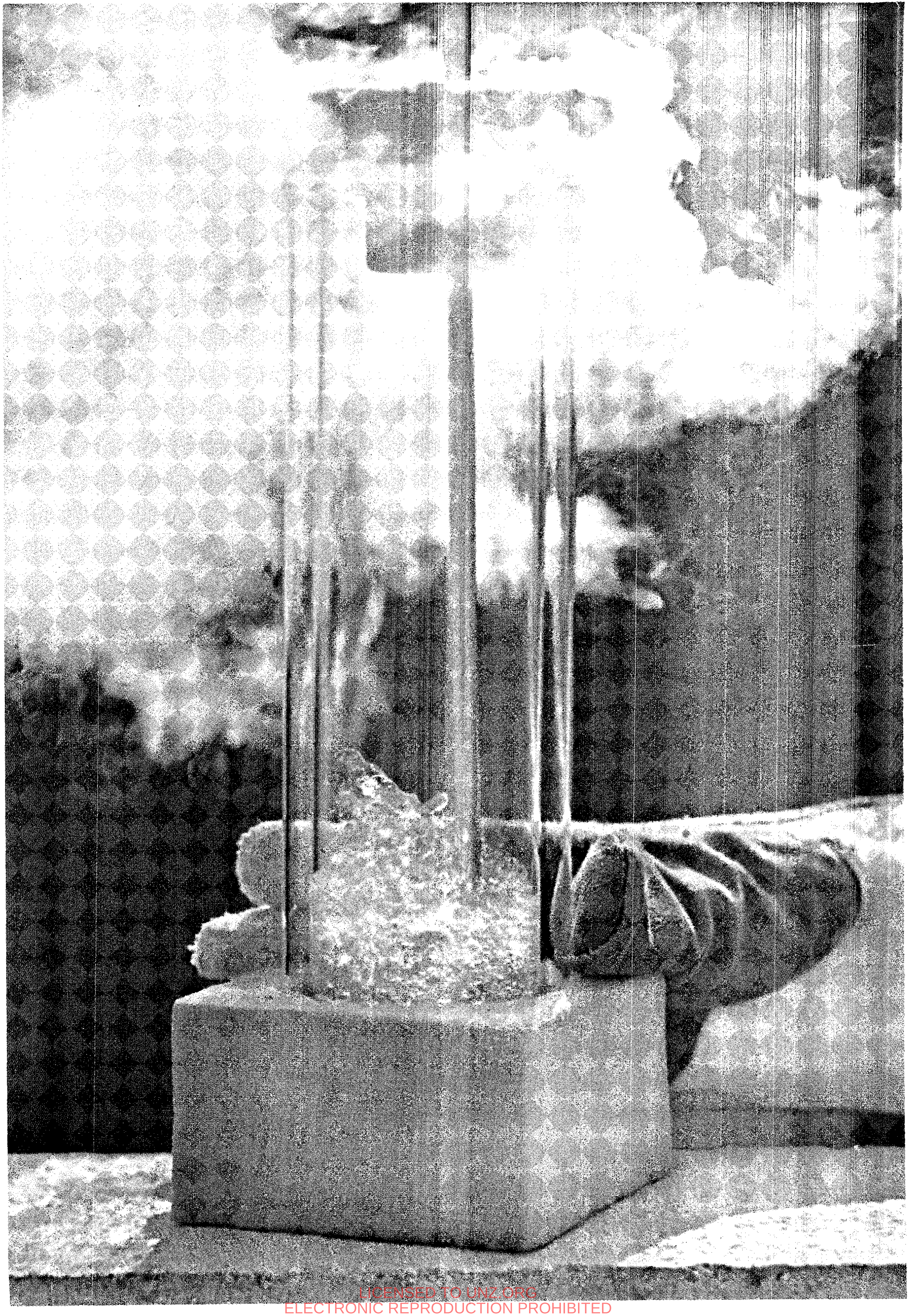

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urday Night, the novelist Roger Lemelin has announced that the School of Social Sciences at Laval University, which was founded by Père Lévesque and from which Duplessis had had him expelled, has now "complete intellectual control in Quebec and partial control in Ottawa.") French-Canadian nationalism now became revolutionary. Lemelin, in answer to a question as to why his "La Famille Plouffe" had been dropped as a television soap opera, replied, "Do you not see that they have been killed by this . . . revolution, which has meant that Quebec will not allow such characters . . . to be presented now to English-speaking Canada because the new French Canadian is ashamed of them?" And the separatist movement was launched.

This movement, however, has taken no clear line. It has involved a great many groups, and the relations between these groups have been complicated. The situation is further confused by the simultaneous crisis of the Church. In Quebec, one can be liberal in regard to the Church but entirely conservative in politics. One can be a nationalist and yet not a separatist. The word "nationalist" may be used to cover anything from Duplessis to the youthful terrorists, of whom few nationalists or even separatists approve. Among the separatists who want French Canada to break off from the Confederation and set up as an independent country, there are serious differences of opinion as to how this independence is to be achieved. Some advocate a separatist party—the moderate Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale—which will recruit through public meetings and printed publicity, and eventually vote for separation. But how can one reach the people, who only yesterday were voting for Duplessis, how explain to them the wretchedness of their situation? The "colonialists," according to the separatists, are in control of the channels of communication: radio, television, the popular press. They make separatist sentiments dangerous because they dismiss or refuse to employ any person who is known to entertain them. Other separatists object that to resign oneself to constitutional methods is to recognize the Confederation, which is a part of the colonial system that French Canada ought not to accept. Why not, then, appeal to the United Nations, which has a decolonization committee and which includes several new decolonized African states? Or resort to illegal methods—acts of civil disobedience, obstructive demonstrations; if necessary, open violence? If Quebec

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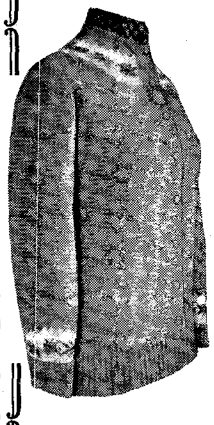

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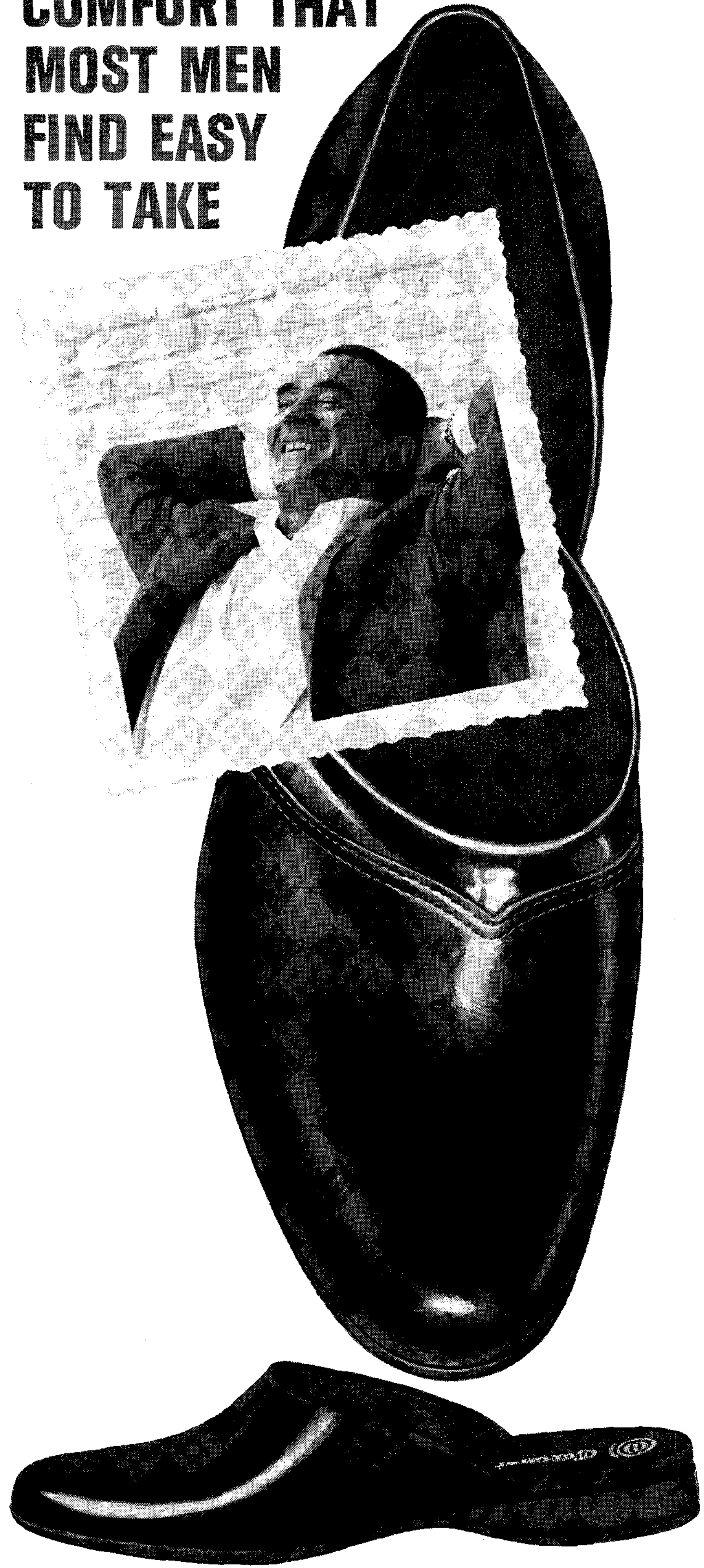
resorted to force, would the federal government in Ottawa dare to call out the Army against it? The United States has a large stake in "colonialized" French Canada, as it did in pre-Castro Cuba, and it is afraid of the tendency toward nationalization represented by Hydro-Electric and the proposals of some of the separatists, but, having failed to suppress Castro, it is improbable that we should attempt to invade Canada. In any case, it has been suggested by one of the separatists, André d'Allemagne, that it would only be necessary for French Canada to sink a couple of ships in the St. Lawrence Seaway to bring its neighbors to terms.

It is difficult to disentangle the various strands of the separatist movement or to see what direction it is taking. There does not seem to be any strong leadership. Even M. Marcel Chaput, who has been one of the most active and articulate of the separatists, has said recently that "the movement for independence reminds me of a horse whose rider has lost the reins: it is going along by itself." And—according to statistics compiled by *Maclean's Magazine*—it includes only thirteen per cent of the population of French Canada. Forty-three per cent, says *Maclean's*, want to preserve the Confederation, twenty-three per cent are undecided, and twenty-one per cent do not know that the movement exists. In Canada as a whole, the ripples from the "Quebec revolution" grow fainter the farther away one gets from Quebec. Already, one finds in Toronto, the crisis seems rather remote. There is a tendency to grumble and brush it off. In Manitoba, St. Boniface is a French-speaking suburb of Winnipeg, the descendants of the colony defended by Riel, and there are eighty thousand French-speaking inhabitants in the province, but the ancestors of fifteen or twenty per cent of these came straight to Manitoba from France and have no real connection with Quebec, and as one goes farther west, the awareness of Quebec becomes dim. A French-Canadian journalist, Mme. Solange Chaput-Rolland, has written that, on a lecture trip in which she had intended "to talk about the current upheaval in Quebec"—though she is not, she says, a separatist—she found that "beyond Winnipeg . . . the very existence of Quebec becomes a sort of myth, a folklore of trappers and traders. Please don't think I am exaggerating; between one city and the next I was obliged to rewrite my lectures, to change my speeches so as to talk not about a revolution in Quebec but liter-



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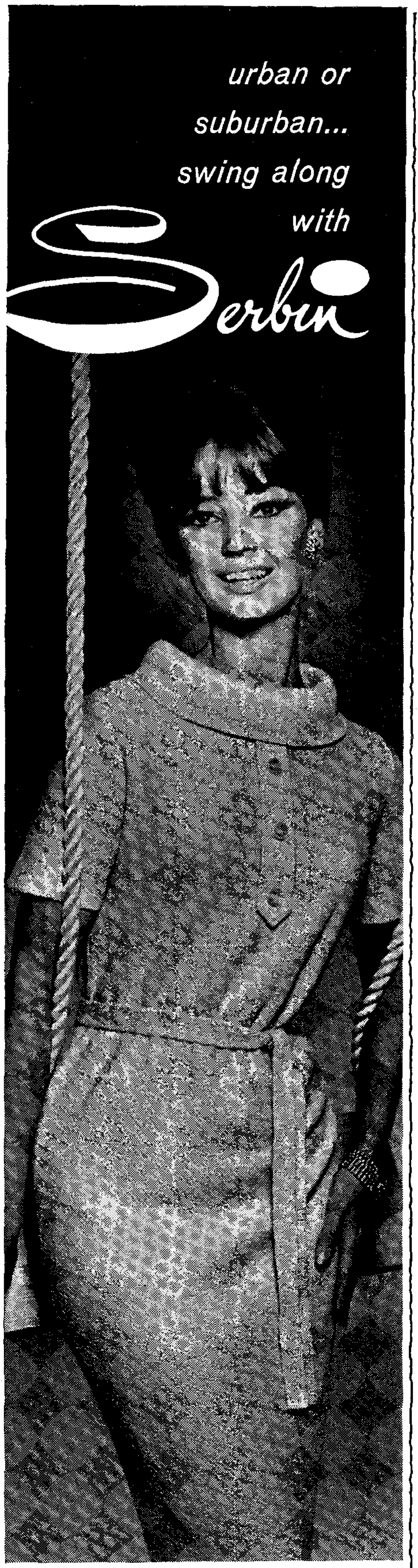

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ally about the fact that Quebec is *there*." Though Maillardville, in British Columbia, has a population of six thousand French, it is difficult to make this province on the Pacific Coast understand why it should be compelled, as the nationalists demand, to have its children learn French at school.

The nationalists and the separatists differ widely about their aims as well as about their methods. Nothing enrages a French Canadian possessed by the spirit of the nationalist movement so much as to be asked by an English Canadian, "But what is it exactly you want?" The regulation answer to this is "To be masters in our own house." But what do they mean by that? I shall not try to review all the programs advanced by different groups and different individuals. Some idea of the opposite poles between which the controversy vibrates may be conveyed by summarizing two pamphlets by two very able publicists of contrasting temperaments and antithetical views: "Pourquoi Je Suis Séparatiste," by Marcel Chaput, published in 1961, and "Pourquoi Je Suis Antiséparatiste," by Jean-Charles Harvey, written in answer to Chaput and published the following year.

M. Chaput, though he makes an effort to guard himself against excess—rabid hatred of the British, incitement to violence—is not free from the single-track fanaticism that is likely to be generated by nationalist movements. He strikes one as the kind of man who never thinks of anything but his cause and who cannot look at anything else except to see it in relation to that. Marcel Chaput is forty-five years old, a chemist by profession. Till recently, he worked on chemical-warfare research with the Defense Research Board in Ottawa. But he became involved in the separatist movement, to the detriment, according to the Board, of his laboratory activities. When he was refused leave of absence to go to Quebec for a conference organized by the students of Laval University to discuss "The Canadian Experiment, Success or Failure?," this did not deter him from attending, and in consequence he was suspended for two weeks. The Board regarded his separatist activities as bordering on the treasonable. Chaput has made an attempt in his pamphlet to reconcile his conflicting loyalities, but this seems by no means easy. He says that so long as Canada remained a Confederation he was willing, while working for the government, to acknowledge allegiance to the Queen, but that this did not imply that he surrendered the right to question the political institutions of Canada. When he was suspended by the Board, he at once resigned and began working full time for the already existing separatist organization, Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale, of which he became the president. He ran unsuccessfully for Parliament in the election of 1962 on a separatist ticket, then broke with the R.I.N. to found an organization of his own, Le Parti Républicain du Québec. He has explained to a reporter for *Saturday Night* that the Rassemblement was "too slow. There would be no political party if they had their way. And they are socialist. The word socialist in Quebec . . ." The reporter of this interview says that Chaput shrugged. The aim of the P.R.Q. is to compose a united front of republicans, taking in the Right as well as the Left. In order to appeal to both wings, it combines a guarantee of "free enterprise" with the nationalization of the telephone service and other public utilities. Foreign industries would be seized. In order to raise money for this organization, Chaput has resorted to hunger strikes—living on bread, water, and orange juice—during the first of which he stripped away forty of his two hundred and forty-five pounds. By his first strike, which lasted for thirty-three days, he succeeded in getting contributions to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, but in the second one he was less successful. In January, 1964, he resigned, for unknown reasons, from the leadership of his party, and has since then been given little publicity.

French Canada, says Chaput, finds itself in an impossible position, politically, socially, and commercially. First of all, it is simply nonsense to talk about Canada as a *nation*. What we have is not a *nation* but a *state*. You could have a Canadian nation only by denying the identity of French Canada, which is what the Ottawa government has been doing its best to do and what it will eventually achieve unless immediate steps are taken by French Canadians to defend their identity. The British North America Act was never really accepted by French Canada. It was never put to a vote but imposed by a decree of Westminster. The Confederation is a structure that is purely political and artificial, founded in the

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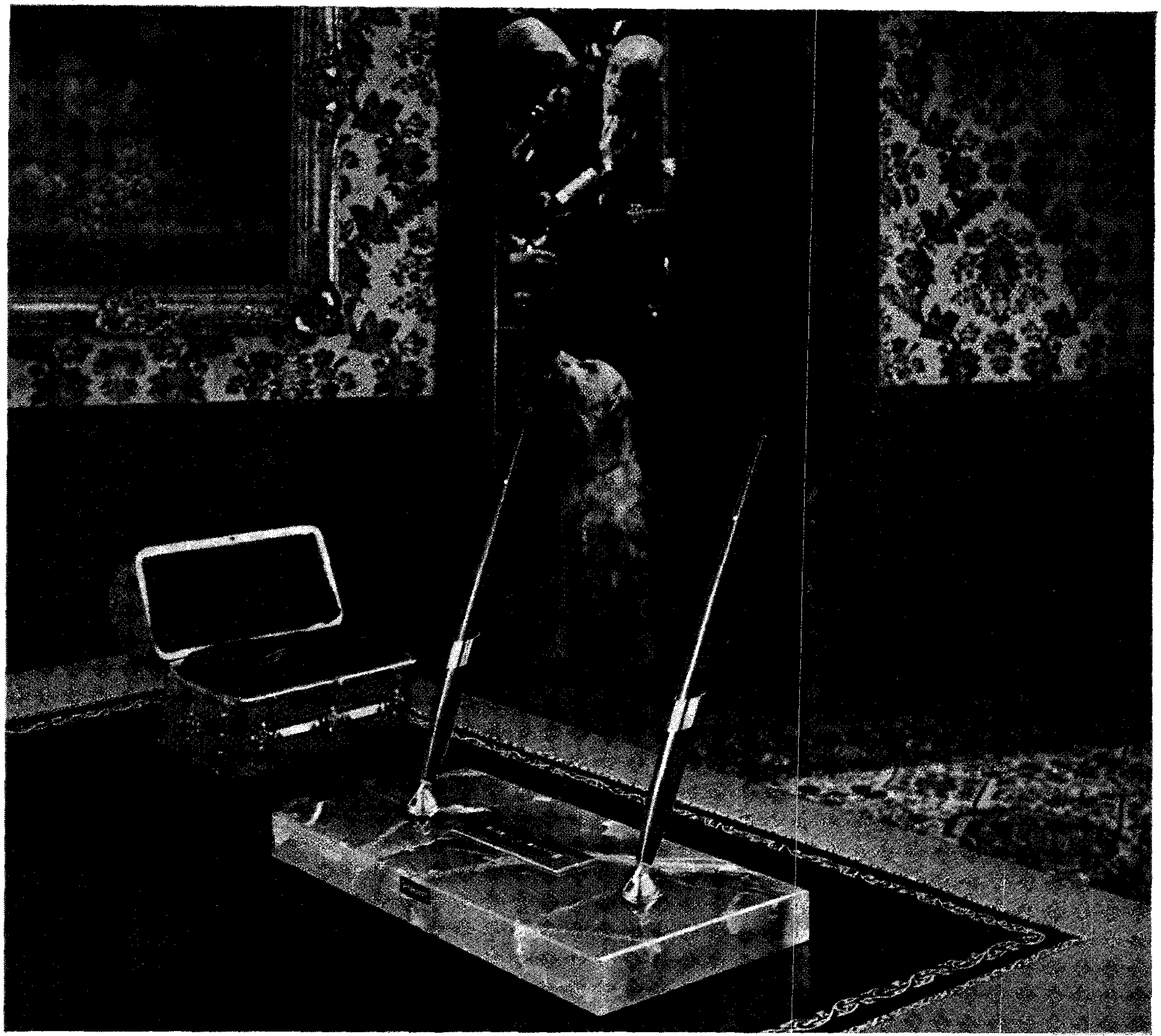

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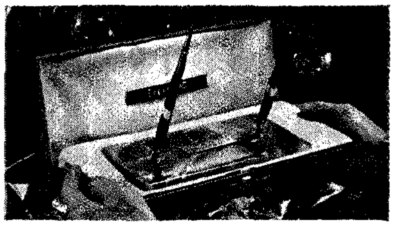

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first place by force of arms and the helpless submission of the French Canadians. The French Canadians at the present time constitute almost a third of the population of Canada, yet their representation in its economy and government is proportionately infinitesimal: it counts for only ten per cent. When a question is debated in the House of Commons that intimately concerns French Canada, the issue is inevitably decided by the vote of the English majority. When a plebiscite was taken on conscription, the English voted for it while the French voted against, and conscription was of course put over. When a case from the Province of Quebec is brought before the Ottawa Supreme Court, the situation is quite unfair, since it is a question of the problems of a French community being ruled on by English judges. The French Canadians have no adequate means of defending their own interests. The British North America Act has given the federal government the power to reverse the decisions of a province, but the province has no machinery for rejecting a decision of the government.

In the economy of the country as a whole, the same imbalance prevails. Here the proportion of French-Canadian participation is closer to five per cent than ten per cent. In the Province of Quebec itself, the French make up eighty-three per cent of the population, yet of its business they hardly control twenty per cent. It is said that only one per cent of the transactions of the Montreal Stock Exchange deals with French-Canadian capital. Of the seventeen directors of the Bank of Canada, only one is a French Canadian. There is not one among the seventeen vice-presidents of Canadian National Railways. There is none among the seven top officials of the new Federal Ministry of Forestry, though Quebec includes twenty-five per cent of the exploitable forests of Canada. The province pays to Ottawa in taxes two billion dollars a year and of this gets only five hundred million back.

British Canada is always attempting to disparage the abilities of the French in industry, in technology, in business. M. Chaput, as a chemical engineer, particularly resents this. The French technician or executive, in order to qualify, is almost always at the disadvantage—as the English-speaking one is not—of being obliged to master another language and to make it the vehicle of all his transactions, and if it is a question of being sent out to some non-French region of Canada, he may not

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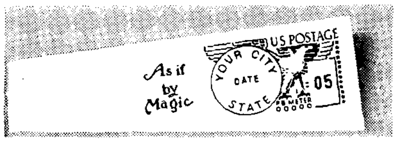

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want to exile his family to a place where there are no French schools and no churches of his own religion. This problem of language is fundamental. The language of Canadian business is English. But the French Canadian is proud of his language and will not recognize it as a disability. M. Chaput sums up in an eloquent peroration the grievances of the French Canadian: "He is under the impression that he is speaking an international language, and he has 'Speak white' spat in his face. He enters the French university, and he studies American textbooks. . . . He keeps hearing it declared that Canada is an independent country, and he sees the queen of another country on the coinage and on the stamps. . . . He is exhorted to get rid of his inferiority complex, and they tell him he is not mature enough to conduct his own affairs."

Now, M. Chaput declares, the only way to deal with all this is to establish complete independence. The printing of bilingual bank checks (a practice now officially adopted), which figured so long as an issue, is the type of trivial concession that is belatedly being made by the federal authorities in order to *keep French Canada quiet: bilingual* signs in Ottawa, translation in the House of Commons and in the military services, the appointment of a few French-Canadian officials, some extension of fiscal rights. It would not even mean anything vital if the British exploiters of Quebec should go so far—it had been one of the French demands—as to rename the enormous new Queen Elizabeth Hotel the Château Maisonneuve. It would mean nothing if Ottawa agreed—and some steps have been taken in this direction—to reform the Confederation itself. The separatists do not want a reformed Confederation. They want no Confederation at all. So long as French Canadians are stuck halfway between assimilation with the English and the full realization of their own nationality, they can never be anything but mediocre. No, they want independence as *a nation—a nation of one tongue,* with its own government, its own armed services, its own representation abroad. Why shouldn't they be a nation? Look at Israel's success in a country that for centuries the Jews had not even inhabited. Since the end of the last war, more than thirty colonies have established themselves as nations with national sovereignties. Half the countries of the United Nations have a smaller population than French Canada. Would this isolate Quebec? No. There would be as much reciprocity in

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its relations with other countries as in the case of any other nation. Would they be letting down the other French Canadians by leaving them in subjection to an alien government? (There are in all, outside Quebec, a million and a half French Canadians in Canada. Besides the groups mentioned above, there are two hundred and thirty thousand Acadians in New Brunswick alone, whom some of the separatists have advocated including in the new Laurentie.) This could to some extent perhaps not be avoided. But a good many of these non-Québecois French have, "tragically," become anglicized. One could always undertake a campaign to bring these exiles back to Quebec—as well as the more than a million who have gone to the United States—and one could supply them with libraries and colleges to reawaken their interest in their mother culture.

As to the political structure of the new Quebec, this is not the time to decide. (We know, however, from a published interview that Chaput is in favor of a "democratic republic," with a president at the head.) The province must first win its independence. Chaput attempts to formulate a program called "Toward Economic Independence," but his proposals are rather vague: "Nationalize the key industries; encourage the industry of transformation; promote the use of French savings banks; obtain investments of capital from various countries rather than from only one . . . elaborate an overall plan . . . profit from the example of other people . . . destroy the pernicious myth that French Canadians have no business sense." But now we come to what even Chaput must recognize as the fundamental problem. "The independence of Quebec is to be desired," yet the problem is "psychological." "In Quebec, it is not force of arms that keeps the people quiet, it is not the barbed wire of the concentration camp that confines it in its present prison; it is something far more serious. It is the will that has been paralyzed. The people could be free but they refuse to believe it. They could be their real self, but they look for excuses to run away." To exhort one's people to revindicate their identity, to make themselves French again, is only to treat the symptoms. "Give back to the people their liberty, and half the symptoms will disappear." Yet how is one to give the people back their liberty when they do not even know that they want it? He ends with a burst of oratory: "Peoples hardly emerged from the Stone Age have obtained the independence they

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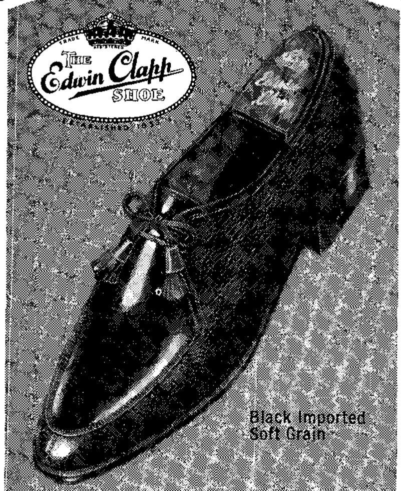
desired. And we, French Canadians, a people issued from the great French civilization, children of the colonists and the pioneers who built this country, is it possible that we should not have the courage to will that which we believe desirable under the fallacious pretext that our independence would not please this or that other country? If that is the attitude of the people from whom I come, I repudiate my origins and hasten to swell the ranks of those who have been assimilated. For it is only that people that wishes to live who merits the privilege of survival." Let us pass to M. Harvey.

Jean-Charles Harvey, now seventy-three, is an independent Canadian journalist with a long and creditable record. He attracted special attention in 1934 with a novel called "Les Demi-Civilisés," which caused a scandal and is regarded as a landmark. To a connoisseur of French-Canadian fiction, this book is extremely amusing. It is as if M. Harvey had decided to inaugurate a new era of self-consciousness and self-criticism, not with a sombre tale of unfulfillment such as those that his successors wrote but by nonchalantly violating every taboo imposed in Catholic Canada. His hero is subject to visions, and at one point finds himself transported into a sterile and unhappy country, where the people are forbidden to think for themselves; such ideas as are thought to be good for them are doled out to them in little phials that bear the stamp of the government. On a barren plain, ragged women are pulling up all the roots because there is "an ancient and respectable law" which prohibits growing things. He finds everything plastered with prohibitions, which range from warnings against writing books and attending entertainments which are not a bore to decrees against admiring attractive women and even "being happy in love." (The author allows his hero a great many agreeable love affairs, which are consummated with no scruples on either side.) He finds a woman, "divinely beautiful," hung upside down on a gibbet and whipped by an executioner while the street boys swing on her hair. She is Liberty, and he sets her free, whereupon the earth blooms again. One of the features of that desolate country has been people who are immersed up to their mouths in a filth that is swarming with maggots and flies. They must be forced, the traveller thinks, to assume again their human dignity. No, says Liberty; they, too, must be free, if they prefer it, to live in their excrement.

In the real world of Quebec, of



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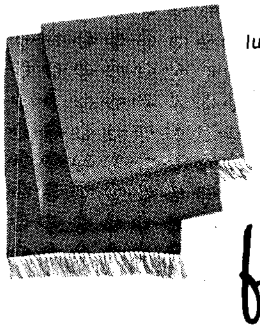

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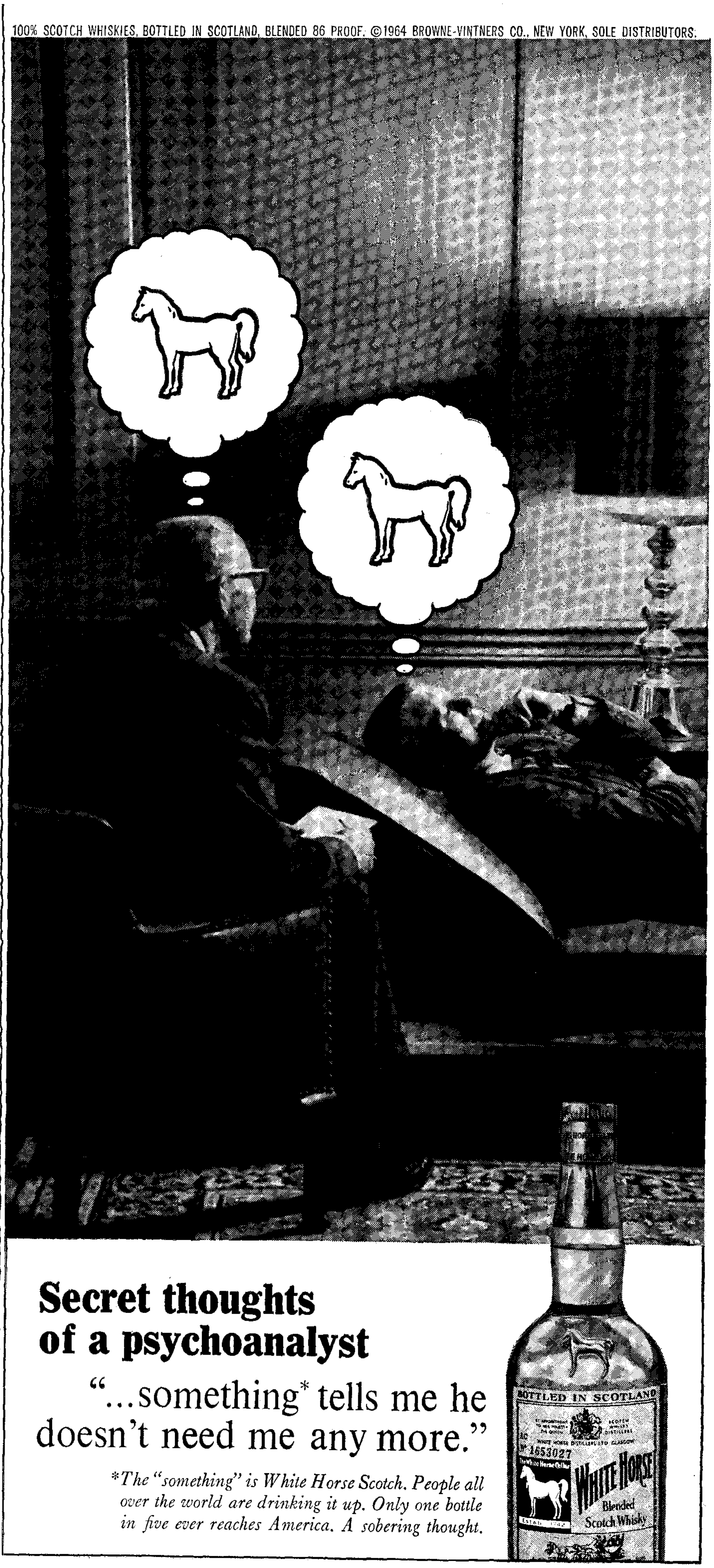
which this nightmare has been a parable, the hero starts a paper called *The Twentieth Century*, which is liberal though discreet and gives a good deal of attention to the arts. This paper has a certain success. But a cynical and clever Parisian becomes a contributor to it and writes an article in which he expresses a doubt as to whether "the good Jesus of the beggars and fishermen" would have any place in a church which has acquired "a monopoly of learning, of the schools and the institutions; with its comfort, luxury and opulence built up out of the fishermen's and peasants' tithes." The paper is denounced from the pulpit; subscriptions are cancelled; the office is mobbed. The rich man who has been putting up the money for it tries to persuade the editor to take a less dangerous line and unobtrusively transform it into something conventional, but he prefers to let the paper expire. He has attempted to bring to Quebec some news of the culture of the world, and Quebec, when the clergy speaks, has to admit that it cannot accept it. The educated people of French Canada are the "*demi-civilisés*." The peasants are sound enough, but the literate people are still only half baked. They have not yet produced an élite. By a melodramatic plot, the author has separated the hero from the only woman he has ever really loved—a highly intelligent young girl who had procured the money for his paper and enthusiastically followed its progress. In despair, she has condemned herself to enter a convent. The hero learns of this the day before she is to take the veil. He tries to get to see her, and the mother superior shows him the door. But that night the girl has a hallucination that her lover is looking through the window of her cell. She gets up, puts on the gown which is supposed to make her the bride of Christ, jumps out the window, and follows the phantom. Two hours she plods through the snow of a heavy and symbolic blizzard and at last falls unconscious, after ringing the bell, before her lover's door. He sends for the doctor and revives her by "pouring a few drops of cordial between her lips." But she is raving: "*Ne suis-je pas belle dans ma robe de mariée?*" She confuses the ceremony from which she has fled with offering herself to her lover, and even when her mind clears up, she makes a conscious identification: "*Non, je ne partirai plus. . . . Tu es mon dieu. . . .*" They presumably live happily ever after.

The book—which was only a rather paler version of the kind of thing that H. G. Wells had been writing since the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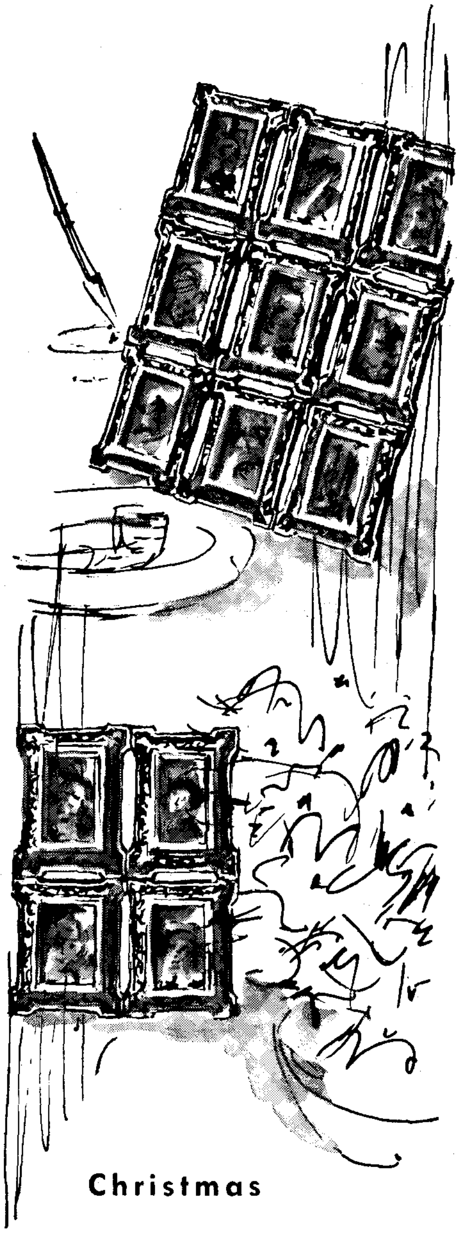

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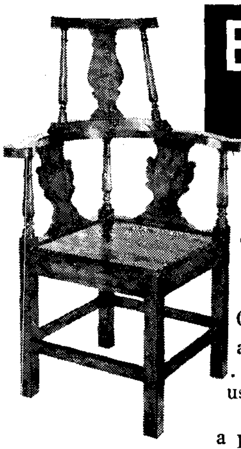
early nineteen-hundreds—brought on Jean-Charles Harvey the same fate he had invented for his story. It was denounced by the Archbishop of Quebec, who banned it in his diocese, and the author was compelled to repudiate it and to withdraw the book from circulation. He was also dismissed from the paper on which he had worked fifteen years. But he founded, like his hero, a paper of his own and is now a respected figure, with a reputation for vigorous frankness. It is significant of the present situation that the book has lately been reprinted. Harvey's hero describes himself as "a mixture of Norman, Highlander, Marseillais, and savage," and his own name suggests a strain derived from one of those Scottish soldiers of Wolfe's who became assimilated with the French. This may perhaps have something to do with his irreverence toward French-Canadian institutions and the relatively favorable view which he takes in his pamphlet of the British.

In this pamphlet, "Pourquoi Je Suis Antiséparatiste," M. Harvey begins, however, by deploring the unwillingness of most of the "Anglophones," after two centuries of living with French neighbors, to attain any mastery of French beyond "*bonjour*," "*au revoir*," "*Jé vo aimé*," and "*Moâ pas parler French*." But he makes fun of a young nationalist waitress who showed him the inscription on a dollar bill and said to him, "See how they treat us! English again, you see. What they ought to say is *une piasse*"—*piasse* being the corruption of *piastre*, which is colloquially used in French Canada for "dollar." (M. Michel Sanouillet, the author of another nationalist but non-separatist pamphlet, "Le Séparatisme Québecois et Nous," asserts that in English schools the study of French is still surrounded with "an aura of total uselessness which has made of it the 'sissy subject' that awkward girls and effeminate boys shamefacedly sandwich in between choir practice and home economics." He admits that in Ontario today the situation has somewhat changed and that one occasionally finds Anglophones who speak French so well that they embarrass less cultivated French Canadians. For such Anglophones, he says, the French language has, quite properly, "the rank of *une langue 'noble*,' " which is not usually the case in French Canada.) M. Harvey goes on to enumerate the concessions that have been made to the nationalists—bilingual checks, translation in Parliament, and the like—which Marcel Chaput has dismissed as insig-



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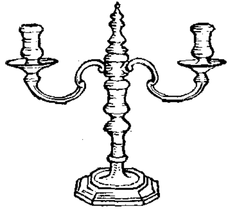

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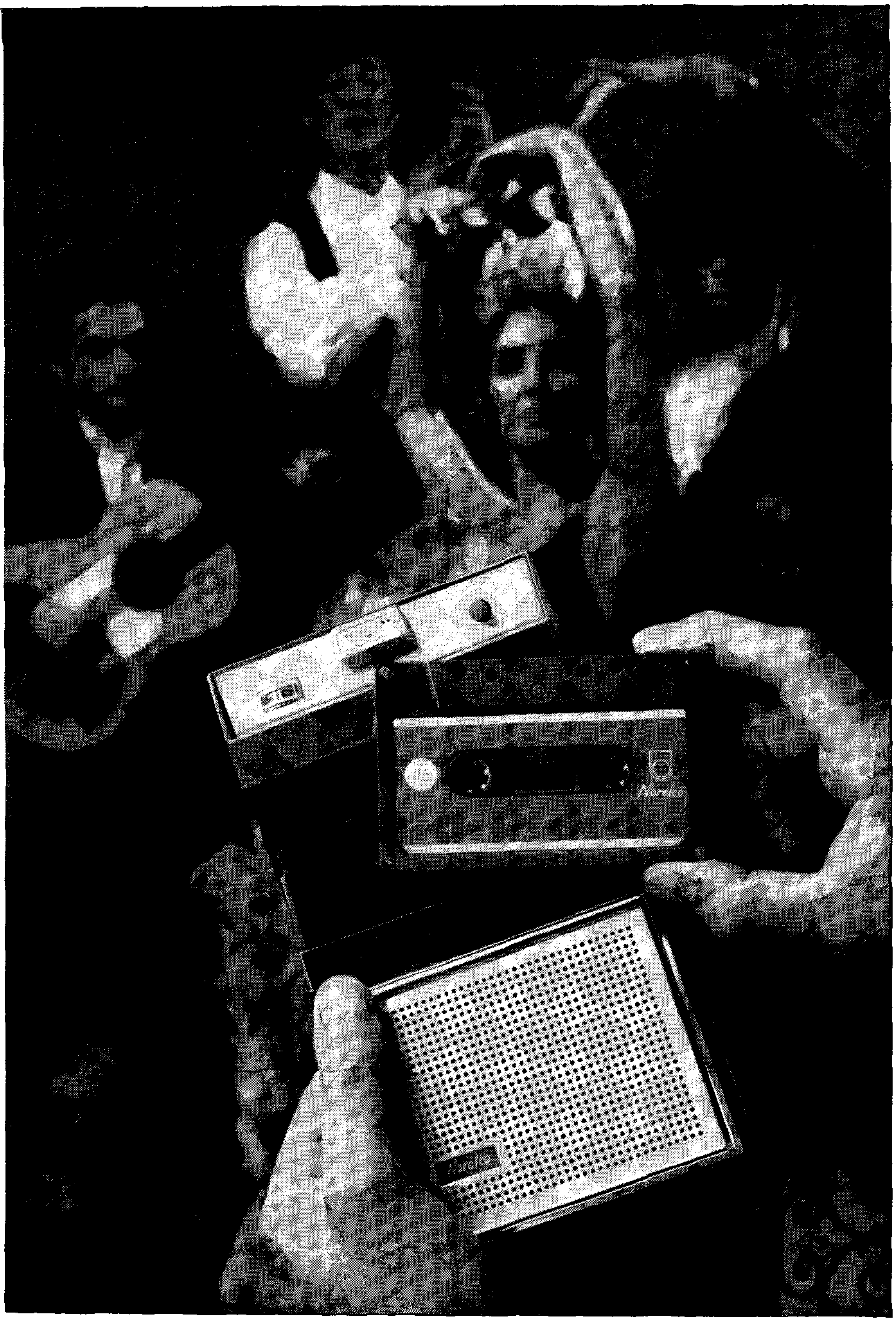
nificant sops. (To these have been more recently added a royal bilingual and bicultural commission, with André Laurendeau of *Le Devoir* as co-chairman with Davidson Dunton, former chairman of the board of governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and a stepping up of French in the schools in six out of the ten provinces. Premier Jean Lesage has now announced that, by withdrawing from certain federal programs such as hospital insurance, old-age assistance, unemployment insurance, and the professional-education plan, the government of Quebec, by 1966, should be getting back forty-seven per cent of all the personal taxes collected.)

In answering M. Chaput, M. Harvey reminds him that the populations of all countries are in the present or have been in the past more or less mixed and that in many several languages are spoken; that if the French minority of the Province of Quebec is going to secede from Canada, why shouldn't the English minority of Westmount or the minority of two or three hundred thousand Jews secede from Montreal; that the province, as a matter of fact, may be said to be virtually unilingual already, since at least sixty-five per cent of its population do not know a word of English. And why talk about French-Canadian and English-Canadian nationality when both groups are more North American than anything else? Nationalism in itself is dangerous. We have seen in Russia and in Germany how the nationalism of either Left or Right quickly turns into the poison of power, and in the nationalism of French Canada it is possible to detect already a tendency to claim for itself a divinely appointed authority. He quotes from a separatist pamphlet: "God did not allot us so many talents without indicating to us that we have a mission to fulfill. . . . We should be proud to serve God in the [human] race. . . . We have become the first missionary people in the whole world." Did the English, whose imperialism has been so hated in French Canada, express themselves so very much differently when they were talking about "the white man's burden"? M. Harvey approves the apothegm of an anonymous Quebec journalist—anonymous on account of this writer's fear of its effect on the separatists—"Nationalism is the imperialism of the poor." And at the present time the French Canadians, far from being one of the most downtrodden minorities, are one of the freest ethnic groups in the world, and though one must of course be vigilant to



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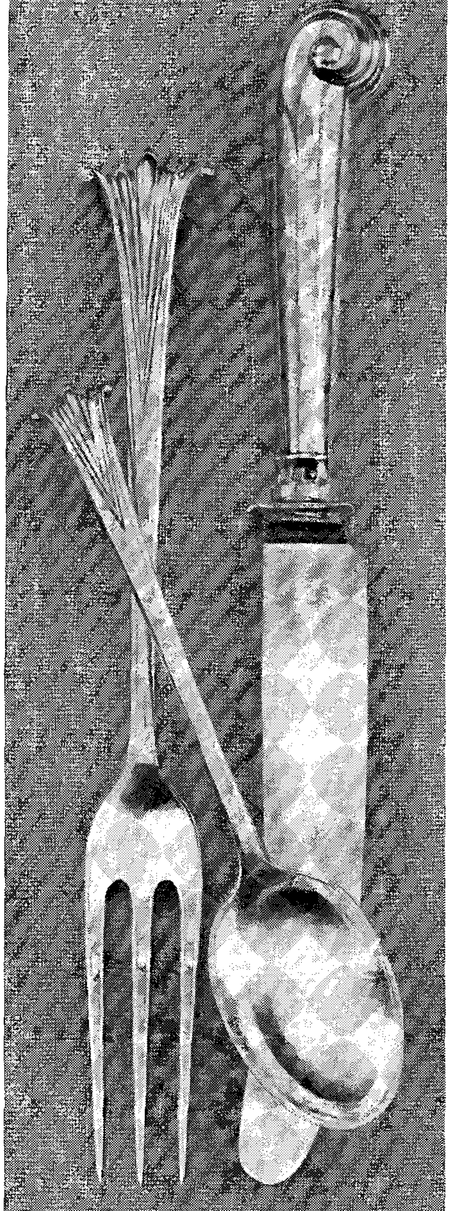

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maintain one's own autonomy "against the tendencies toward centralization," one ought, on the whole, to be glad enough to have the benefit of "British institutions and of the democratic atmosphere of the North American continent. . . . As for me, if I had to choose between national independence with no personal liberty and dependence on a foreign country which would allow me to have that liberty, I should not hesitate to choose the latter."

As for the two billion dollars that French Canada pays to Ottawa in taxes, M. Harvey asserts that Quebec gets most of it back in the federal services, whereas an independent Quebec would have to spend almost two billion in installing army and air and marine forces, in supporting a diplomatic corps, in maintaining its ports and its post office, and in paying for public improvements. As for its industry's being owned by foreign capital, that, in the circumstances, was unavoidable. French Canada until not so long ago had not caught up with the industrial revolution. "We lacked everything: education, competence, technique, science, a love of risk, the spirit of sacrifice, and the passion for work. Salvation could come to us only from an outside source. It did, and we owe an eternal debt to those who invited it in." Most of the million people who emigrated to the United States went for the work that they could not find in Canada, and we should be grateful to those "chiefs" (such as Duplessis?) who diminished this emigration by "putting a considerable proportion of our forests, our mineral resources, and our water power in stronger and more expert hands than our own." But all this gratitude is no longer in order. "Certain privileges that had once to be granted under the pressing necessities of another period should perhaps now be modified or abolished." In regard to French-Canadian competence of an administrative and technical kind, M. Harvey is in full agreement with M. Chaput. In the defunct Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company, "hardly any French Canadian occupied a position of real importance. The impression was created that our people were afflicted with a congenital incapacity and that an Anglo-Canadian management or something of the kind was absolutely indispensable. To such a degree that we had begun to believe it ourselves. Then came state ownership with the creation of the Hydro-Quebec. It was possible, by some miracle or other, to reorganize the personnel, to redistribute the work, and to assign the responsibilities, and all this was accom-

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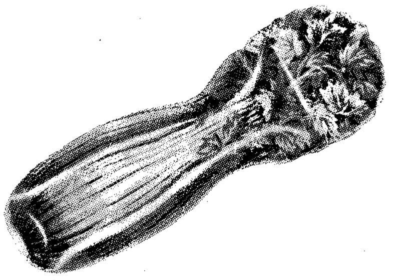

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plished with ability the major part of which was French Canadian. Did this result in a catastrophe? On the contrary, our engineers, our technicians, our specialists in electronics and the rest performed their tasks so well that nobody would dream of replacing them." We are certainly competent now to take over and run our own industries, but in the meantime let us beware of the separatists when they put at the head of their program "nationalization of the key industries." What exactly do they mean by this? Certain industries should certainly be nationalized, but let us not destroy all personal initiative and freedom of enterprise.

IT seems to me significant that that remarkable novelist M. André Langevin, in one of his editorial articles in the French edition of *Maclean's*, should approach the situation in French Canada from an angle prosaically different from that of such separatists as Marcel Chaput. M. Langevin believes that the real "quiet revolution" is that of the Quebec bourgeoisie. When French merchants and bankers went back to France after the English taking-over of French Canada, they left the French, as has already been said, with nobody to manage their business, and the English bourgeoisie moved in and built up Quebec trade and banking. But now, says M. Langevin, a French Quebec bourgeoisie has come into existence, in its modern "complex form of executives and technicians," and it will no longer accept English domination.

IN its issue of February 8, 1964, *Maclean's* published a kind of joint inquiry by Peter C. Newman and Ralph Allen, who attempted to throw some light on, respectively, the possible line of action to be taken in the crisis with French Canada and the probable results of Quebec's secession. Mr. Newman came to the conclusion that there were only three courses open: to let Quebec go (there is now, it seems, a certain amount of hostile feeling on the part of English Canada); "to form a latter-day Austro-Hungarian Empire by allowing Quebec and the rest of Canada to split into two virtually independent states;" or to reform the Constitution so as to meet the more moderate demands of the French. Mr. Allen, in his attempt to predict what would happen if Quebec seceded, found himself, he says, "in a domain as full of doubt and mystery as Cartier's Gaspé, the sweeping plains of Henry Kelsey, and Mackenzie's brooding Rockies." He talked to people all over

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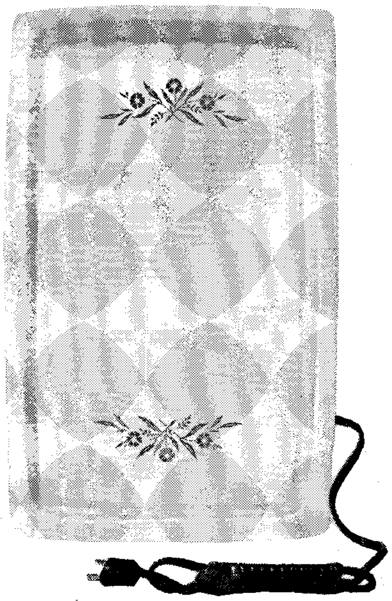

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Canada and elicited the most diverse opinions. Some thought that the withdrawal of the province would drive the rest to a closer unity. Others believed that the secession of Quebec would precipitate a general breakup or a collapse of the rest of Canada. It had been only with difficulty that the Maritime Provinces had, in 1867, been induced to join the Confederation, and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia still identified themselves with New England rather than with Upper Canada, so, following the withdrawal of Quebec, they might well want to attach themselves to the United States. Or they might form a state of their own. A Member of Parliament from the Yukon declared that "the eighteen thousand Canadians who live in the Yukon feel very close to the quarter of a million Americans who live right next door in Alaska. It's a fairly common joke at home that we ought to *start a war with Alaska and lose it*, so we could become eligible for U.S. foreign aid. It's pretty safe to predict that if Quebec pulls out, there'll be a strong move in the Yukon to do the same." Bruce Hutchison, a well-known journalist and the author of "The Unknown Country," a book about Canada, believes that Quebec would begin with a Left Wing revolution, then go very far to the Right, become more obscurantist than it is already, be landed in an economic mess, and, since the Canadian Confederation would no longer, after its withdrawal, exist, be obliged to seek a union with the United States. It should be noted that twenty-nine per cent of the Canadians, including thirty-three per cent of the inhabitants of Quebec, are reported, again by *Maclean's*, to be in favor of having Canada annexed to the United States, which to us "Americans" seems extremely impractical. Would the provinces all become states, or what? Isn't the United States, with its adjuncts of Alaska and Hawaii, hard enough to handle already?

Mr. Allen concludes his article with a semi-humorous fantasy of a Balkanized Canada, which falls back, after forty years, on a conference to discuss "the possibility of uniting the northern half of North America in a single federal nation." The same issue contains a most amusing map, by the cartoonist Lewis Parker, of this fragmented "Nova Balkania." All the little Canadian countries are simultaneously holding World's Fairs. In Westmount, a tiny enclave, a gentleman in a British deerstalker is using a megaphone to broadcast "God Save the Queen" from

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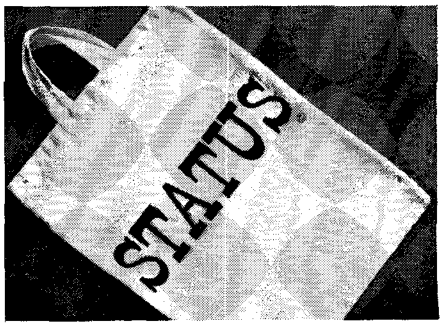

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a flagstaff flying the Union Jack; in the Protectorate of St. Boniface, a de Gaulle-type general in uniform is announcing, to what was once Ontario, "*Nous n'avons pas aucune ambition territoriale!;*" on an island in Hudson Bay, an Eskimo is shouting "Speak English" to an Eskimo on the mainland of La République du Québec, who threatens him with a revolver and shouts, "*Traître!*" The point of this is that the Quebec nationalists have recently been making a play for the Eskimos that inhabit the upper part of the province. A recent expedition to convert them was forced to return on account of the cold and so achieved no results. The Eskimos, it seems, up to now, have referred to the French as "the *oui-oui* people," and regarded them as a kind of demon.

The Terrorists: During the night of March 7-8, 1963, three Molotov cocktails—that is, bottles filled with furnace oil—were thrown through the windows of three Montreal armories. The next day, a leaflet was circulated which announced, with much declamation in capitals, a campaign of sabotage:

Revolution by the People for the People
Announcement to the Population of the State of Quebec

The Quebec Liberation Front (F.L.Q.) is a Revolutionary Movement made up of volunteers who are ready to die for the Political and Economic Independence of Quebec.

The Suicide-Commandos of the Quebec Liberation Front (F.L.Q.) have as their principal mission to Destroy Completely, by Systematic Sabotage

a. all colonial (federal) symbols and institutions, especially the R.C.M.P. [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] and the Armed Forces,

b. all the media of information in the colonial (English) language which hold us in contempt,

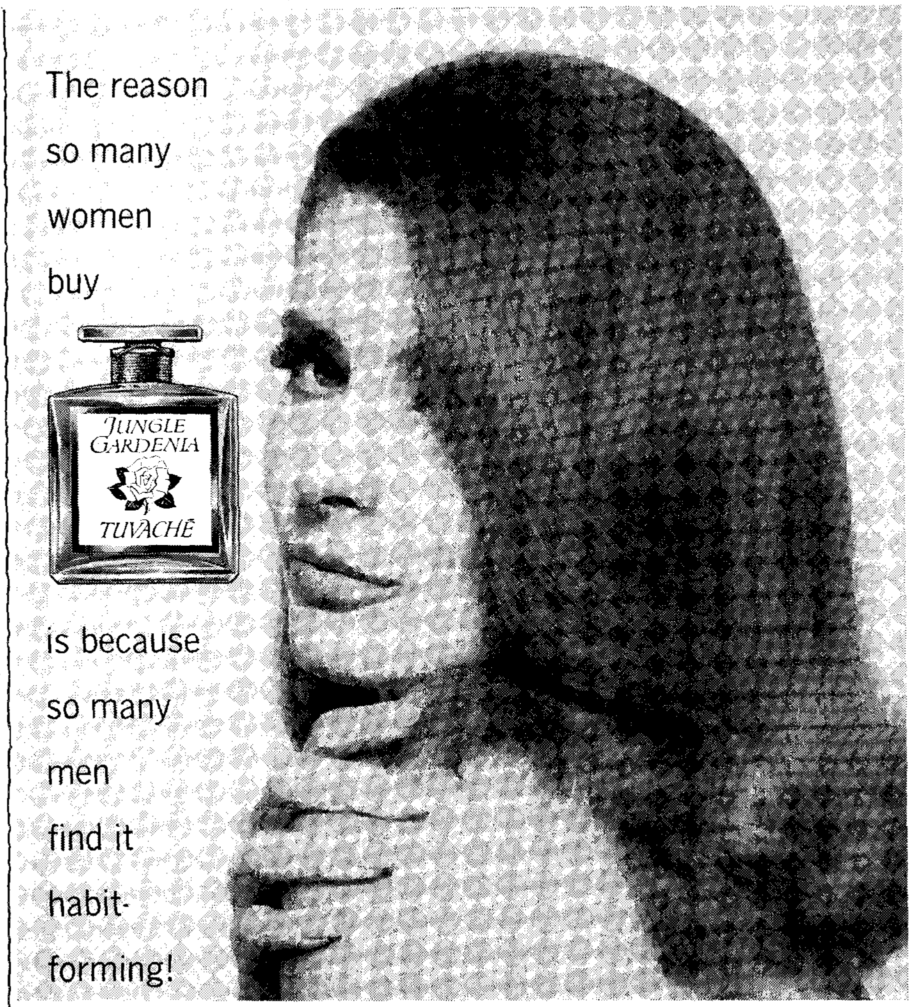
c. all the commercial enterprises and establishments which practice discrimination against the Québecois, which do not use French as their principal language and which put out signs in the colonial language (English),

d. all the factories which discriminate against French-speaking workers.

The Quebec Liberation Front will proceed to the progressive elimination of all persons collaborating with the powers of occupation.

The Quebec Liberation Front will also attack all commercial and cultural interests of American colonialism, the natural ally of English colonialism.

All the volunteers of the F.L.Q. have in their possession at the moment of committing their actions of sabotage papers of identification from the Republic of Quebec. We demand that our wounded and our prisoners be treated according to the statute provided for Political Prisoners and according to the Geneva Con-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The campaign of terror went on for four months. No arrests were made until June, when sixteen men were held on suspicion of having been involved in planting a bomb that had killed a watchman at one of the armories. These turned out to be not hoodlums or professional revolutionists but young students, between eighteen and twenty-five, some of whom came from old and respectable French families. The movement had been provoked by impatience and disillusion with the apparent inability of the nationalist groups to accomplish anything definite. For these young men, the idea of seeking reforms through parliamentary methods was not to be taken seriously, and, as Leslie Roberts has said, the separatists such as Marcel Chaput were "simply talkative old fuddy-duddies." Chaput, with his hunger strikes, news of which had been broadcast on the radio, together with a public statement that his favorite figure in history was Joan of Arc, had made himself a little ridiculous. The time, they believed, had come to strike with something more effective than pamphlets and speeches.

The only inside account, so far as I know, that exists on the F.L.Q. is a book by M. Claude Savoie, "La Véritable Histoire du F.L.Q." M. Savoie is a Montreal journalist in his early twenties who writes on literature and the arts in the French-Canadian press. He had some acquaintance with the terrorists, having been to college with three of them, but he did not belong to their group. He found, however, that he had been included in the list of those who were wanted by the police, and when he presented himself at police headquarters with the object of clearing himself he was locked up for a time with the accused, which afforded him an opportunity to learn a good deal about them. During a midnight conversation in a neighboring cell, he heard a prisoner who was not a terrorist talking to one of the terrorists: "Even supposing that independence is the only solution, I don't see why you have to plant bombs to get it." "Because we don't merely want independence from

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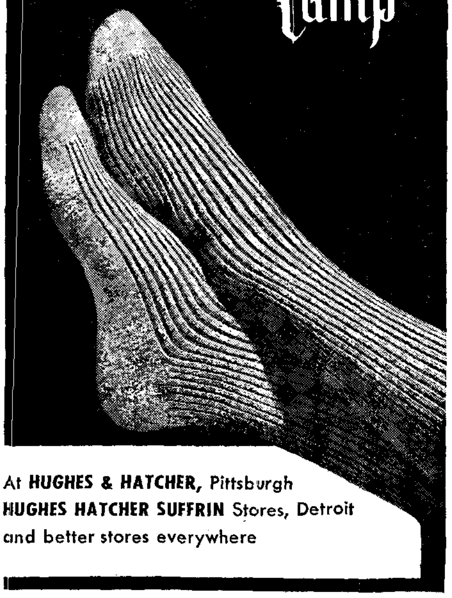

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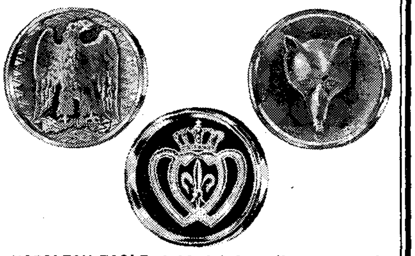

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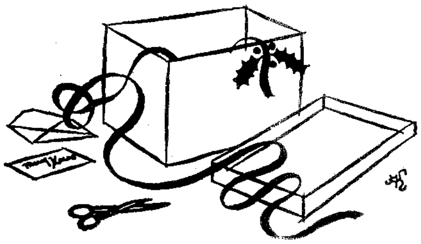
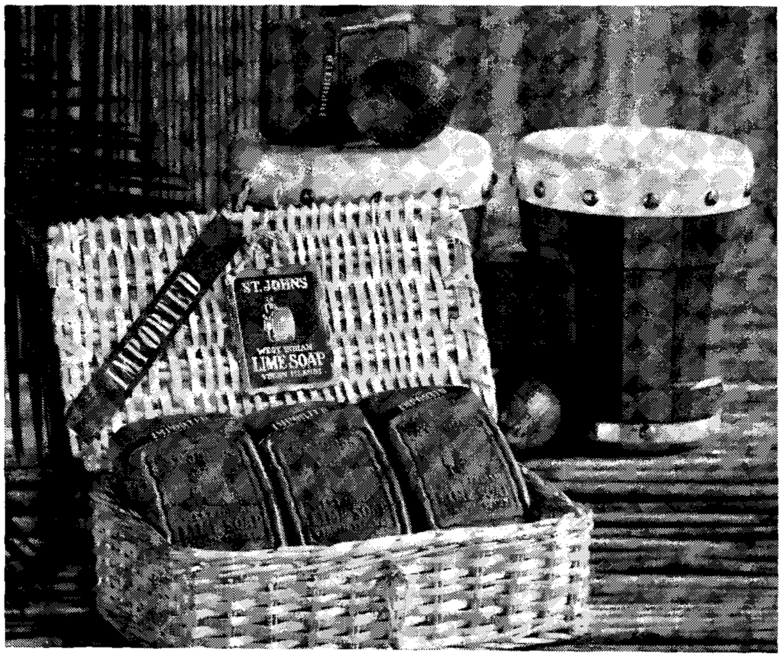
The group, says M. Savoie, included among its students some professional men and some "bohemians." The chief organizer he describes as "an individual of strange appearance, but about whom one changed one's opinion when one came to know him a little better," and whom he always thereafter refers to as "*l'individu étrange*." The first tiny nucleus was known as the R.R. (Réseau de Résistance), which believed that it was acting in the patriotic tradition of Papineau and Riel. M. Savoie begins with a description of the induction of two of the terrorists. The incident that had the effect of making one of these boys decide to join is typical of the situation in French Canada. Mr. Donald Gordon, the president of the federally owned Canadian National Railways, had, in November, 1962, appeared before a committee of the House of Commons to present a report on his enterprise. He was questioned by French-Canadian members as to why out of the twenty-eight top directors none was a French Canadian. Mr. Gordon denied that this was true. A Lévesque and a Charbonneau were named, and it was pointed out that some French Canadians had such non-French names as O'Hurley. A French member parried this by pointing out that the phrase "Board of Directors"





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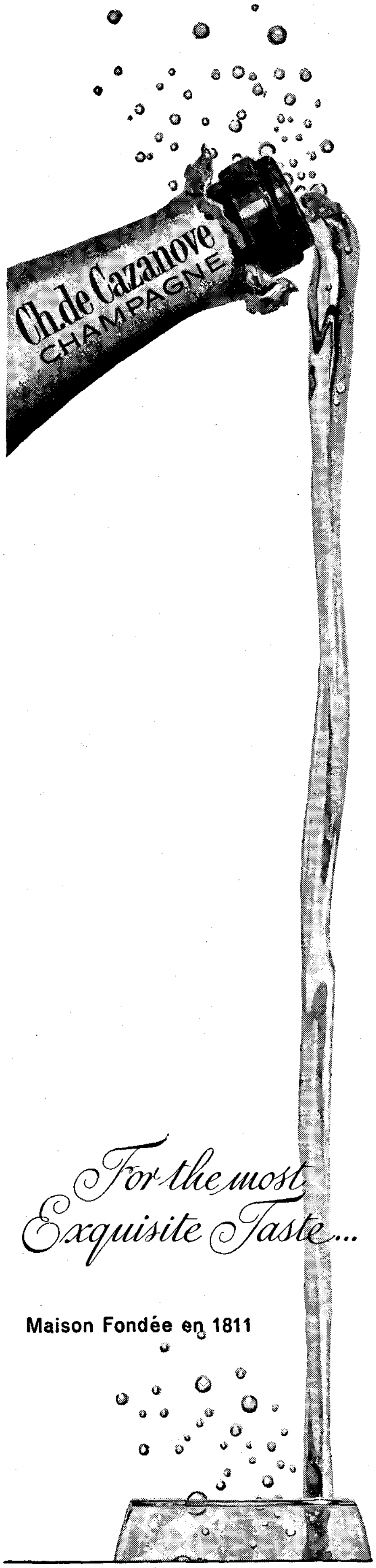
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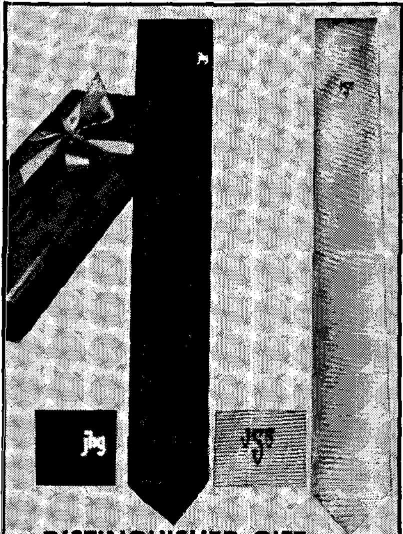
itself implied discrimination; the French of this would be "*direction.*" Mr. Gordon explained that he never thought at all about the origins of his associates. He knew that several could speak French. Promotion was based on merit. "The man who, by reason of experience, knowledge, judgment, education, or for any other reason, is considered by the management to be the best person for a job will receive the promotion, and we do not care whether he is black, white, red, or French." The French member passed on to another grievance: the trainmen do not speak French and cannot be understood by the French passengers. (I am reliably informed by a former employee of the Canadian National Railways that in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces all the trainmen have to be bilingual.) Mr. Gordon, under further questioning, insisted that a man's being or not being French had nothing to do with promotion. "You mean to say"—another French member pounced on him—"that in your own judgment there are no French-speaking Canadians with the proper qualities and the capacity to become officers of the company?" "Both of you are distorting what I have said. I am saying that we are not discriminating in connection with our promotions." He seems later to have become a little heated: "Let me say this. . . . As far as I am personally concerned and as long as I am president of the C.N.R., there is not going to be a promotion or an appointment made just because a man is a French Canadian. He has got to be a French Canadian plus other things, and he has to be as able as the other fellow who has a claim on the job. There is going to be fair practice on the C.N.R. as long as I am there. What you are arguing for is discrimination." The distortion that began in the Commons committee was carried further by the fanaticism outside. (The minutes of this hearing have been printed as an appendix to Hugh Bingham Myers' book "The Quiet Revolution" and make it possible to contrast what was really said with the falsified stories that were spread.) Mr. Gordon, in a newspaper interview, complained that he had been made to say that he would never employ any more French Canadians. French Canada lashed itself into a fury. Demonstrations were held in the streets, at which Gordon was sometimes burned in effigy. The young French Canadian mentioned above, who had not previously hated the English, was present at one of these demonstrations and saw a car belonging to the CKGM radio sta-



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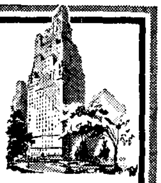

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tion driven headlong into the crowd, at the risk of killing people. He thereupon caught the contagion, and, hearing that there was a terrorist group who had planted a bomb in the CKGM station, he decided that he ought to belong to it. Mr. Gordon was to prove his good faith by seriously looking into the matter of the promotion of French Canadians in the C.N.R., and during 1963 many new promotions were made, the number of young French Canadians hired was doubled through a new program of recruiting college graduates and undergraduates, a French and English education program was instituted for employees who needed to know both languages, and more bilingual signs, posters, and menus were printed for the passengers of the C.N.R.—all of which, except by the extremists, was well received in French Canada.

But the terrorist movement went on, and its activities became more and more audacious. These young men at first tried to be scrupulous about not allowing anyone to be injured. The three Molotov cocktails that had been thrown into the armories were intended to frighten people but not to set fire or explode. They made very little impression, and it was felt that something more drastic was needed. Some sticks of dynamite were stolen from a subway construction by an innocent-looking ten-year-old boy, whose indignation had been roused by his schoolteacher when she had talked to her class of the crimes committed against their ancestors by the English; but before setting these off, the terrorists made a point of warning the management to evacuate the buildings in which the dynamite had been placed. Their compatriots who worked for the "enemy" were stigmatized as "collaborators" and called upon to resign from their jobs. On the twenty-ninth of March, 1963, the statue of General Wolfe was pulled down on the Heights of Abraham, the site of the decisive battle in which the English had beaten the French; the next day, the English retorted by an attack on the Champlain statue in Ottawa. The night of the first of April, a bomb was thrown into the airshaft of the offices of the National Revenue, and the track was broken up on the railroad by which Prime Minister Diefenbaker was travelling from Quebec to Trois-Rivières. The damage was repaired in time, but Diefenbaker was then held up by the announcement that a bomb had been put on the train. Many such false alarms were sent out, but then a really serious accident occurred. Two of the terrorist group in Montreal set out with

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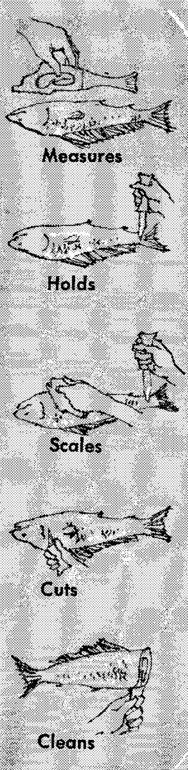

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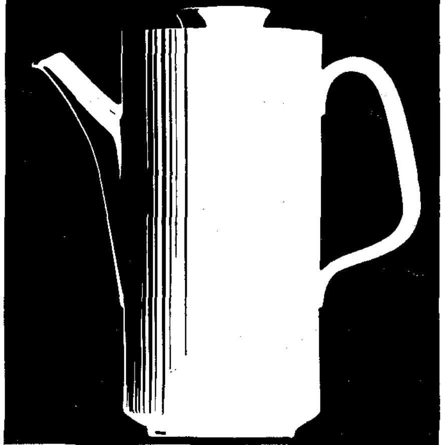
a bomb to blow up the statue of Sir John Macdonald, the much revered—by the English—Prime Minister who had established the Confederation, but they decided that there were too many people around: somebody might get hurt. They proceeded to Sherbrooke Street, the smartest and most impressive in Montreal, where they discovered a tempting federal building, the Recruiting Center of the Canadian Army. They put a bomb in a garbage pail behind it. When it exploded, it killed a night watchman of whose presence there they did not know. After this, some of the terrorists wanted to quit, but they were reminded that in 1837 the English had not hesitated to string up twenty patriots while the band played "God Save the King." These youths now conceived the naïve idea that they could correct the bad impression created by the killing of the watchman by blowing up the headquarters of the Solbec Copper Mines, whose workers had been on strike for months—an exploit which would win them, they imagined, the sympathy of the public. They deposited a bomb in the lavatory, then warned the people in the building. The police were called in, and the bomb was removed.

The next objective was Westmount, the wealthy and attractive residential stronghold of the English population of Montreal. Ten small bombs were deposited in their mailboxes. The Westmounters were Anglophone oppressors, and the mailboxes were federal symbols. The bombs were supposed to go off at three o'clock on the morning of May 17th, but not all of them did. One of them exploded in the hands of a sergeant major of the Army who was trying to take out the fuses. He was badly injured and lost an arm. The next day was the Queen's birthday, and some special demonstration was contemplated. The project was to blow up a bridge over the Ottawa River that connects Ottawa with Hull. The police were now more alert. They halted the F.L.Q. car, which contained seventy-five sticks of dynamite, but they did not take the precaution of searching it. They let the boys return to Montreal, where, *faute de mieux*, they celebrated the occasion by putting a bomb near another armory and blowing up four cars that were parked there.

The Army had been complaining of what it thought was a certain lack of zeal on the part of the local police. Some of the separatists who were not involved are said not to have been adverse to the bombings. The police had actually made one raid, but of the fifteen men arrested only one was a



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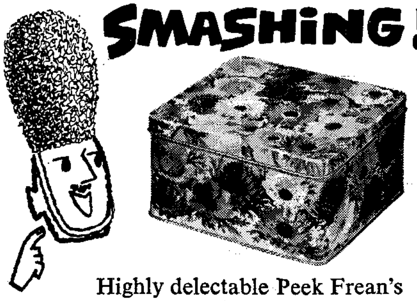

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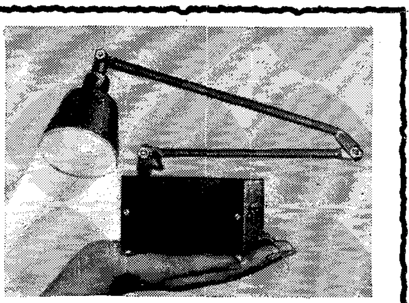

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member of the F.L.Q. The others belonged to the R.I.N. and a non-violent Socialist group. This put the police in an unfavorable light, and the nationalist organizations protested. After the exploit of the Westmount mailboxes, the Quebec Premier, Jean Lesage, offered a reward of fifty thousand dollars for information that would lead to the arrest of the terrorists. The F.L.Q., on its side, now found that it needed to reorganize. It had been rather undisciplined before. The policy had always been, as is usual in groups that engage in criminal acts, to make sure that every member was compromised by being seriously involved in the bombings, but it was possible for members to take action on their own without notifying what Savoie calls "the Executive." Now the movement was put on a professional basis. By some law of acceleration that seems to operate in such conspiracies, they had been feeling, since the death of the watchman, that, having got themselves so far committed, they had to go further and further. They could not go on as mere guerrillas. The Executive was henceforth to consist of from five to seven members, with a "national consultative council." Special duties were assigned to the various members: information, arms, medical services, finance, a revolutionary tribunal. The suicide commandos were organized in sealed cells of three men each, of whom only one communicated by messenger with a section chief. The head of the cell knew no one but the two other members of his cell, and he did not even know the messengers through whom he received his orders; the two other members knew nobody except the head of the cell. If any of these men was caught, he could not betray the rest of the group, and the only way for the police to get at them was to catch them committing a crime. Yet this complicated scheme did not work. One of their own members, apparently, gave them away. The next five objectives had been settled, and the unit that was appointed for the first of these had, on the evening of June 1st, set out in a car on its mission when it was stopped and arrested by policemen ingeniously disguised as beatniks. Sixteen persons were eventually rounded up, and an inquiry was held at the end of June. While this inquiry was going on, a statue of Queen Victoria in Quebec City was bombed off its pedestal, and its head was found fifty feet away. It was indicated that a monument to the Boer War had also been chosen for destruction. A certain amount of sympathy was manifested for the young

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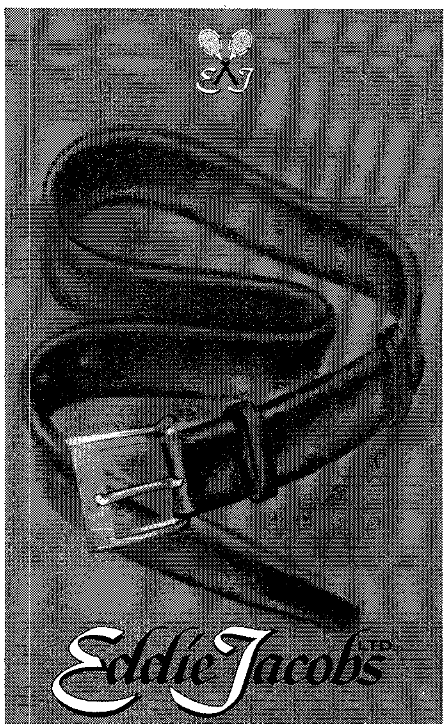
rebels, and in *Le Devoir* André Laurendeau protested against the way in which the "preliminary inquiry" was being conducted. Since this was supposed to be a coroner's inquest on the killing of the watchman, the prisoners were not allowed legal defense, and all sixteen—including those who had not known about the bomb—were found criminally responsible for his death. The wife of one of the terrorists was bailed out by an English Mr. Spendlove. When she asked, "Why are you doing this for me, *Monsieur*?," he is supposed to have replied, "Because I understand your nationalism, *Madame*." Ten of these young men got sentences of from three to twelve years.

This caused the dissolution of the F.L.Q., but the terrorist elements reorganized under a slightly different name—l'Armée de Libération du Québec. This seems to have been more effective. There followed, in 1964, a succession of bolder exploits: raids on armories, which provided the terrorists with hand grenades, machine guns, and rifles. A bank holdup was attempted by a terrorist disguised as a Santa Claus, and last August five men invaded a gun shop in Montreal. The people in the shop put up a struggle, and two of them were shot and killed. A passerby called the police. The building was surrounded, and three of the men were captured as they left the building. A fourth was caught only after a gun battle which moved across a parking lot and in which the man was finally wounded.

There have recently been signs of a severe reaction against the activities of the separatists. The principal paper of Quebec, *La Presse*, has been shut down ever since June as the result of an unsettled conflict between the management and the staff. The president of the R.I.N. has been one of the members of this staff, and the management is apparently bent on the suppression of independent reporting and editorial opinion. The journalists have stubbornly refused to sign an agreement which would subject them to such a censorship. They say that they have "been through fifteen years of silence," when they were muzzled by Duplessis, and that if they surrender they will set a precedent for a policy of suppression on the part of the rest of the press and of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The demonstrations over the Queen's visit put up the backs of the authorities and provoked some official snarlings. A new Attorney General, with a reputation for toughness, has, in reporting on the behavior



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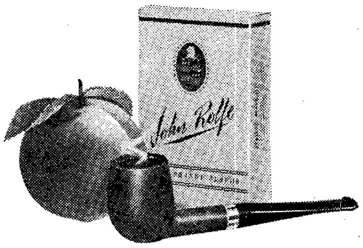

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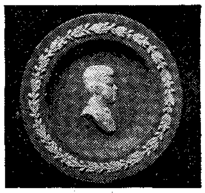

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of the Quebec police, whom he exonerated from charges of unnecessary brutality, rather menacingly bawled out the press and the separatists for inciting to seditious riots. There have been raids on the homes of persons known to be opponents of the government or engaged in trade-union journalism, and a tendency to blame all discontent on Communist infiltration. On the part of the victims of this, there is an apprehensive feeling that the spirit of Duplessis is reviving. (I have been relying above upon articles by David Oancia in the Toronto *Globe & Mail* and by Robert Mackenzie in the Toronto *Star*.)

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CENTRALIZATION: The more juvenile aspects of the nationalist movement are partly, of course, the result of the same thirst for thrills, lack of purpose, and desperate insubordination that are prevalent today among young people from New York to San Francisco, from Moscow to Paris and London. A recent documentary film, made by the N.B.C., which sent interviewers all over the Province of Quebec to talk with students and young farm and factory workers, revealed, according to a story in the Montreal *Star*, a general bewilderment and discouragement together with a considerable ignorance of what in the way of reform had actually been accomplished by the Lesage government, in whose policies they claimed to be disappointed. Such opinions as the following were elicited: "I think the old parties are out of date," said a girl with dark glasses in a little village. "What we want is something new. Most of us have the impression that something extraordinary is happening in the Province of Quebec, but we don't know what it is." "More and more we don't believe in anything," said a working girl in Montreal. "The boys are beginning to talk about throwing bombs." Said a boy: "People over fifty can't afford to take risks. But we're young—we can afford to toss a few bombs. You do a few months in jail. It isn't all that bad. It isn't all that important." "This is more than just the clash of two generations," another teen-ager observed. "It is the clash of two different epochs." One doesn't know exactly what he meant, but this is true in the sense that Quebec, as a non-French Canadian said to me, "is trying to enter the twentieth century." As André Langevin has written in the article referred to above, French Canada has developed a bourgeoisie which wants to have an adequate share in the prov-

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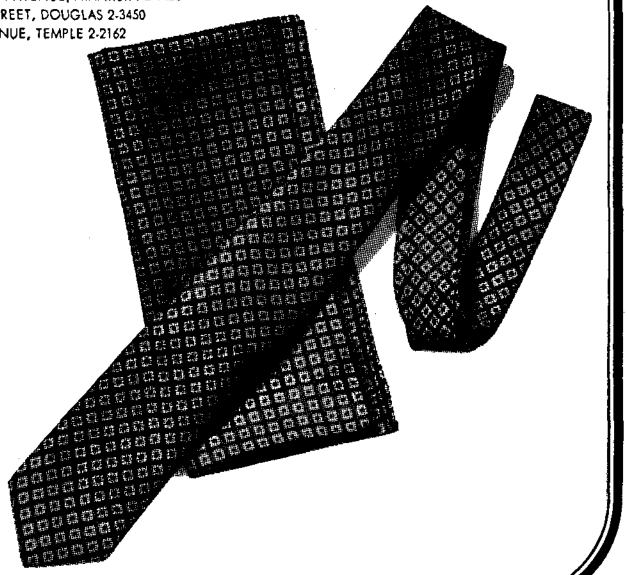

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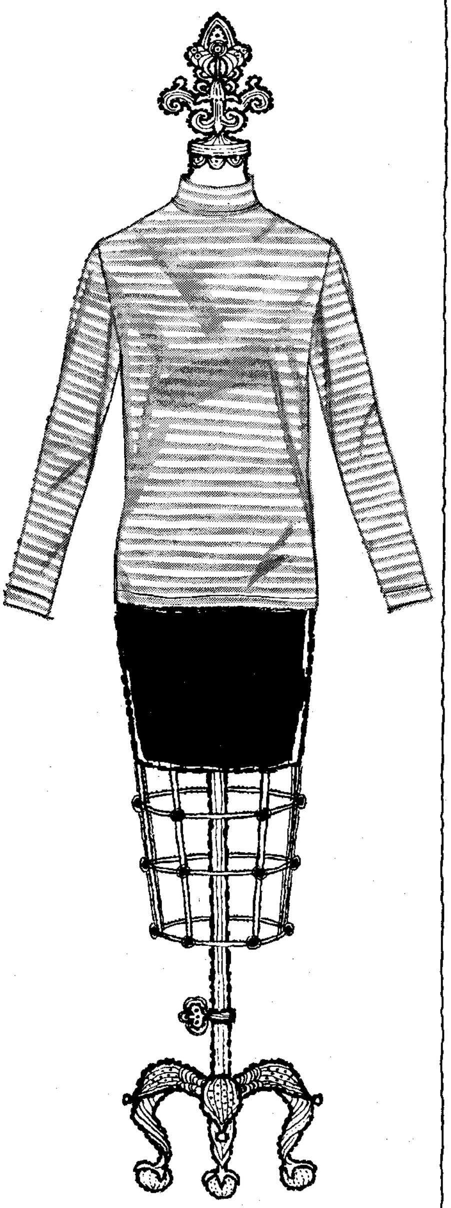

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But behind French resistance to English Canada, as behind English-Canadian resistance to absorption by the United States—and French Canada is partly resistant to this—lies an instinct for self-preservation against the proddings and encroachments of centralized power that is spurring rebellions all over the world. The great centralized power units such as the Soviet Union and the United States are driving the less powerful units—from a diminished great country like France to a tiny minority like our Iroquois Indians—into extreme nationalistic consciousness. Has there ever been a period in history when the nationalism of minorities manifested itself so intensely? The Hungarians and the lesser Slavic and Balkan peoples are recalcitrant toward the Soviet Union; the states of the old Confederacy are recalcitrant toward our federal government. Our natural moral prejudices in favor of civil rights ought not to conceal from us that the Southerners are just as much a minority resisting suppression by superior force as the Negroes are in resisting them. (In reading the literature of French-Canadian separatism, one is continually reminded of the constitutional issues raised by the South at the time of the Civil War. Was it or was it not committed to allegiance to the Union?) One sees even minorities in Europe that one had imagined to have settled down to a *modus vivendi* with their differences reawaking to nationalist resentments. Just as a French-Canadian nationalist will walk out of a Montreal restaurant where his order, given in French, is not understood, so a Flemish inhabitant of Belgium will now boycott any restaurant where the menu is printed only in French. There is a jealous Scottish nationalism which, like that of Quebec, is demanding its own parliament. There are no great royal leaders today, few great parliamentary leaders. If a Kennedy shows promise of leadership, his eminence may provoke assassination. What we have today, instead of leaders, are the ever-expanding bureaucracies of government, formidable in machinery, mediocre in personnel—which Kennedy soon discovered he would have to make the effort to check. And it was not only Duplessis who was always squaring off at what he called the bureaucracy, the "centralizers" of Ottawa; I have encountered English Canadians who complained about this bureaucracy in a similar way. It may be true, as a French Canadian has said to me, that English

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Canada with her right hand shakes her fist at the United States and with the other sells out to our exploiters, but there is a real fear on the part of both Canadas of having their countries taken away from them and being themselves reduced to serial numbers by the so often still inaccurate computers of Washington, which cannot even be expected to make life more endurable when they work with greater accuracy. So the Pole or the Czech or the Magyar dreads the visit of the Moscow official who will tell him how to step up production.

One of the most curious examples of minority nationalism is to be found in Yugoslavia. One had known of three languages in that part of the world, but lately one has been hearing about a fourth—Macedonian. What is now being called Macedonian had up until recently been a group of dialects, but one discovers that these dialects are being combined to produce a new literary language in the interests of the new Macedonian nationalism. The Macedonians are working at a national poetry and also at a national fiction. The University of Skopje has been the headquarters of Macedonian culture, but apparently the greatest authority on Macedonian language and literature is Professor Horace G. Lunt of Harvard, who published, in 1952, the first full-length Macedonian grammar that has appeared in any language. The Macedonians seem to be proud that Macedonia shares with Bulgaria the distinction, so rare in the Slavic tongues, of possessing a definite article, and that they even have several forms of this, whereas Bulgarian has only one. They are inclined to be snooty about Belgrade, where the Communist officials have too splendid dwellings, and they talk about those Belgrade bureaucrats just as the less docile Russians talk about party officials and the less docile Americans about Washington. An attractive young Macedonian woman came to see me the year before last. She was preparing herself to teach American literature at Skopje University and was working, needless to say, on a thesis on Scott Fitzgerald, who—on account of his romantic and disorderly life?—seems to be the favorite subject, all over Europe, of the students of American Lit. She was on her way back to Yugoslavia when the Skopje earthquake occurred. I had a tragic letter from her from London. The university had been destroyed; several of her family were killed or missing. But she has since sent me several Macedonian books, including verse and prose anthologies. The language, I find, seems so much similar to the other southern Yugoslav languages that one would hardly think it worthwhile to try to create it as—what it has never been—a literary language. Surely such a small minority literature—there are only eight hundred thousand Macedonians living in this immediate area—is something of a morbid symptom.

Yet I am strongly on the side of the peoples who block the progress of Robert Moses' bulldozers by lying on the ground in front of them, as the Tuscarora Indians did; who shout "*Parlez blanc!*" to reporters who ask questions in English at French-Canadian meetings (to which I am told that their retort is likely to be "*Tombez mort!*"); who throw the red stars of the Soviet Union off the tops of the official buildings and take a blowtorch to the statue of Stalin, as the Hungarians did in 1956. I have even a certain sympathy with de Gaulle—though he has lately been exercising repressions that remind one of the Communist states—when he is recalcitrant about having Europe controlled by the United States. And all power in its recalcitrance to that still uncoördinated, unblended, and indigestible Canada that is obstructing assimilation not only abroad but within itself! The problem we all have to face is the defense of individual identity against the centralized official domination that can so easily become a faceless despotism.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

• •

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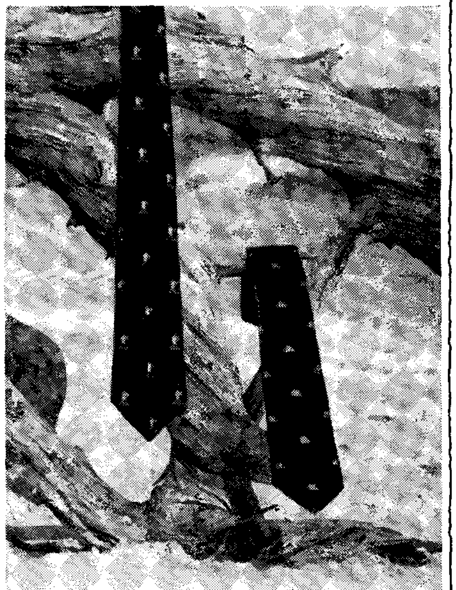
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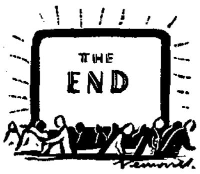
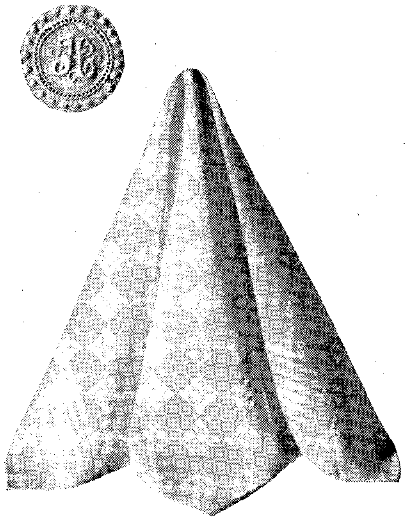


WHENEVER I sit down to a melodrama about chins-up Britons doing and dying in some distant outpost, I'm irresistibly impelled to describe it as fresh out of Henty. This brings up the awkward fact that I've never read a word of Henty, so my notion of his writings may be altogether cockeyed. With this not unimportant qualification, and with a firm resolve on my part to get around to that distinguished author before the next plucky Limey melodrama gets around to me, I'll describe "Guns at Batasi" as being fresh out of Henty, and all the better for it—a rousing and often comic tale of a small band of English soldiers and the dreadful fate that nearly befalls them when, in a new little nation in some dusty corner of Africa, a revolution occurs that pits African against African and jeopardizes the lives of a mixed bag of Her Majesty's subjects, civilians as well as soldiers. Into the breach—if I know my unknown Henty, there's always a breach—leaps a regimental sergeant major of the good old sun-never-sets school, who, intolerable on parade or at the bar in the sergeants' mess, proves himself at the moment of truth a most valiant and self-sacrificing warrior, and is quickly packed off home for his pains. (This, after all, is the new Africa, where whites are supposed to know their place on the periphery.)

The sergeant major is played with gusto by that splendid actor Richard Attenborough, who in the ability to take up confident intellectual and emotional residence inside a fantastic variety of roles is now a full-fledged rival of Sir Alec Guinness. Attenborough's embodiment of Sergeant Major Lauderdale puts one in mind of Guinness's passionate and misguided Jock Sinclair in "Tunes of Glory;" the performance may strike us as a more than usually vivid tour de force, because Attenborough is also currently to be seen here as the cringing and tenderhearted criminal husband in "Séance on a Wet Afternoon." Attenborough and Guinness are, of course, masters of makeup, but this is the literally superficial aspect of their art; by sheer force of personality they achieve almost any height or weight or appearance or age they please,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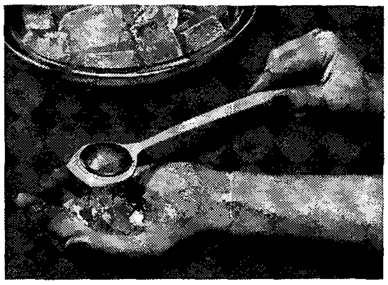
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and they have, it seems, hundreds of voices at their command. “Guns at Batasi” is hokum, and the role of the sergeant major is the very heart of the hokum, but Attenborough defies us not to believe in his creation for as long as he is on camera and within earshot. Also present are Jack Hawkins, as an unflappable colonel (Talk about voices! Though his is always the same, it’s so rich and emollient a sound that one wishes it could be bottled and sold as liniment); Flora Robson, as a lady M.P. on an ill-timed tour of inspection; and a young man named John Leyton, who makes so much of his small part as a recalcitrant private that he may never be allowed to play a small part again. The picture was directed—a trifle fitfully, I’m afraid—by John Guillermin, from a screenplay by Robert Holles.

“LES ABYSSES”—a title that, unlike many French movie titles, shouldn’t have proved all that difficult to translate—is a truly horrifying movie, directed by Nico Papatakis in a style that, for all its perverse chic, occasionally stumbles upon a truth, be it of words, setting, or facial expression, and those few truths suffice to justify the horror. There are certain camera stunts so à la mode that a director who, like Mr. Papatakis, is making his first picture dares not fail to demonstrate his competence in executing them; “Les Abysses” is a veritable catalogue of such stunts, tucked seemingly at random into a screenplay by Jean Vauthier that is itself a fashionably bizarre interweaving of “Hellz-a-Poppin” and the bloodiest Greek tragedy. No matter—the picture is at least a tenth as good as Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir are quoted as saying it is, and I hope Mr. Papatakis will keep his head in the presence of his friends’ praise and, in his next picture, relax a little. In this one, he nearly loses us altogether in the opening sequence by trying so hard to take us by the throat. We see two slatternly girls in a filthy house; one of them is engaged in stabbing a chair to death with a hatpin, and the other is beating the iron stuffing out of an old stove. They drift together, embrace ardently, then hit each other, call out curses, laugh, cry, and continue wrecking the house. They are mad or they are nothing, but if they are mad, then our sympathy with their fate, as it slowly reveals itself in one weird scene after another, is of a different order from the sympathy we would feel if they could be considered, by even the most gener-

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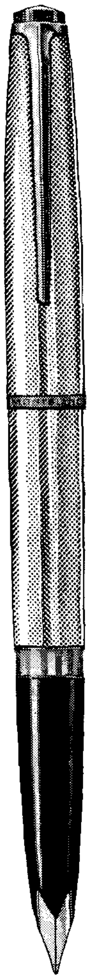

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ous movie standards, sane. The real center of interest in the picture lies in who has driven them to this extremity, and why, and how. We learn all this too late to have it count for much; our attention is fixed on the ghastly crime that hovers in the air of the soiled house, waiting to happen.

The pair of loony girls are played by Francine and Colette Berge, who never flinch from their assigned posts somewhere in the no man's land beyond reason, but the acting honors are stolen with ease by Paul Bonifas, as the fat, elderly employer of the girls, and by Colette Regis, who plays his wife. They sketch in with strokes by turns funny and vicious the petit-bourgeois ménage that is, alas, the cradle of *la belle France.*

"TO LOVE" is an engaging toast, written and directed by a young Swedish intellectual named Jörn Donner, who turns out books as easily as a doughnut-making machine turns out doughnuts, and who bids fair to turn out movies at the same impressive rate. (The only Donner work I've read is one about Ingmar Bergman, which honesty compels me to say I considered a terrible hodgepodge, but anyone who writes some fourteen books in ten years must expect older and slower writers to shake their heads and grumble that haste makes waste.) Mr. Donner's purpose in his movie is to celebrate sexual love, and he manages to do this against the heaviest possible odds, with never a figurative snigger or smack of the lips and—still more uncannily—without seeming to implicate us as voyeurs. For the fact is, of course, that we *are* voyeurs, most of the action of the movie taking place in what is undoubtedly a bed, though it often appears as ample as Central Park. The bed belongs to a pretty, serious-minded widow who in the course of ten years of contented marriage with a virtuous stick of a husband remained, as they say, unawakened. Her transformation is plotted and carried out by a hulking young man who, having arrived a bit late for the husband's funeral, makes amends for his bad manners in this attractively life-enhancing fashion. The role of the young man is played by Zbigniew Cybulski, a popular Polish movie star, and the pretty widow is played by Harriet Andersson, whom you will have seen in any number of Bergman pictures, and whose dark eyes look particularly charming against a steadfastly white background.

—BRENDAN GILL

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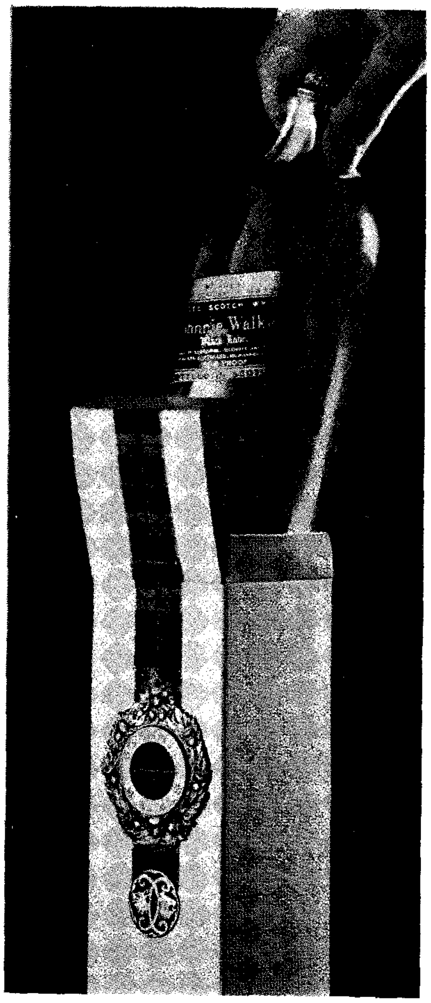

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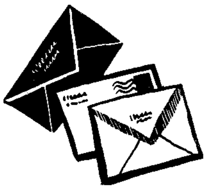
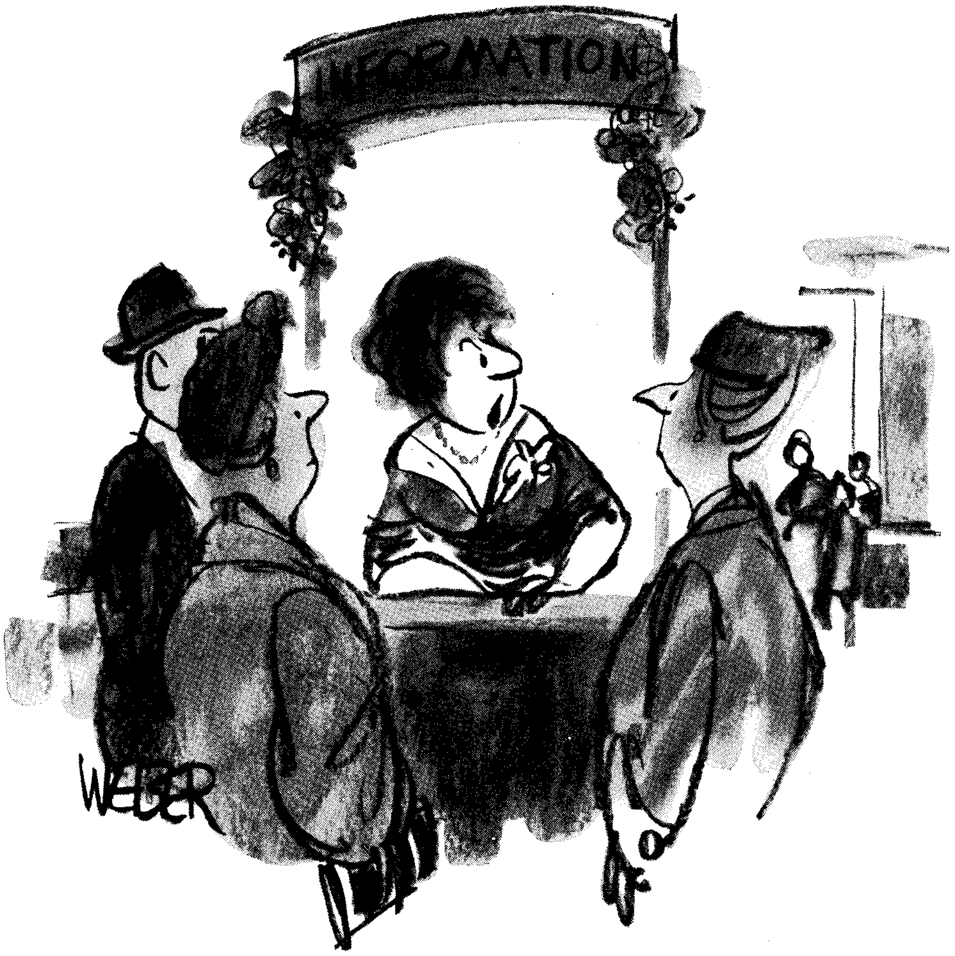


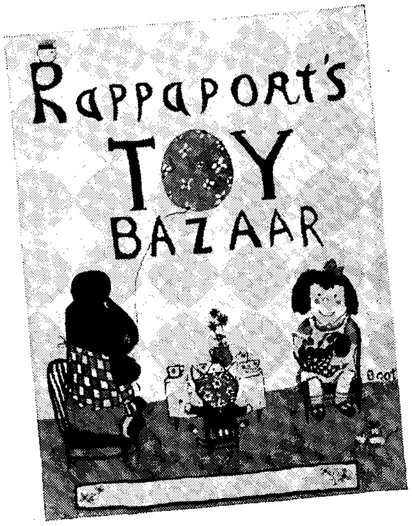
WHEN we parted last week, we were talking about Christmas presents in the form of clothes you might give a girl to wear at home, either in her parlor or in her boudoir, and we'll begin this week's installment with a few suggestions about at-home footwear. A pair of slippers of *ne-plus-ultra*, or we're-having-somebody-very-important-to-dinner, calibre: very flat-heeled black velvet pumps, their vamps encrusted with intricate rhinestone beading. They're $49.50 at Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street. Bloomingdale's Place Élégante has velveteen mules with low, curved heels and with rectangular silver-metal buckles that give them a knowledgeable air. They're $11, and the velveteen may be black, red, or green. Wooden-soled clogs from Sweden, with red, blue, or pink leather uppers, may sound difficult, and, indeed, when a girl first wears them, she may wobble a little. But in next to no time, if we can believe our informants, she'll find them extremely comfortable and reasonably safe. The salesgirls at the I. Miller Galleria, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), which carries them, were wearing them the day we stopped in, and we took that as a convincing testimonial, considering the peripatetic nature of the salesgirls' work; $9. Soft felt house slippers from Poland are for sale at Cepelia, 5 East 57th Street. They're aglow with refulgent embroidery on their vamps, the work of Polish peasants; $4.

EVERY woman likes white kid gloves, and every woman knows that they're more often at the dry cleaner's than on her hands. Now, just in time for Christmas, Altman's is offering white kid gloves, made in France, that are guaranteed to be machine-washable. (Maybe at this point you'd better check on the washing machine's guarantee.) Cleaning miracles aside, the gloves are impeccable slipons in short, eight-button, and twelve-button lengths. The prices are $10, $12, and $18. Lord & Taylor's lovely kid gloves (dry-clean) are lined with silk, which makes them warm yet keeps them sleek. The eight-button length is $18, and the twelve-button $24, and the colors are black, taupe, or white. Bergdorf has eight-button black kid gloves lined with white rabbit fur. They can be turned back to make a cuff and reveal a bit of rabbit, and, when they are, they look exceedingly stylish; $25. Gloves are supposed to get longer as the occasion gets more gala, and you could prepare a girl for almost *anything* the holiday season offers by giving her a pair of Bonwit Teller's black stretch satin gloves, which are sixteen-button length. Each glove, furthermore, has a vast pouf of black ostrich feathers high and outside, somewhere near the site of the wearer's elbow, which should make things interesting when the Watusi breaks out. The price is $25.

A slightly fey young woman would undoubtedly wear André's Norwegian pixie hat in the city—it is a tall, warm fur cone that pulls down over the ears—ignoring the fact that it was created for skiers. Well, she certainly wouldn't be condemned. The fur is silky white lamb, the price is $14.25, and André is situated at 21 West 56th Street. A girl who has given up teasing and back-combing her hair (as girls were being admonished to do as early as last spring) could wear a trim fur helmet with ribbons to tie under the chin, like a baby cap. It's on sale in Saks Fifth Avenue's Young Elite Department at prices ranging from $16.50, for rabbit, to $82.50, for mink. At the Sally Victor Boutique, 18 East 53rd Street, there's a collection of ingenious headpieces called Curvettes, which should fit any head, enhance any hairdo, and flatter any face. They're wide, curved bands made of net, edged with velvet, and laden with beautiful assortments of silk flowers and velvet bows. The prices range from $15 to $25. They're for girls who like to look pretty. For girls who like to look moody, or can't help themselves, Act III, at 1079 Third Avenue (63rd), sells a floppy-brimmed velours hat, probably inspired by the kind of thing Miss Garbo used to slope around in; sixteen colors and $20. At Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, there's a chipper knit wool cap with a long (more than four feet) matching scarf. This is for town wear rather than ice-skating, and the caps come in five sound urban colors; $18 the set. On the other hand, should our



"Just a minute, please. Can't you see I'm racking my brains?"



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heroine frequent the Wollman Rink, Bloomingdale's Place Élégante makes two appropriate suggestions. First, a long stocking cap with gloves to match, both of nylon-and-acrylic knit. The cap is striped in red, green, blue, and black, and the gloves are red, with the same stripes at the cuffs; $6 the set. Second, a pair of long red wool mittens with a couple of red-and-white stripes along their outer sides. A matching headband comes with them; $4.

The refinement of a wool jersey scarf at Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), belies its trickiness. It looks like nothing more than a pretty, extra-warm solid-color scarf, except that it has a ready-made loop at one end. The truth is that it can serve as a loose hood—one that will protect a lady's hair without smashing her hairdo, and it can also be twisted into a handsome turban. All this, in any of seven strong colors—emerald and red, to name a couple—for $7.50. Multiplicity of function is not everything, however. The United Nations Gift Center, in the General Assembly Building, has a great collection of scarves good for nothing except tying around the neck. They're all forty inches long, and they're all made of silk and velvet ribbon in alternating bands; otherwise, each is unique. The bands differ in width, and the variety of color combinations is great, though there are also some that are monochromatic, relying for zing on their contrast in textures. That last sort is tempting, but the one we can't get out of our mind combined several greens, from olive to a fresh, springlike brand-new-leaf color. They are made in France and cost from $9.75 to $11, depending on the complexity of the bands. Bloomingdale's Place Élégante offers reversible scarves—printed silk on one side and solid-color sheer wool on the other. A silk scarf with a black-and-white abstract pattern and backed with black wool is stately enough to go with sable; $5. Since many raincoats really need a scarf, Givenchy has designed a big red, green, orange, or turquoise silk square printed with small black umbrellas, and the House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, has it for sale, at $16.95. Lord & Taylor is the place to go if you're looking for a scarf that reproduces old prints of Paris scenes. The colors are soft and mellow, as an old print's colors should be, and a bold black border serves as a frame. It's a Hermès, and the price is $20. Rome instead of Paris? At Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th), there's a yard-square silk scarf that reproduces a Piranesi view of the antiquities of

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—Amos Pettingill.

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I brushed 'em 27,000 times!
Oral B AUTOMATIC

He did, too! Cleaned 'em with an Oral B Automatic. It produces 150 brushing strokes per second. And that adds up to 27,000 in 3 minutes, the brushing time dentists recommend. Gentle Oral B bristles massaged his gums at the same time. Easy! Cordless! Fun! And great for a family Christmas gift!

Important: in addition to 4 toothbrushes, each kit includes two extra attachments to encourage thorough dental care—a Massager-Polisher and a single-tuft Stain-Remover. Protect your teeth *and* gums with an Oral B. Ask your dentist! $21.95

Oral B® AUTOMATIC

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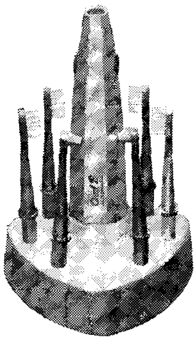
Each kit contains a Power-Handle, Recharger Base, Massager-Polisher, Stain-Remover and 4 toothbrushes.

©ORAL B COMPANY, San Jose, California / Manufacturers of the Oral B manual toothbrush, so frequently recommended by dentists.



To say "It is so charming" in Danish simply murmur "Den er bedaarende" ...start practicing now. It's a sentence you'll want on the tip of your tongue when you see our famous fur collection.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
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By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Perfume Dispensers give you more fragrance from your perfume

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown, $4.50.

Step 5 E. 57 St., N.Y.
others from $3.50-$35.
At fine stores everywhere

Rome. It's one of a splendid Italian collection, all the work of a Signor Falconetto but not all as monumental as his Piranesi number. For instance, one design we liked puts lovely white water lilies in a dark-green pool; another depicts bursting, multicolored fireworks. You take your choice for $20.

At the Phoenix Pan-American Imports, Inc., 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), we came across a garment that is, to be exact, more than a scarf but less than a poncho—a *quexquemtl* (pronounced Chumley). It goes over the head and forms a handsome, protective fringed triangle front and back. The fabric, a coarse hand-woven wool, comes in countless bright Mexican colors, and the price is $6.

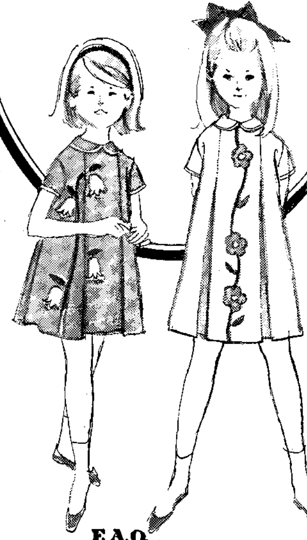
SOME women like change; others want things to remain the same, and with *these* well-satisfied citizens in mind, very likely, the notion of a permanent evening bag was introduced several years ago. One version of it this year is a small elongated oval made of woven eighteen-carat gold, which is about as permanent as anybody could ask for. It fastens with a sturdy clasp paved with diamonds and it has no handle, because when it is taken outdoors, it goes around in a black satin carrying bag; it costs $5,500 at Marchal Jewellers, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th). Come along to Lafitte, 8 East 54th Street, where there's a charming evening bag that should last a little while, if not forever. It's a small black satin tube (remember the old-fashioned brass cylinders that returned your change in department stores?), both ends of which are beaded with shiny jet, and it buttons closed. The size is just right for carrying in the hand, yet it's big enough to hold a lady's eyeglasses in addition to several other items of impedimenta (it's unfitted); $55. For a girl who insists on a handle, even for an evening bag, see the nifty black cobra envelope with a single handle at Macy's Little Shop ($25.29), or the nifty envelope of black imitation lizard with two handles at Lord & Taylor ($13.20).

For daytime comings and goings on and around the upper East Side, a girl needs, or feels she needs, a fairly elegant handbag—a black saffian envelope, maybe, with a double gold-metal chain for a handle. We can speak in favor of just such a bag, lined with calf and unobtrusively gusseted, which Givenchy has designed. The House of European Specialties sells it for $87.50. For a long ride on a train, a lady may want to carry some reading material;

Prince & Princess Boutiques

HOLIDAY DRESS-UPS

Delightful A-line dresses in wash & wear cotton. Comes in two styles: 1. Pink dress with appliqued flower and embroidered stem. 2. Blue dress with white pique Larkspur appliqued at side and embroidered stem.
Toddler sizes: 2-3-4 **8.00**
3 to 6x **9.00**
7 to 12 **11.00**



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. . . the world's finest fruit, that reaches perfection only on a few sheltered acres of special soil in the Magic Valley of Texas . . . ruby red and aromatically sweet. Picked at its peak, and shipped by fast express, it is guaranteed to reach you in perfect condition. We produce our own choice fruit and sell it only by mail to people who want the best for their own use, or for a gift that really *sings.* This is not an ordinary gift pack offer. Dozen large fruit in holiday carton **$5.45;** ½ bushel in Mexican basket, **$9.80**; Full bushel with holiday trim, **$13.50.** Many other packs . . . write for color folder to:

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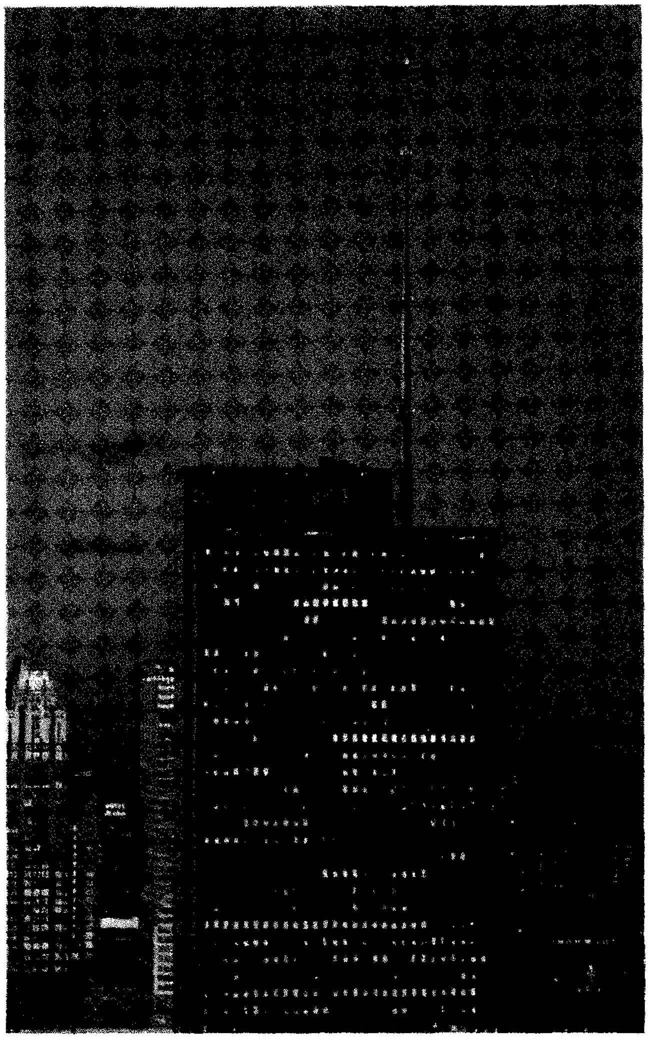
Restaurant in the Sky, Chicago.



The prairie port that rises on the shores of Lake Michigan is a city of many moods. Dining here on the 41st floor, you can glimpse her in almost all of them.

See the frenzied pace of the big brawny town by looking north along Michigan Avenue. The dazzle of lights from the Magnificent Mile gives hint to the city's vitality.

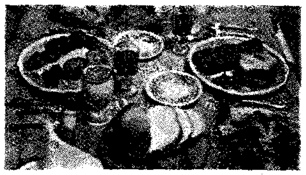
Look south to see Chicago's other face: the quiet green of Grant Park (one of the city's 432 parks), the Planetarium, Aquarium, Natural History Museum and prized Art Institute.

Wherever you look the view is exciting and memorable. And on a clear winter's night you can see four sovereign states: Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Indiana.

Inside, at your own table, you relax and enjoy the special care that marks any Stouffer's restaurant: good food, superb cocktails, friendly service. But here, even higher than the Palmolive Beacon, it is an adventure of its own.

Other Stouffer's restaurants in the sky are located in seven great American cities.

In Atlanta, Top of the Mart
In Cleveland, Top of the Town
In Denver, Top of the Rockies
In Detroit, Top of the Flame
In Milwaukee, Top of the Marine
In New York, Top of the Six's
In Boston, opening Spring 1965

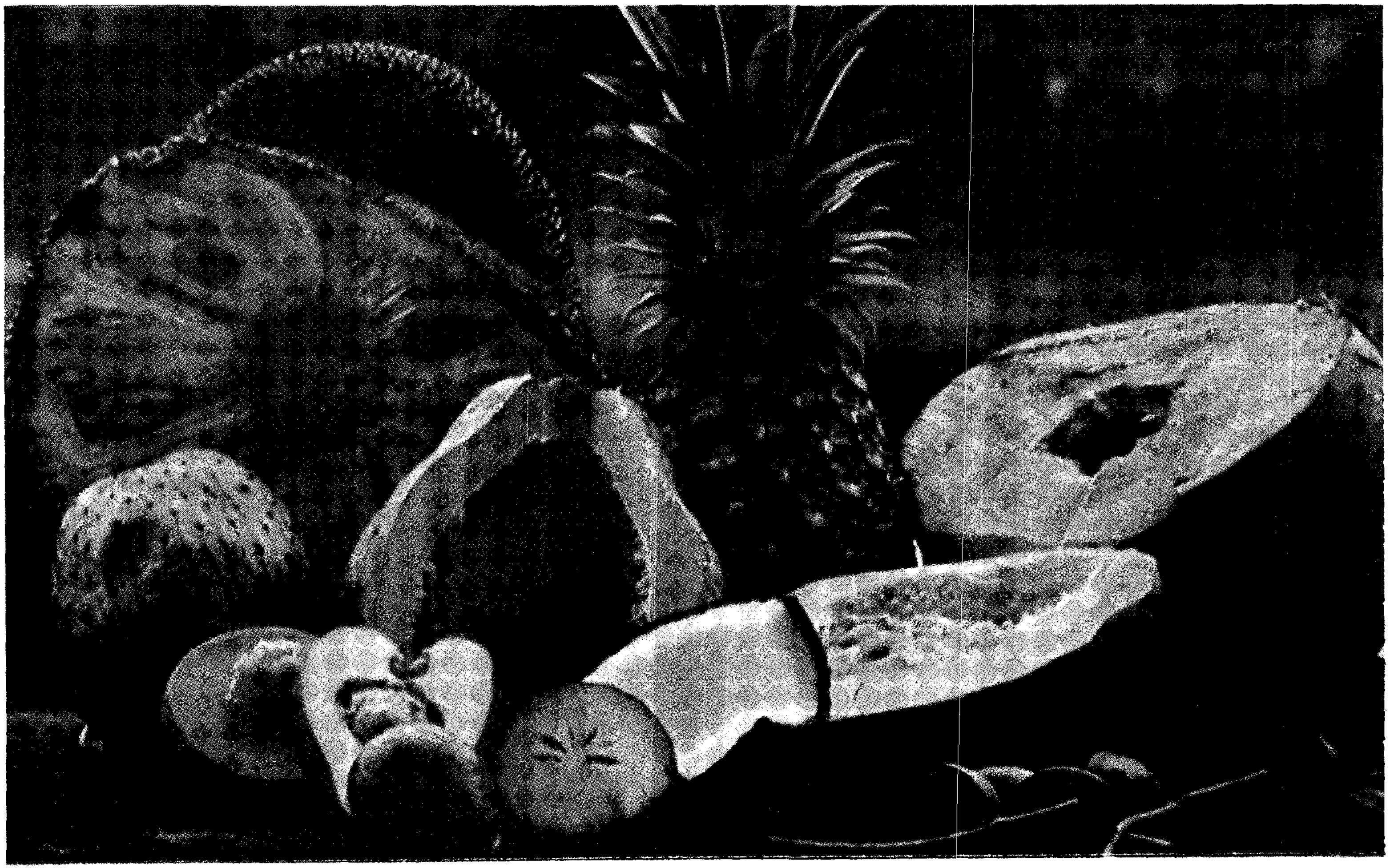


Stouffer's *Top of the Rock*

Prudential Building, Chicago • MI 2-7676

JAMAICA

© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD



In Jamaica, you can feast on chochos, callaloo, pawpaw, naseberries, otaheites, plantains, sweetsops, soursops and tamarinds. But you may have trouble finding a hot dog.

Send us your hungry. Your jaded. Your tired. And we will make them satisfied. And excited. And refreshed.

We will feed them dishes such as they have never dreamed of eating. Tiny Jamaican oysters that "grow on trees" in mangrove forests along the shore. (Scoop 15 or 20 to the spoonful and dip in peppered vinegar.)

We will feed them Stuffed Baked Crabs. No ordinary sea crabs these. But vegetarian land crabs that live in fields near the beach. In season, they come out at night and are hunted by torchlight. (Mix crab meat with bread crumbs, pepper and scallions, then bake in the shell.)

We will feed them San Cocho, an old Jamaican field hand's dish. Chicken, beef, corn, pork, onions, tomatoes, sweet peppers, sweet potatoes, yams, plantains and sweet green corn. (When you finish this one, you'll want to run right out and cut cane, mon.)

We will feed them Escovitched Fish. (Escovitch, *verb, transitive*. To prepare Kingfish or Sprats in such a way as to make the hair stand up on the back of the eater's neck.)

We will feed them Jamaican Meat Patties (that's what we eat, instead of hot dogs).

We will feed them Baked Bananas with Coconut Cream and Rum Ice Cream and Planters' Cheese Cake and Guava Pudding.

And we'll serve them this unjading food in a lovely moonlit setting. (Most of the big hotels on the North Shore hold night beach banquets.) There'll be the sound of the sea against the coral reef, guitars softly plicking through a Jamaican love song, a rhumba box bassily bumping in the background, and the fire skipping over the reflective faces of the waiters who are padding noiselessly across the cool evening sand. (Sigh.)

For more on Jamaican hotel beach parties without hot dogs, write your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, Dept. 3N, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

then a capacious black lizard bag at Henri Bétrix, 702 Madison Avenue (62nd), would do nicely. The bag proper, a large rectangle with two handles, is fitted to hold money, make-up, cigarettes, *und so weiter*. Outside, on both its flanks, there are great pockets big enough to hold a copy of the *Wall Street Journal*, a notebook, or a volume of verse; $247.50. For daytime jaunting around town in a tweed (not a fur) coat, a fur handbag would do very well indeed. Gucci, 769 Fifth Avenue (58th), uses the palest of pale-brown sealskin for a medium-sized pouch that is squared off on top and rounded at the bottom. It's piped and lined with dark-brown leather, and its handle, as well as the knob that closes its flap, is real bamboo; $121. At Act III, there are handbags made of old Paisley wool shawls, trimmed with brown suède. A twelve-inch half moon with a handle is $16.50, a thirteen-inch envelope with no handle is also $16.50, and a great big zipper-topped rectangle, fourteen inches long, with a small handhold to carry it by, is $22.

Fred Braun, at 21 West 8th Street and 189 West 4th Street, has a soft, beautifully proportioned cowhide shoulder bag that is kept shut by an encircling strip of the same stuff. A sturdy nickel swivel holds *that* in place, and the bag should function properly for a long time. The price is $20.35. But Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street, also has a faultless cowhide shoulder bag—this one with a large flap that opens wide, providing easy access to its entire interior. What a predicament! You'll have to either study them both (the Willet design is slightly more rectangular, if you care) or take the nearest one, knowing that, after all, a mistake is impossible. Willet's price is $27.50.

Gucci's saddlebag, fifteen inches tall, is a marvel—and if it comes as close to luggage as a handbag dares, so much the better. It has lots of leather stitching on the outside, a leather lining, a polished-bronze buckle for a fastening, and it's available both in brown calfskin and in brown pigskin; $165. At the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), there is a very thin, very light attaché case of attractive water-repellent rayon (black, navy, or dark green) on an aluminum frame, with a zipper that slides around three sides. The smaller size ($10.18) would accommodate a play script; the larger size ($14.58) is big enough for the manuscript of a novel—an average-length novel, anyhow. Meanwhile, the Lighthouse Craft Shop, at 111 East

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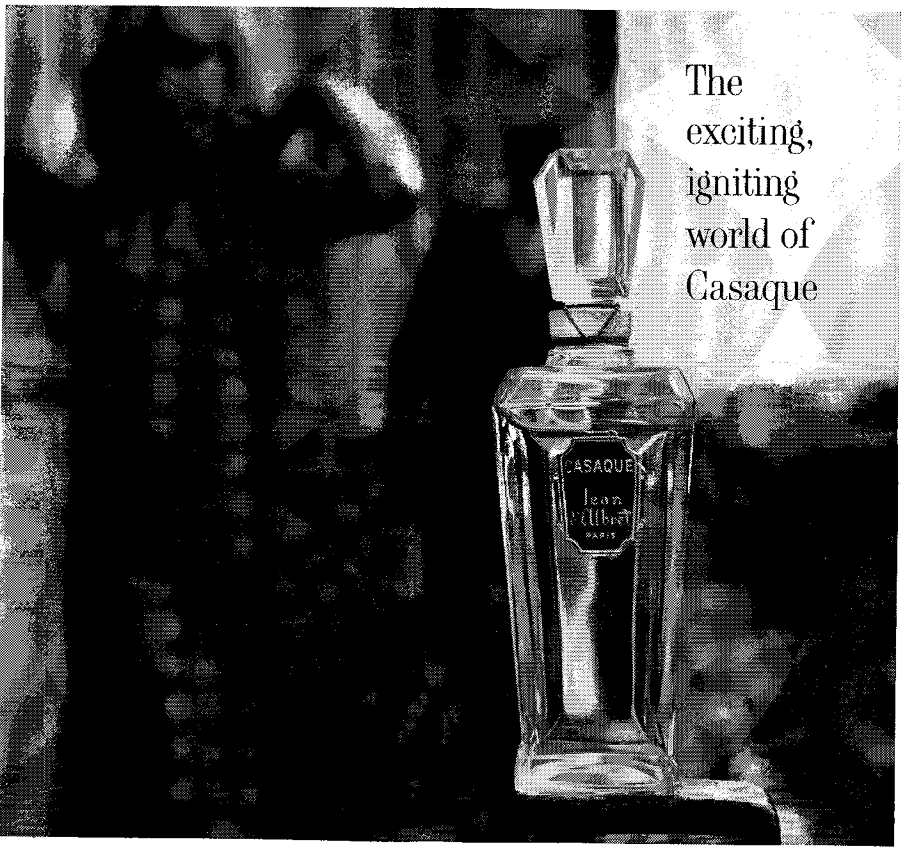

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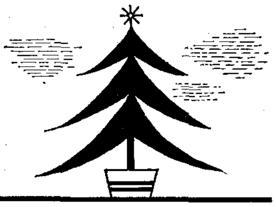

* SWATCHES (*for Him or Her*) gladly mailed on request. Simply state requirements: whether for suits, jackets or coats — also the colour and weight.

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FORTY-TWO SELECTIONS AVAILABLE

Calvin Curtis
CRAVATEUR
60 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK
"CRAVATEUR" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

59th Street, has been thinking, in a helpful spirit, of lady shoppers. It has sturdy gaily striped cotton shopping bags that fold flat for tucking away into a drawer, on a shelf, or, for that matter, in the top of a Christmas stocking; $2.25. A hand-knotted string shopping bag that entirely avoids looking pitiful can be found at the Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd). The explanation is simple: the string is glittering, non-tarnishing gold. The bag is $6.75.

As for outright luggage, Macy's Little Shop is selling a handsome family of cases in high-visibility leopard-printed canvas—a fake so good that you have to touch it to discover the fraud. The smallest piece is a folding fitted satchel ($22), which, when it *is* folded, can be stored inside either of the three larger cases. A train case and a twenty-inch case are $44, and a twenty-six-inch case is $66. There's an admirable multi-purpose satchel at T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), made of brown, navy, red, or black duck. It has leather handles, leather binding, and a couple of outside pockets—one with a zipper and one without. The lining is a clear plastic, in case anything spills, but nothing should, since there are four adjustable loops for jars or bottles to prevent just such a calamity; $32.45.

The House of European Specialties, knowing that many a purse needs a money purse, has a tiny and efficient one—two little leather purses, really, attached back to back. One side holds change, the other the long green. The latter opens out to eight inches, or two inches longer than American bills require, in the event that the lady should find herself overseas. With their flaps snapped shut, each of the pair is a mere two and a half inches by three; $7.65. There's also a satin version for an evening bag; $8.25. At Stark Valla, 109 West 10th Street, you'll find an elegant square wallet equipped to hold silver, paper money, identification cards, snapshots, and credit cards. It also includes a small pad and a small gold-metal pencil; $21, in black kid. And Bergdorf Goodman's rectangular black wallet of gold-tooled calf lined with red morocco boasts seven open compartments, a change purse, and a permanent calendar; $25.30. A lady's passport case at Mark Cross has room for—besides the passport—traveller's checks, foreign paper money, and assorted health certificates, and its fittings include a currency guide and something called a "size-mograph," which is a table of European clothing sizes and their Ameri-

WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1820
ATKINSONS
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Neckwear
for gentlemen.
Discernable by its
rich stripings and
colorings. Hand-woven
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Belfast, Ireland of pure silk
and Merino wool. $5

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ROBERT KIRK Ltd.
No. 1 POST STREET
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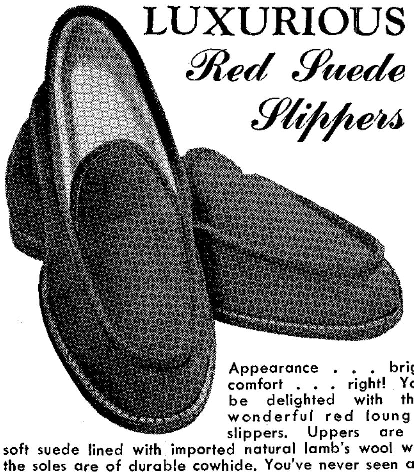
LUXURIOUS
Red Suede
Slippers



Appearance . . . bright; comfort . . . right! You'll be delighted with these wonderful red lounging slippers. Uppers are of soft suede lined with imported natural lamb's wool while the soles are of durable cowhide. You've never seen anything so beautiful; you've never owned anything so comfortable. And for a real Christmas flavor, the red is a real red—just as cheerful as holly berries.

Women's whole sizes 4 to 10 . . . . $8.95 ppd.
Men's whole sizes 7 to 13 . . . . $9.95 ppd.
Free Fall & Christmas Catalog.

Johnny Appleseed's
54 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass.

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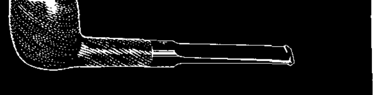

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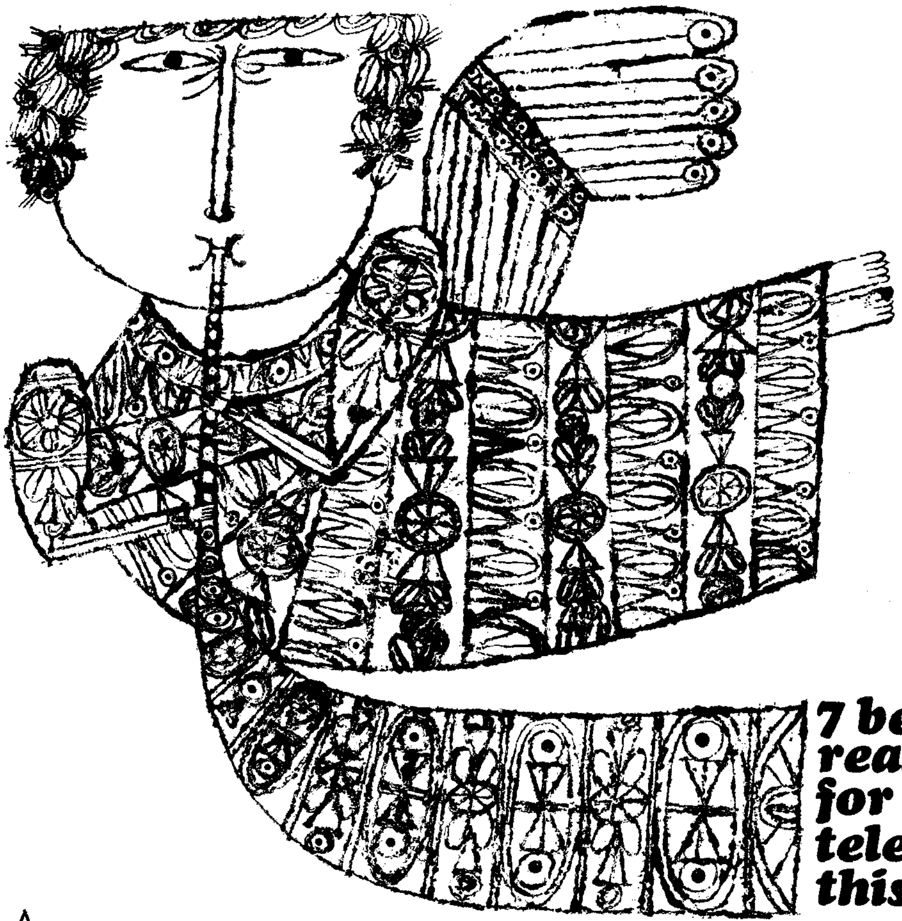

7 beautiful reasons for watching television this season

At no other time of year does television mean so much to so many millions. It deepens and enriches the true meaning and spirit of the holidays. This year, outstanding programs of music, fantasy, drama and religion will be yours from which to choose. Let the listing below help you plan your viewing. You won't be disappointed.

Christmas Specials

Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer
Burl Ives narrates an animated musical fantasy about the Christmas reindeer performed by puppets.
Sunday, December 6 (5:30-6:30 PM)

L'Enfance du Christ
The Berlioz dramatic cantata in pageant form with Alfredo Antonini conducting.
Sunday, December 20 (10-11 AM)

Sing a Song for Christmas
Contemporary play with music.
Sunday, December 20 (1-2 PM)

The Coming of Christ
Story of Christ told through paintings. Alexander Scourby narrates.
Monday, December 21 (8:30-9 PM)

The Sound of Christmas
The Burke Family Singers visit Baroness Maria von Trapp in the Trapp family lodge in Stowe, Vt.
Thursday, December 24 (11:30-12 Midnight)

Christmas Eve Services, New York City
Cathedral of St. John the Divine (11:15-12 M)
St. Luke's Lutheran Church (12 M-1 AM)
St. Patrick's Cathedral (12 M-1:45 AM)

Carol for Another Christmas
An original fantasy based loosely on Dickens' Christmas Carol. Starring (alphabetically) Peter Fonda, Ben Gazzara, Sterling Hayden, Pat Hingle, Steve Lawrence, Percy Rodriguez, Eva Marie Saint, Peter Sellers, Robert Shaw.
Monday, December 28 (9:30-11 PM)

Other programs of special interest this December

Vietnam: It's a Mad War
In-depth probe of the conflict in S. Vietnam. Chet Huntley narrates.
Tuesday, December 1 (10-11 PM)

Menace of Age
Dinah Shore, hostess. Stars Arthur O'Connell, Jeanette Nolan and Marjorie Lord.
Thursday, December 10 (3-4 PM)

Junior Rose Bowl Game
From Pasadena, Calif. Leading junior college teams compete for the National Junior College Football Championship.
Saturday, December 12 (4-6:45 PM)

National Finals Rodeo
From Los Angeles, California
Saturday, December 12 (5-6:30 PM)

Nobel Prize Awards
Documents the history of the Awards, shows how the choices are made and includes the actual presentation of the 1964 Awards and interviews with recipients. With Alistair Cooke.
Saturday, December 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Battle of the Bulge
The 20th anniversary of the World War II battle is narrated by American soldiers who fought in this bloody combat.
Tuesday, December 15 (10-11 PM)

Duke Ellington Swings Through Japan
A musical portrait of the famous jazz musician.
Sunday, December 20 (6-6:30 PM)

Alice in Wonderland
Sunday, December 20 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Golf Classic
Professional golfers compete in second annual $166,000 team best-ball match-play elimination tournament.
Saturday, December 26 (4-5 PM)

Noye's Fludde
The Chester Miracle Play set to music by Benjamin Britten and performed by a company of 200 in St. George's Episcopal Church, NYC.
Sunday, December 27 (10-11 AM)

Art of Stained Glass
Origins, development and present uses of stained glass in church architecture.
Sunday, December 27 (1-1:30 PM)

Anthony Eden
England's former Prime Minister discusses world problems. Walter Cronkite narrates.
Sunday, December 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Year End News Special
Correspondents' review of the past year.
Sunday, December 27 (10:15-11 PM)

Projection '65
Correspondents' projections for coming year.
Tuesday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War I/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Fridays: International Showtime/ The Entertainers

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/ Exploring/Sports Special/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Directions/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Profiles in Courage/ Walt Disney

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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LEISURE COAT (*left*) The newest look of at-home elegance! Softly fitted in front . . . flowing back tied with the narrowest sash. Textured buttons circled in gold. In stark white terry. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg(16-18). $13.95
FIRESIDE COAT (*right*) Twin sister in styling to the Leisure Coat—this beauty blazes with exotic color. One combination print of orange, lime, cherry, avocado on white ground terry. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18). $14.95
Add 35c each for shipping. *Color catalog on request.*

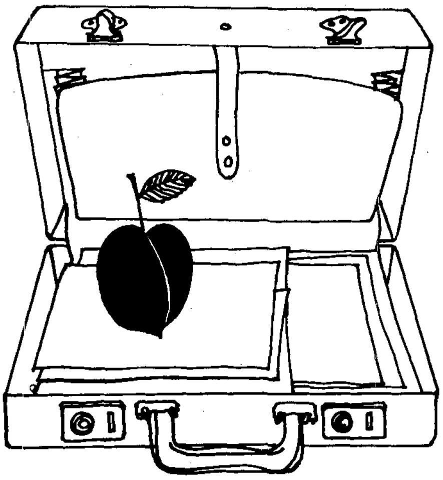
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

can equivalents. A damsel so equipped might bring somebody back an elegant custom-made shirt instead of that old fits-anybody scarf. The case comes in taupe, green, red, or black calf, and costs $28.85. Gucci suggests a traveller's jewel case, about as big as a handbag, for "the lady who is not so rich." What Gucci means is that she hasn't got a tiara; its countless little red velvet compartments will accommodate a respectable fortune in diamonds. The outside is soft black leather, and the lock is the combination kind; $121.

TO cover a girl when it rains on the golf course, Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, makes a great big (four feet in diameter), brilliantly striped golf umbrella of heavy cotton with a polished ash handle; $15. To cover her when it rains in town, Saks Fifth Avenue offers a nylon Italian umbrella that is almost as big—forty-four inches across, which is eight inches larger than the standard, or what used to be the standard, ladies' umbrella. Its stripes are putty, beige, and taupe, and it has a blue border. The handle is a brown wooden one terminating in an easy-to-carry crook; $55.

To cover the cook, Pampered Kitchens, 21 East 10th Street, provides a vast apron made of treated cotton poplin that is supposed to resist stains and spots. If the resistance fails, the apron washes and drips dry. You have a choice between dark green with red stitching and gleaming red with black; $4.50. To cover Mother while she's bathing the baby, La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), proposes an English bib-top apron of printed cotton, made by the Yately Industry for Disabled Girls, in Sussex. The prints are handmade and hand-blocked, which accounts for their graphic charm. (What *are* those rabbits carrying? Baseball bats? No, carrots, silly.) The price is $5.50. To cover a cocktail dress, Noto, 204 East 51st Street and 4 West 43rd Street, has a gay green cotton party apron printed with red scrolls and medallions. The piping at the top of the bib and the tie at the Empire-high waist are red velvet ribbon; $6.95. To cover a long at-home costume: a floor-length printed cotton apron, very full, embellished with red, white, and black African tribal designs and gnomic messages in arcane African tongues. The total effect, however incomprehensible the details (to us, anyway), is tasteful and pretty; $10 at the West Town House, 260 West 86th Street.

To cover a lady's lap when she



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travels: a fur-lined lap robe. It comes from Mark Cross. The wool side is camel's hair, the fur side rust-colored red fox. The binding is brown leather; $330. Or a Shetland plaid wool rug, so unaffected that the plaid is the same natural, undyed colors—black, white, brown, and gray—as the sheep who grew the wool; $18 at Antartex Sheepskin Shop, 139 East 76th Street. To cover the hearth: a lovely natural reindeer skin, both thick and soft, and measuring roughly three feet by five. It's $95 at J. Diamond, 32 East 57th Street. To cover the cold bathroom floor: a miniature polar-bear rug, made of Acrilan; $13.50, at Lilly Daché. To cover a blanket: a handsomely scalloped blanket cover of fine-waled, heavy white piqué. Its texture is as marvellous as its exquisite workmanship. The twin-bed size is $45, and the shop is D. Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. To cover a blanket cover: a large, loose rectangle of lace-edged nylon brocade called a "newspaper throw." A lady who reads the inky morning papers in bed doesn't need to be persuaded that this is an invention comparable to movable type; it's $6.75 at The Green Box, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), in pink or blue or in white with roses printed on it. When it gets all inky, it can easily be washed. To cover the Manhattan Telephone Book: stiffened batiste batiked with giddy orange, gold, and pink non-objectivities; $6 at Bonniers. A cover for *TV Guide*, which is an eyesore comparable only to the set itself: old French botanical and zoological prints and old Italian papers, among other fancies, mounted on a stiff backing; $4.95 at The Noisy Oyster, 960 Lexington Avenue (70th).

THAT covers covers. The subject now is containers. At the Phoenix Pan-American Imports, Inc., you can buy a lady an oval silver box to put her pills in. The top is framed green agate—all sorts of greens, marbled, veined, or streaked—and the price is $16.50. At the American Indian Arts Center, 843 Lexington Avenue (64th), there's a rectangular silver pillbox with a round turquoise set in its lid; $20.35. At Stark Valla, you'll find a posh miniature sewing kit, just big enough to hold three spools of thread and a few needles. It's covered with (for instance) orange raw silk and lined with (for instance) light-green satin; $4.50. The substantial (thirteen-inch-high) miniature wooden chests at Fred Leighton, 177 Macdougal Street (near 8th Street), are for jewelry and have a

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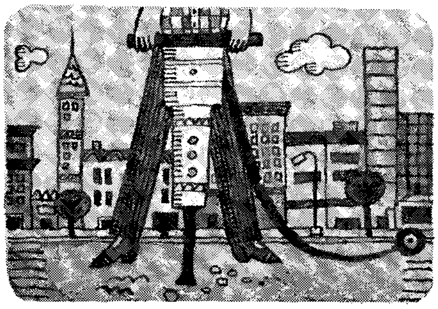

NOTE: "Mrs. Thumblittle is allergic to noise."

This is a notation in our client file. There are others, such as "doesn't eat fish," "enthusiastic golfer," "travels with two dogs," "wants rooms with view," etc., referring to other clients. Whenever we arrange a trip for Mrs. Thumblittle, we see to it that she avoids noisy places and is booked into quiet hotels. Our creed is that attention to small details spells the difference between a humdrum journey and a carefully organized one. It takes more work and a lot more know-how, but it pays off in greater comfort, heightened satisfaction and a flow of fan letters from clients. Maybe you too will write us a fan letter after taking a House of Travel trip.

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Renaissance look, thanks to their painting and gilding. On some, the drawer pulls and hinges are of antique-looking iron. The prices range from $24.50 to $35. At Bonniers, the painted wooden boxes are all the work of one man, a Dane named Bjørn Wiinblad, who paints wooden boxes. A girl will find the cubes, like big dice—seven and a half inches high—perfect for storing any number of giant Tootsie Rolls, and the flat rectangles (ten inches square and five inches deep) fine for keeping love letters. All are painted in a palette that owes something to Picasso's gayer periods, and a mysterious dark-eyed girl appears top center of each; $22.50. At D. Porthault, flowery French cotton prints have been laminated with plastic and turned into fourteen-inch-high wastepaper baskets ($15), Kleenex boxes ($7.75), and soap dishes ($1.50). To hold a lady's knitting: a tubular basket of woven sweetgrass and split oak, available, for $5.95, at the American Indian Arts Center. For a farsighted girl, who takes off her glasses to watch television, we prescribe a protective case, so her spectacles won't be swept off the coffee table in the excitement. A large rectangular case, that should be, made of heavy hand-woven striped wool lined with cotton. It's a bright *objet* into the bargain; $4 at America House, 44 West 53rd Street.

WHAT must be just about the best-designed little standing table mirror in New York City is at Wilburt, 194 Third Avenue (18th). It has three small stainless-steel legs, and its frame, which is most accurately described as an oblate octagon, is pewter. If there's any room at all on your friend's dressing table, she should have it; $12.50. Any woman would make room for a plump fur puff that dusts on powder and wipes off excess powder simultaneously. The fur is beaver, and Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), is the shop that sells it; $5. While you are on the premises, look at the tortoise-shell dressing combs ($10.50 for the seven-inch size) and the hand-cut ivory dressing combs ($15 for the seven-inch size).

A woman whose life is filled with memoranda, all urgent but none of lasting importance, would surely appreciate the combination blackboard and bulletin board at the Pink Balloon, 971 First Avenue (53rd). It is a handsome wall decoration, leaving its utility aside; $8. For writing, rather than posting, memoranda, what could be more convenient than a gold mechanical pencil suspended from a gold-and-pearl neck-

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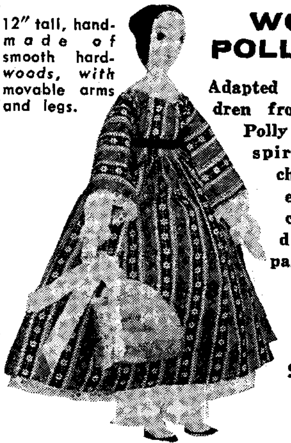

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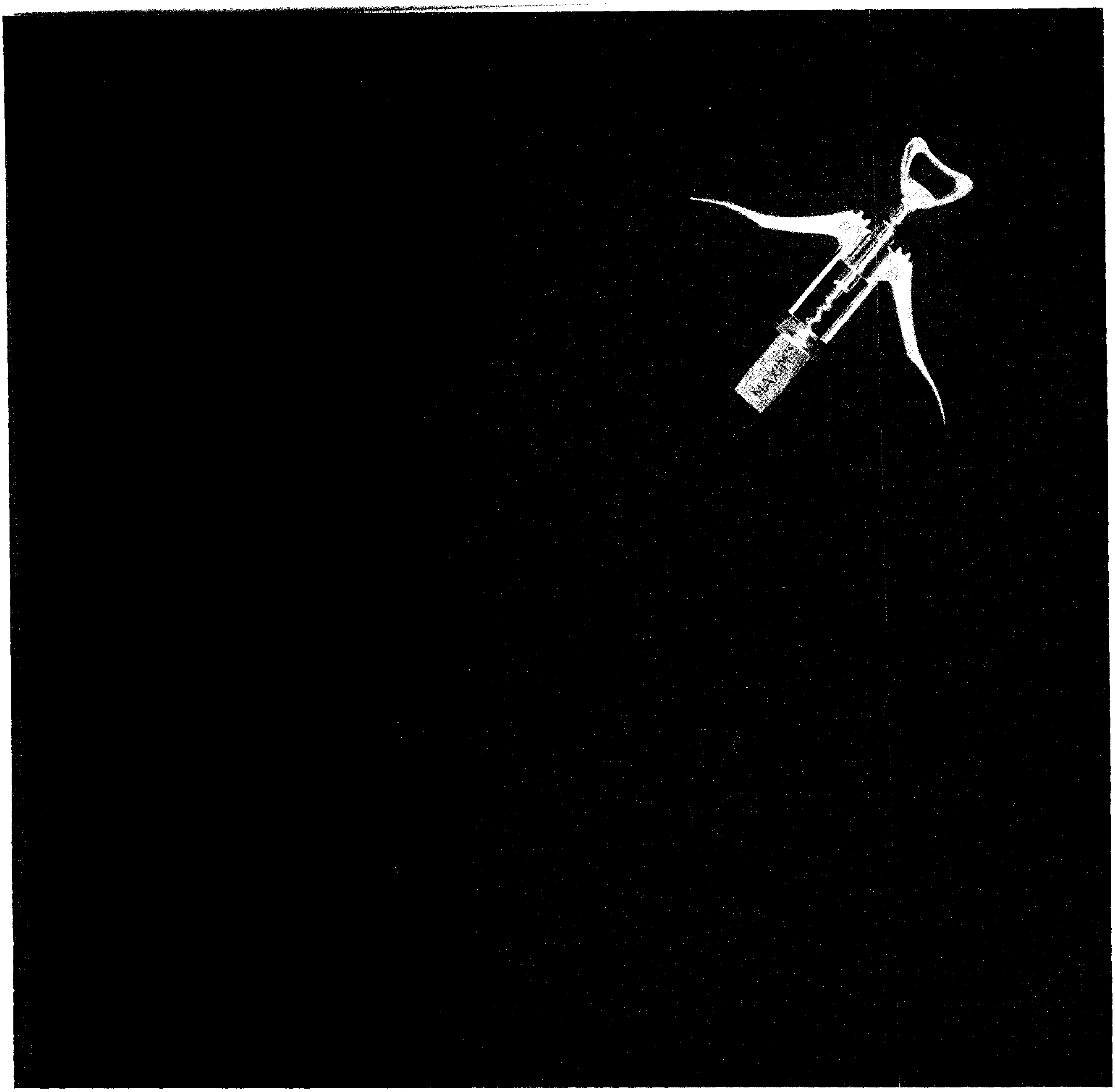

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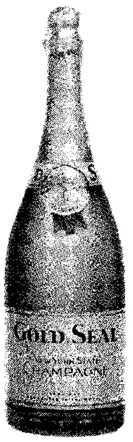

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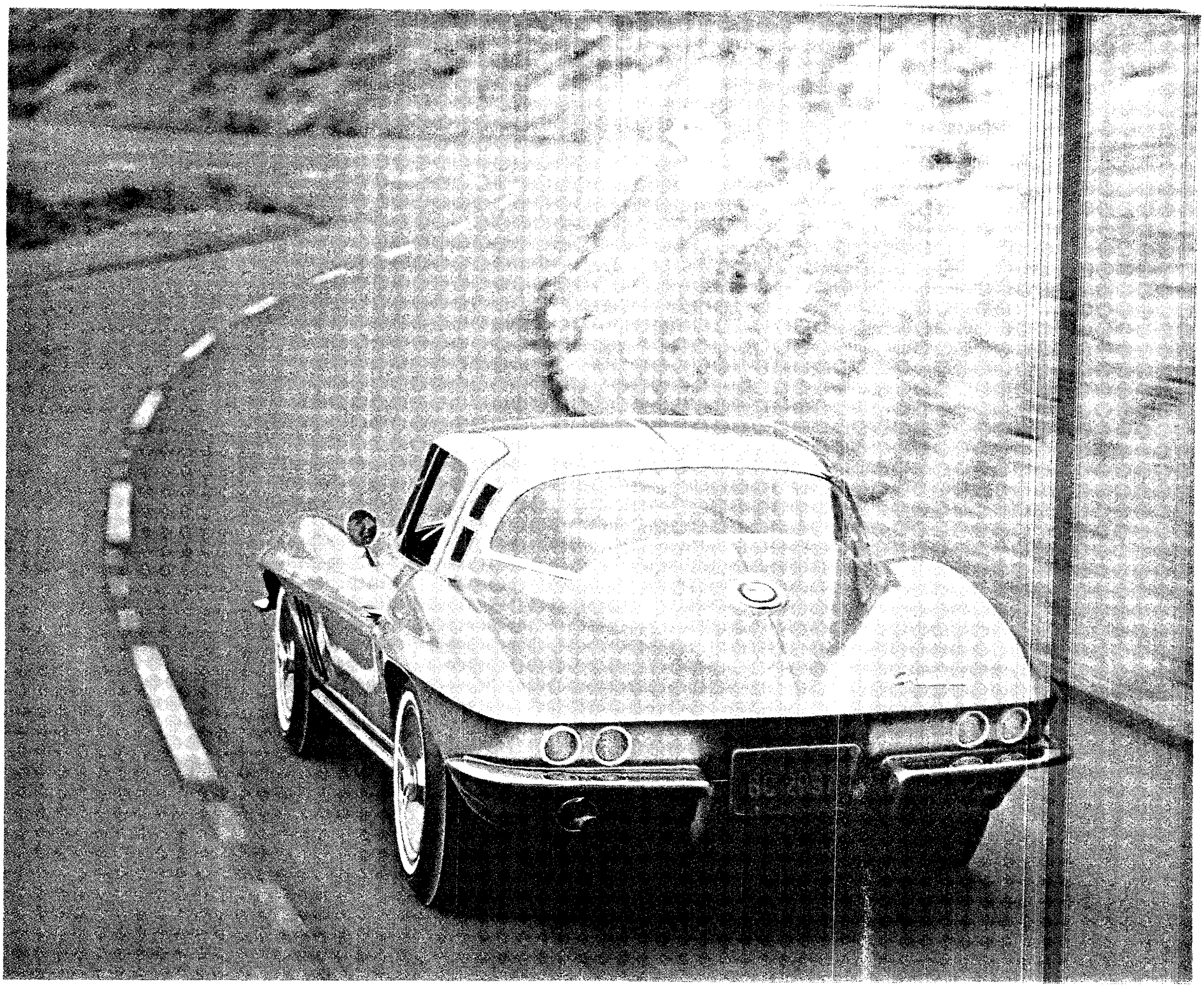

If you'd just spent fifty miles twisting down a mountainside in this '65 CORVETTE, you'd be taking the words right out of our mouth about its new four-wheel disc brakes.

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You can order V8's up to 375 hp. That's one more reason why the '65 Corvette ranks with the world's great high-performance sports cars. Happily, one way it doesn't is price. For all its dramatic performance and tailor-made luxury, its cost comes as a pleasant surprise.

Drive a Corvette, to sample great engineering or just for the love of driving.

You don't even need a mountainside—just an open road.

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit Michigan lace? Neither gold nor pearls are genuine, and the price is $22.50 at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street. For writing with pen and ink, a lady wants a blotter, and the upstairs Gift Shop at Alfred Dunhill of London, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has one. At first sight, it looks like two old leather book covers, polished and gold-tooled the way leather bindings once were, and lying side by side, but they are really the covers of a secretary folder, lined with moire and fitted with a nine-by-thirteen-inch, or good-sized, blotter; $27.50. A lass who is at an age to write fan letters to the Animals might swoon over "Lilac Hedges" notepaper, on which a splendid, preposterous flower border enlivened with gold tracery takes up half the sheet. Twenty sheets and twenty plain envelopes to the box; $3 at West Town House. And should she receive any replies to her correspondence, a sterling-silver letter opener would prove handy. The Museum of Natural History sells a beauty made by the Navajos, with a stylized Southwestern bird on its hilt; $5.

Speaking of museums, two of the local ones have published capital engagement calendars for 1965. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has plucked glorious illustrations from the "Belles Heures of the Duc de Berry," a triumph of fifteen-century book illumination that is now in the custody of the Cloisters. The reproductions face the calendar pages, which means that the owner, as she tears off one week after another, will produce, by subtraction, an art book of lasting value. It costs $1.95, ready to mail. The Museum of Modern Art's calendar aims at an altogether different, though perhaps overlapping, audience. It presents fifty-nine wonderful stills from its film library, including Charlie Chaplin in "Sunnyside," Pearl White in "Plunder," and John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." A case of nostalgia mixed with up-to-date graphic excellence. It's also ready for mailing, and the price is $2.06 to Museum members and $2.75 to non-members. One last desk accessory: a beautiful fluted silver-shell miniature ashtray, and a penholder with a short silver ball-point pen, all for $15 at Tiffany.

BEFORE the War (no, Virginia, the Second World War, not the First. Go away, Virginia), the movies had a conventional scene calculated to show wealth. Sunlight poured onto a set showing a terrace beside a swimming pool. The heroine wore lounging pajamas with very wide trousers. And,

sumptuous new knits are warm yet light

Presenting Lochlana—a luxurious new blend of 50% cotton, 50% lambswool that boasts a soft, cashmere-like hand and unusually long wear. Here in a classic knit polo shirt tailored with Hathaway finesse. Indian red, oatmeal, blue or black. Sizes S, M, L, XL. **13.95**

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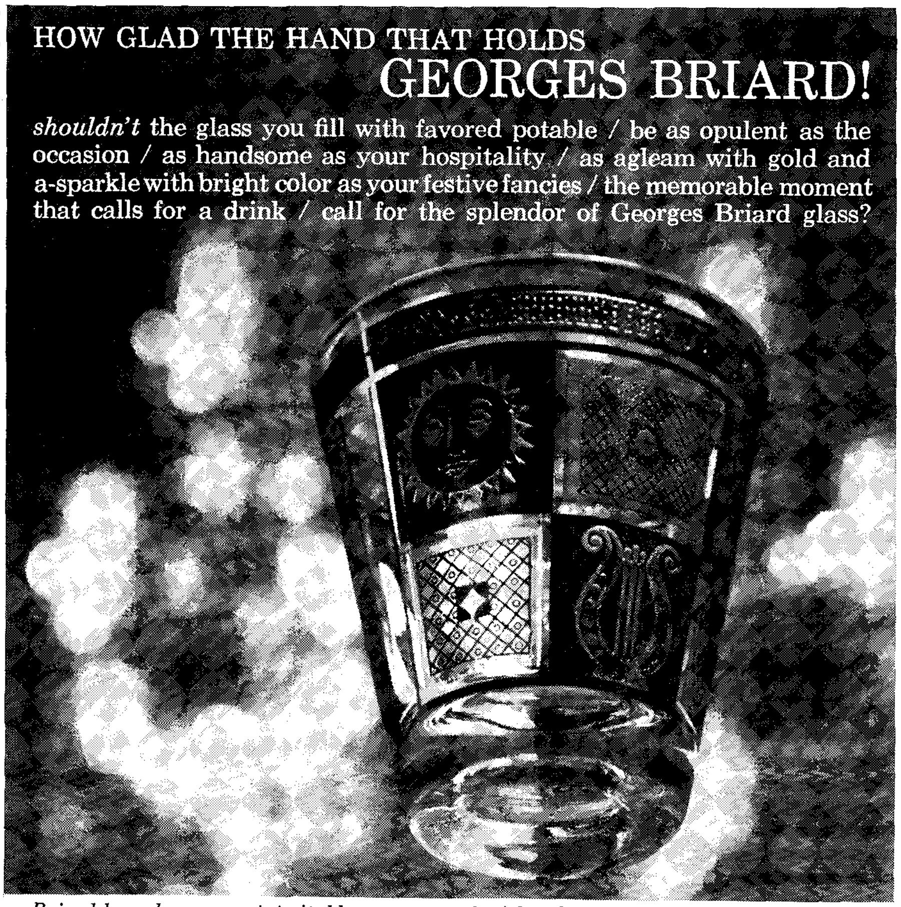

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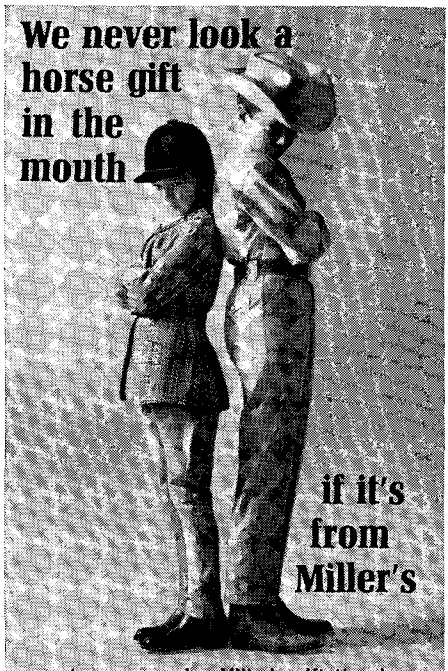
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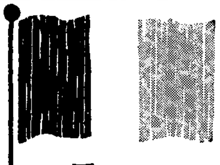

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to explain what the rich did with all their spare time, a jigsaw puzzle, partly solved, was exhibited on a Regency card table. All that vanished when the cinema went to war. Our heroine's wide trousers became narrow blue jeans, and she assembled jeeps, jigsaw puzzles having apparently vanished forever. But here we come full circle: fashion has ordered at-home pajamas, or culottes, to return; the silhouette is wide, or even flaring; and, as you would expect, jigsaw puzzles are back. Among other places, Serendipity 3, at 225 East 60th Street, has them. A three-hundred-and-fifty-piece puzzle chops up Jackson Pollock's "Convergence," which ought to be a challenge to any jigsaw virtuoso; $4. Even harder puzzles have no picture to help the puzzle-worker; the idea is to fit all five hundred and six solid-color pieces together to form a perfect circle. They are named sensibly enough: "Little Red Riding Hood's Hood" is solid red; "Snow White Without the Seven Dwarfs" is snow white; and "Closeup of Three Bears" is all brown. These are also $4 apiece.

If the girl of your dreams should ever finish her puzzle, she might plan to give a dinner party. There are lovely silver place-card holders at Soupçon—pheasants two inches long (counting their tails), and as carefully chased and molded as the big silver pheasants that graced our grandparents' mantels before the Panic of 1907. They're $7.50 each.

IF the lady golfs, you might get her a set of four numbered knit golf-club covers from the Lighthouse Craft Shop. The set is $4.95. She might also be grateful for a pair of the new Rayex Astromatic sunglasses, which adjust—the lenses do, that is, all by themselves—to the intensity of light. They darken when the sun emerges, and then lighten when it clouds over a bit, but don't ask us how. These same lenses are available in goggles for skiers. You'll find both varieties at Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street, for $7. If the lady sews, she might like a prettied-up paper tape measure. One side is inches—up to sixty—and the other is ribbon embroidered with fish and flowers and so on; $2 at The Green Box. If the lady smokes, you might try to tout her off cigarettes with Dunhill's ladies' cigars, which are small, mild, and made of Sumatran tobacco. A sandalwood box of twenty-five costs $2.50.

No "if"s about this present—it's for Everywoman. It's a plump, four-and-a-half-inch-square pillow-shaped

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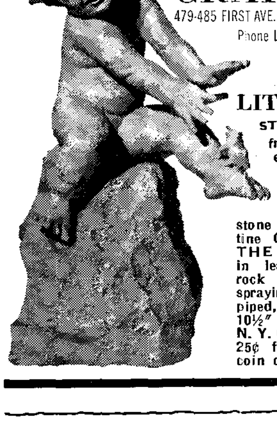

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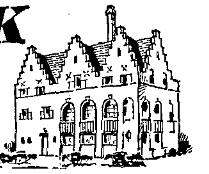

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sachet covered with hand-embroidered white silk organdie. The embroidery is Christmassy—a partridge in a pear tree, wreaths, and so on—and the bouquet inside is a mille-fleurs fragrance; $7.70, at the Mediterranean Shop.

A FEW decorative items now: Chequer, 1071A Third Avenue (63rd), has a copy of an old clear-glass goblet with circles of daisies hand-cut into the bowl and the base. The goblet is a bit too thick to drink from, but it's fine for flowers or candy, and it looks very nice empty; $7.50. A first-rate reproduction of a small watercolor study of a bunch of violets by Dürer, felicitously matted and framed by the Metropolitan Museum, is $12.50 at the museum's print counter on the second floor. Eleven varieties of butterfly have been mounted (some individually, some by twos and threes) in black-rimmed Plexiglas frames, and Act III is the shop that has them. They are $25 per frame, and the number of butterflies per frame depends, of course, on their relative rarity.

We confess to loving unlifelike, wild paper flowers—especially those that exaggerate the joyful extravagance that both Christmas and sending flowers are supposed to mean. Take, for instance, some giant paper daisies at Splendiferous. They are a yard high and half a yard wide, their color range has not yet been achieved by nature, they have more petals than a girl could count, and they cost $5.50 apiece. Fred Leighton is the place to go for Padre Poppies—not a botanical name but a reference to their creator, a Mexican priest. They don't much resemble what North Americans think of as poppies; they're more like overgrown French silk roses or the splendid, deceptive promises that garden catalogues make for peonies. They are four or five inches across and cost $2.50 apiece.

IF you would like to give a deserving child a worthy parka for Christmas, André makes its basic adult parka (we discussed it last week in its raincoat guise) in children's sizes. There are fabrics for girls (flower-printed velvet, say) and for boys (solid-maroon poplin, say). Whatever the outside, the inside is lined with quilting; $15.95. And Belgian Shoes, whose proprietor is Mr. Henri Bendel (incidentally, he is in no way connected with the Henri Bendel establishment on West 57th Street), has repeated the infallible moccasins they make for grownups, male and female, in children's sizes 8 to 13½. The color choice is white buckskin piped with

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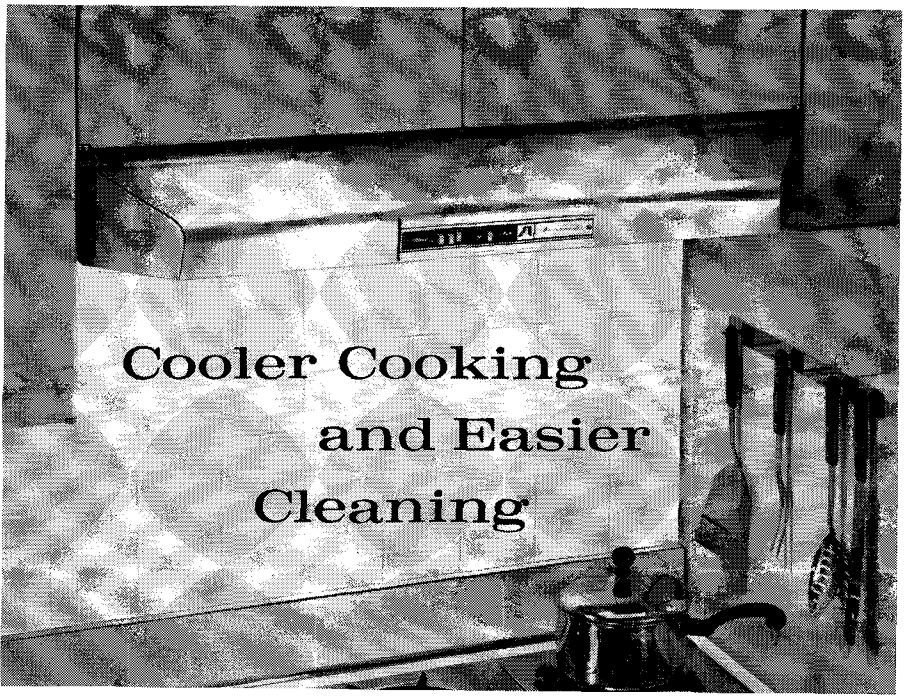

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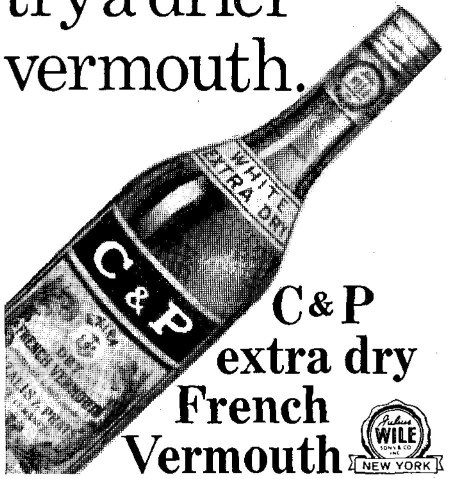
Are you still looking for the perfect dry martini? Instead of switching gins try a drier vermouth.



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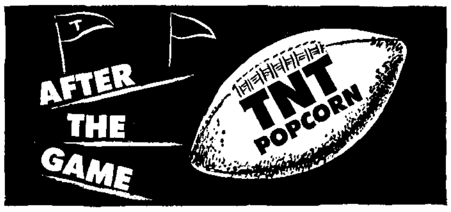

pink calf, or red calf piped with black patent leather; $14.95. An outdoorsy little girl might appreciate a hooded loden cape like the one at Sig Buchmayr, which has three silver buttons down the front. When the wind blows, the child—or, more likely, her mother—can snap a couple of snaps and transform the sides into something close to sleeves. It comes in sizes 3 to 7, and costs $21 to $24, depending on size.

High-style rainwear, toddler-size division: Dacron-and-cotton raincoats (blue for boys, pink for girls) imported from France, as you might guess from the matching headgear—a blue beret, a pink bonnet—are $35 apiece at Best's Liliputian Bazaar. And from Sweden, via De Pinna, comes a three-piece foul-weather suit that permits a young man (sizes 2 to 6) to be as active as he chooses. The pieces are a pair of light-blue overalls (they're plastic-coated cotton) cut large enough to fit over heavy woollen clothes; a roomy jacket; and a jaunty sou'wester. The price is $11.

This is the time of year to get a skating girl a skating dress. A black velveteen beauty lined with Shocking pink taffeta and trimmed with tiny pink-and-white nylon ruffles, and accompanied by a matching babushka, should do the trick. It's at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), in sizes 4 to 6X, for $21, and sizes 7 to 14, for $23. This is also the time for an extra sweater or two. Jean Gale has a turtleneck pullover of orlon, navy for boys and white for girls, that is covered with college pennants—not just the college of his or her (or your) first choice but a broad selection, as the placement adviser will eventually recommend. Sizes 4 to 6X are $8, and sizes 7 to 14 are $9.50. A Fair Isle sweater from British Tweeds, Ltd., 727 Madison Avenue (64th), will make your boy or girl (sizes 2 to 12) look like a future applicant to Oxbridge. Such sweaters are handmade in the Shetland Isles, you'll remember; the colors are beige or blue, and the variegated borders at the necks and sleeves follow traditional—possibly prehistoric—Celtic patterns. The pullover is $12.50 (and up), the cardigan $14 (and up).

Prissy Miss & Perky Mister (where *do* they get those silly names?), 1138 Madison Avenue (84th), has a thrilling cotton velours pullover for girls. It comes in countless brilliant colors, and only bachelor uncles need to be reminded that cotton velours is machine-washable. Sizes 2 to 12; $6 to $8. For very young girls—nine months to three

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years—Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, has assembled some stylish hand-crocheted wool cardigans that look a lot like Chanel's latest collection. One is slate blue, with a white edging, silver-metal buttons, and a floppy wool tie, and it's embroidered with flowers all over the front. The prices are $12.95 to $15.95. At the same shop, you'll find a hard-to-find desideratum: perfectly simple long-sleeved wool sailor suits for boys and girls (from toddler sizes, at $12.95, to larger children's sizes at $14.95)—a delightful way to dress a brother and sister for a party. If the brother and sister in question are not Navy, here's an alternative: a one-piece suit ($12) and a box-pleated dress ($15), both of Delft-blue cotton broadcloth, and both appliquéd along one side with a small vertical menagerie in red, orange, and yellow. Toddler sizes 1 to 4, at F. A. O. Schwarz. Schwarz also has a nice red cotton dress for a little (3 to 6X) girl. It comes with its own white pinafore, and when the family Christmas get-together bores her, she is supposed to take off her pinafore and color in the giraffe on its front. For this purpose, red, yellow, green, and blue giraffe-coloring crayons are tucked into its patch pocket. They wash off. And if she then decides to paint her pinafore with cranberry juice—well, she's still got a nice red dress. The set is $8. In another party-dress-and-pinafore ensemble, a size-2 girl is merely expected to look like a china doll. It's a pink cotton dress, with a Peter Pan collar, short puffed sleeves, and a full skirt, plus a white, lace-trimmed batiste pinafore with a great big bow tie; $28 at the Arlette Baby Boutique, 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd). Her escort (toddler sizes 1 to 3), not to be eclipsed, might wear a pair of scoop-neck bibbed shorts made of light-blue cotton velvet, and a long-sleeved batiste shirt that has a spill of ruffles down the bosom; $17 at Arlette.

Have you been looking for a velveteen party dress? The Little Studio, 119 West 10th Street, has a delightful one, its collar and cuffs of Alençon-type lace. There are five rich colors to choose from (black, navy, red, medium blue, and brown), the sizes range from 1 to 10, and the prices range from $16.50 to $19.50. Once you've attended to that basic requirement, you should consider the Little Studio's printed challis party dress, cut with notable simplicity, and washable. Its subtle material puts a muted splatter of red, mustard, magenta, and light-blue flower shapes against a dark-blue back-

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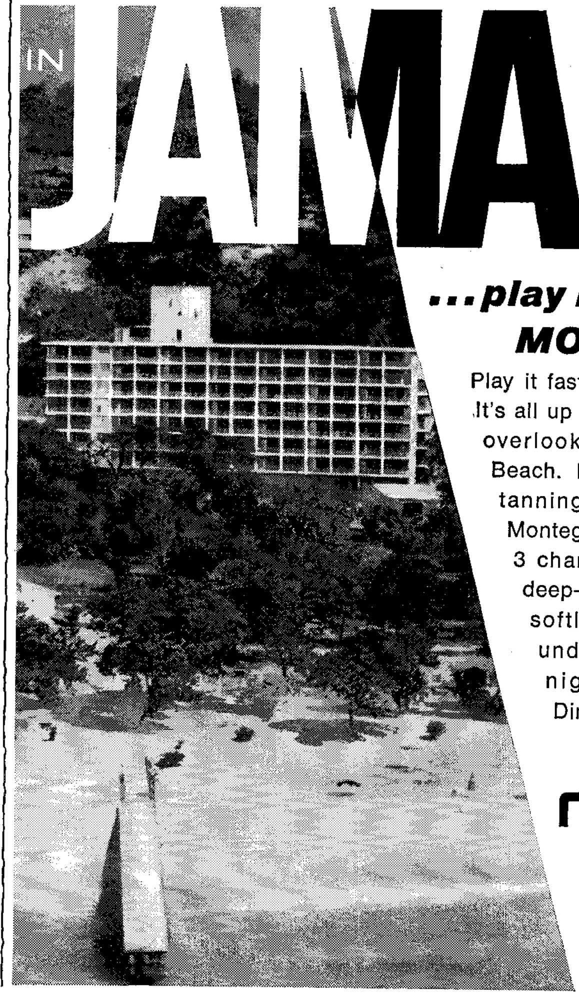

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There's a charming party dress at De Pinna. It's fundamentally of white polished cotton, but the turnover collar is half green and half yellow, and in front there's a silk-screen print representing a gaggle of blue-legged little girls dressed in yellow pursuing vagrant red balloons across a green field filled with red flowers. The printing process is so good that it looks hand-painted; in sizes 2 to 5, at $12. More artwork: an Indian Head cotton smock dress printed with heraldic lions, peacocks, and such, all gules (or red) on beige. The Green Frog, 15 Christopher Street (near Greenwich Avenue), has it in sizes 2 to 10, at from $5.95 to $7.95.

One way to delight a mother is to give her daughter a dress like the dresses Mother wore when she was that age. The new generation of mothers all wore dresses with smocking, so we need add only that Teeny Weeny (who's ittle snookums is oo?), at 1 Charles Street, sells a pretty dress of gray-blue cotton, printed with pink-and-white blossoms, that is hand-smocked to a fare-thee-well; in sizes 1 to 5, at $8 and $10. The Elder Craftsmen are actually reproducing a classic hand-smocked cotton dress—short puffed sleeves and smocking across the yoke, or Mother's baby pictures come to life. Sizes 1 to 4, $8 and $10. Plunging deeper into times gone by, Great-Grandmother's full-skirted cotton prints have been reproduced—by a firm named Calliope, as it happens. Thank goodness, the "Little Women" concept goes only so far; the dresses drip dry. They're at Prissy Miss etc., in sizes 2 to 6X, at $7.

If you are giving a very small child a party dress, you *might* contemplate giving the same child a giant bib, too, to protect your gift through Christmas dinner. At The Place on Second Avenue (at No. 175, near 11th), there are denim bibs and they have pockets along the bottom edge to catch whatever gets past the high-chair tray. Your choice is among several pretty pastels printed with slightly bitter sobriquets—"Daddy's Little Angel," and the like—and with apposite line drawings; $2.98.

Too soon for the kids, too late for the parents, bedtime is here. How about a fluffy bathrobe of pink orlon pile, with a pink satin Peter Pan collar and a pink satin bow at the neck? Sizes 1 to 14, $10 to $15 at Bendel—and in case there was any doubt in your mind, it's for girls. The Bendel boys' robe is Teddy-bear-beige pile, with a shawl col-

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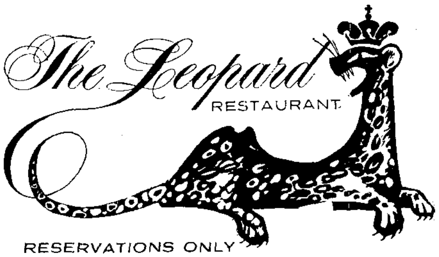

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"BRILLIANT"
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THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES
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lar, a tie belt, and a patch pocket; 3 to 8 at $11. Here's a radical notion—a blue robe for a very small girl. It's of fine-wale cotton corduroy and has a lace-edged white cotton collar, a white cotton yoke, and white cotton cuffs embroidered with blue polka dots. Appliquéd low on one side stands the "Time to Retire" lad, with the candle but minus the tire; $8 for ages 1 and 2 at Bonwit Teller. At the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, the robes for boys and girls are mostly blue and pink wool, but there's also a compromise white for future hand-me-downs. They have furry appliquéd animals on their collars and pockets, and matching satin piping all around; for children of six months to six years, they are $13.50 to $20.50.

Some children are themselves going to be Christmas presents. Ingeborg Kuppinger hasn't forgotten December-1964 arrivals, for whom the shop suggests hand-crocheted white wool bonnets as welcome-here gifts; $2.95. Or you might look in at E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd), where there's a luxurious gown-sacque-and-bonnet ensemble of white albatross embroidered with rosebuds and lined with white silk—not to forget Valenciennes-type lace trimming and pink or blue ribbon. Gown, sacque, and bonnet cost $23.50, $19.50, and $13.50, respectively. Best's Liliputian Bazaar has lovely infant's dresses of tucked sheer batiste (white, pink, or blue) embroidered with white flowers and trimmed with lace. Each one has its own opaque slip; they're all priced at around $8.

No matter what the Christmas baby wears, or what rejoicings swirl through the house, he's going to spend most of his time snoozing in his crib. He'll need a puff to snooze under. Bergdorf Goodman has an enchanting one. It's made of a luxurious but washable synthetic material (rayon and acetate), very soft, very light, but warm. Sturdy crowned angels are outlined on it in tiny pink stitches, and it is edged with a small organdielike pleating; $30.

The nursery is dark and quiet. It seems like a good moment to slip away. But we'll have more to say about Christmas presents in the weeks ahead.

•

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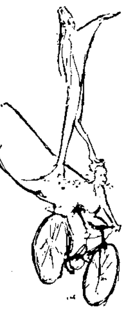

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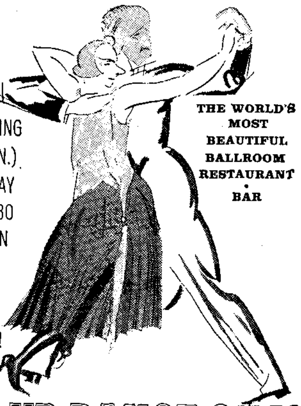

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IN THE LOBBY

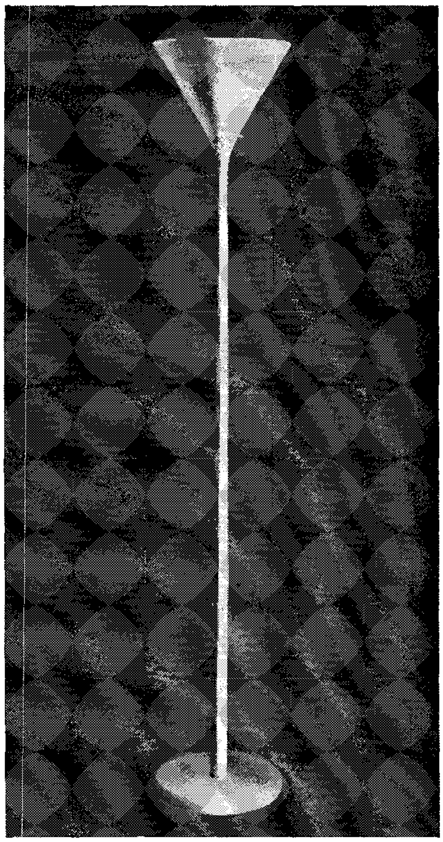
SINCE the building they were living in was turning coöperative and they did not want to buy, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had to move, and for months they hunted for a new apartment, visiting everything they heard of that sounded at all suitable to their pocketbook and their quiet, rather old-fashioned tastes. They looked at conventional apartment houses and remodelled brownstones in half a dozen sections of the city. To no avail. Then, one evening, Mr. Barnes brought home a prospectus. "Of course, it's the sort of place we've always said we'd never live in," he said, apologetically, "but the location's nice—uptown near the river."

Mrs. Barnes looked at the picture on the folder and made a face. It showed a great white skyscraper, festooned with balconies. "It looks like an open refrigerator with the ice trays pulled halfway out," she said.

"The walls are said to be a little more soundproof than most," said Mr. Barnes. "Apparently that's the way you judge the new places."

THE building, the Barneses found when they arrived, was still unfinished, but in the renting office—a furnished suite of ground-floor rooms entered from a labyrinth of corridors crowded with workmen and smelling of wet plaster—they were made welcome and assigned a "representative," a pleasant-seeming young man who told them his name was Hapgood, "but call me Hap, like everybody else does." The building, Hap told them, would contain almost eight hundred apartments—"every conceivable type of layout"—and Mr. and Mrs. Barnes spent some time looking at floor plans before setting out with him into the vast ant-hill.

The apartment that had seemed most suitable, judging from the plans, was a two-bedroom affair on a high floor, and when they reached it Hap expounded not only on its particular advantages—its spaciousness, its light, and its views over Manhattan and the river—but also the excellences it shared with all the other apartments in the building. "Security!" he said. "There's a double lock on every door. Our armed guards patrol every floor, every hall, day and night. And here," he said, pointing to a small button in the doorjamb that the Barneses might not have noticed, "is the ultimate in peace of mind. When you go away on a trip, just press this. And you'll know,



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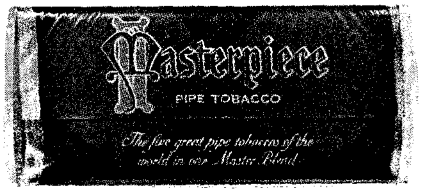
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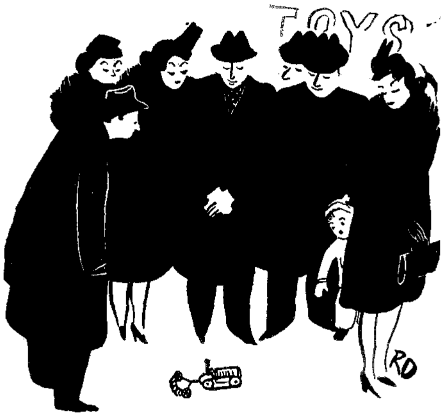
while you're enjoying your holiday, that should anyone gain access to your apartment despite the double lock *and* the patrol, this button will release an alarm downstairs that will bring armed guards up immediately. It's our way of assuring you a carefree vacation."

The Barneses, who had never lived in a building sufficiently modern to boast an incinerator, were startled to learn that incinerators were now beginning to be passé. "Not an incinerator in the building!" Hap told them. "No smell of burning, no back draft of flames or ash in your face when you open the door of the chute. With us, after the trash goes down, it is carried on a conveyor belt to a pulverizer, and then it is removed in our own sanitary dump trucks. So far, we are the only private apartment house in the city that pulverizes its trash."

Hap permitted himself some drollery as he showed them the model furnished apartments, of which the company was obviously proud but concerning which he was sophisticated enough to admit differences of opinion. "The possibilities of dressing up these units are positively—shall we say—uncanny?" he said, with the suggestion of a smile. (They were viewing a particularly gaudy ensemble that seemed to Mrs. Barnes like the collective brain child of furniture designers and decorators from another planet.) "Just give your decorator his head and—you see the result."

They saw the several roof gardens, on different levels, decorated with statues imported from Italy; they saw, in the basement, the automatic coffee and sandwich dispensers for house staff and maids and the sauna bath for tenants; and then Hap said that since construction activities had obliged the Barneses to enter the building through a side door, he wanted to show them where the main lobby was to be. Retracing the way they had come along the plaster-smelling corridors, walking at times on gangplanks of sagging boards, they



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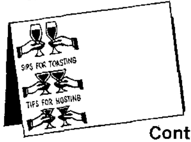

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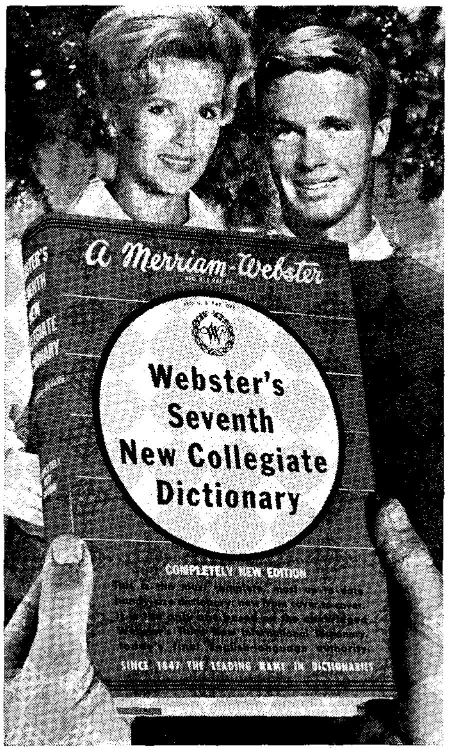
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made several turns and emerged in a large space whose surface was littered with lumber, paint cans, and miscellaneous jetsam. "Of course, it's far from finished," Hap began, "but I think your imagination won't find it hard to picture how imposing the vaulted ceiling will be. Notice the portion already completed, over there in the corner. There will be several Venetian chandeliers. The floor will be of waxed—"

Mrs. Barnes gave a little scream. "Look!" she cried, pointing toward the corner that Hap had indicated.

Mr. Barnes looked. He saw a rat, a large black one, under a plaster-smeared wheelbarrow, nibbling at something among the debris. As he looked, it scuttled away.

"—waxed black concrete, marked off into squares by insets of—"

"I saw a rat, Frank!"

"Did you, dear? I missed it." Mr. Barnes was an old hand at playing down rats and mice whenever glimpsed in Mrs. Barnes' company. Sometimes they coöperated by not showing themselves a second time.

Hap (who, Mr. Barnes decided later, had really seen nothing) allowed himself an interpolation—indeed, a contradiction—slightly patronizing in tone. "The site was given a complete deep fumigation before construction even began. The possibility of rodents is very remote, more remote than anywhere else in the city. Now, we plan to have several large Oriental carpets . . ."

But Mrs. Barnes, her husband knew from the expression on her face, was no longer listening to Hap. She was watching the corner.

"Back here," Hap was saying, "at this other end of the lobby, we've arranged to have an exotic garden designed by a famous landscape architect that will be out of this—"

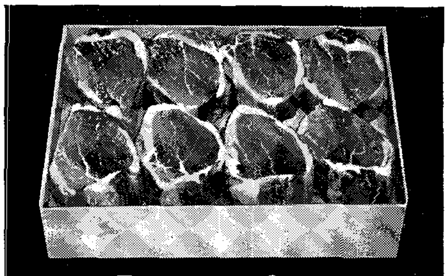
"There!" cried Mrs. Barnes. "Look!"

Under the wheelbarrow, the rat was nibbling again.

"We ask you to picture the rich effect, especially at night, of the light from the chandeliers on the Oriental carpets and the exotic garden—"

"Here it comes!" Mrs. Barnes said. And indeed, as though attracted by the gorgeous prospect that Hap was painting, the animal came bounding over the rubble, straight toward them. The rat was of good size, very black and sleek-looking. Halfway, it stopped.

"Look! It's glaring at us!" cried Mrs. Barnes, and this time her husband was puzzled—puzzled momentarily—because he recognized that her tone was



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one not of terror but, rather, of triumph, even elation.

"Jump up here!" he said. There was a large, upturned paint can at hand, on which Mrs. Barnes could take refuge. She usually made for a high place at such a moment. Hap picked up a piece of loose plaster and flung it at the rat, which went scurrying, but even before it disappeared Mr. Barnes saw clearly that this time his wife was not going to give way. She stood exactly where she had been standing, an expression almost of pleasure on her face, and when the rat had vanished she looked inquiringly, even indulgently, at Hap, as though encouraging him to resume his spiel.

Hap gulped. "Is there anything else that I can show you folks?" he asked, rather pitifully.

Mrs. Barnes looked around her. "Which is the way out, please?" she asked. She asked it as kindly as she could, and Hap dejectedly led them away, glancing at Mrs. Barnes solicitously, but hopelessly, from time to time.

A FEW minutes later, the Barneses were in a taxi headed downtown. Mrs. Barnes had gone out onto the sidewalk first, and it had taken Mr. Barnes a little time to extricate himself from poor Hap and his embarrassment and apologies. "I didn't have the heart," Mr. Barnes told his wife, "to tell him that for once in your life you welcomed the sight of a rat. It did cut things mercifully short, didn't it? Why can't we arrange to have a rat appear the next time, say, an evening at somebody's house begins to drag? Nobody would blame us for leaving, any more than Hap did."

"Armed guards!" said Mrs. Barnes, with a shudder. "Pulverized trash! Deep fumigation! Why, you'd be taking your life in your hands, moving to such a place! That brave little rat! That *brave* little rat!"

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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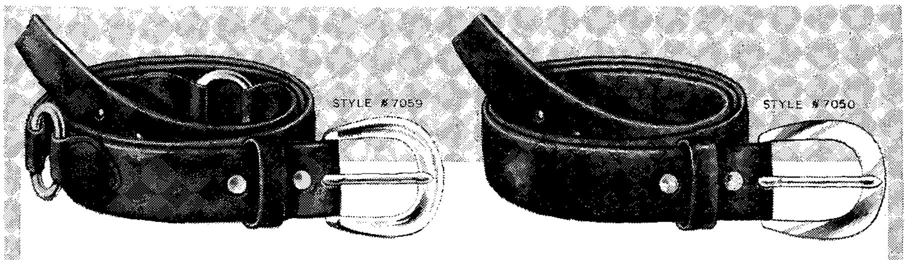

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sleeper

THE surprising thing about concert performances of neglected operas is, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson's famous line about women preaching and dogs who walk on their hind legs, not that they are done well but that they are done at all. So, on Monday evening of last week, I attended the Concert Opera Association's performance, under Thomas Scherman's baton, of Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" filled with curiosity about what kind of opera it would turn out to be. I had been informed by the musical dictionaries that it was composed midway in that prolific composer's career, and that it had been preceded by, among his more popular works, "Anna Bolena," "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "Lucrezia Borgia," and followed by "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Fille du Régiment," "La Favorita," and "Don Pasquale." With a composer as fertile and generally predictable as Donizetti, however, chronology can be misleading, and though I have heard, at one time or another, all the operas I have just mentioned, "Maria Stuarda" was entirely new to me. In fact, according to the program, which I have no reason to doubt, it was entirely new to America. What happened on the stage of Philharmonic Hall, in front of and beside Mr. Scherman's orchestra, seemed to me to constitute a perfectly viable opera—lacking a bit in action, but strong in characterization, expert in the devices of situation, and full of beautiful melody. As you have guessed from the title, it deals with Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland and France, and her hapless love affair with Robert, Duke of Leicester, in which she is rivalled by the great Queen Elizabeth. In the end, she is consigned by Elizabeth to the chopping block, to the dismay of the Duke. The political motives behind this dismal occurrence are largely subsidiary in the opera, which, like all good operas, is concerned primarily with the cruder interactions of love and power. Elizabeth appears as a gray eminence, and Mary and the Duke appear as harassed and thwarted lovers. There are the expected Donizetti trademarks—a second-act sextet (which,

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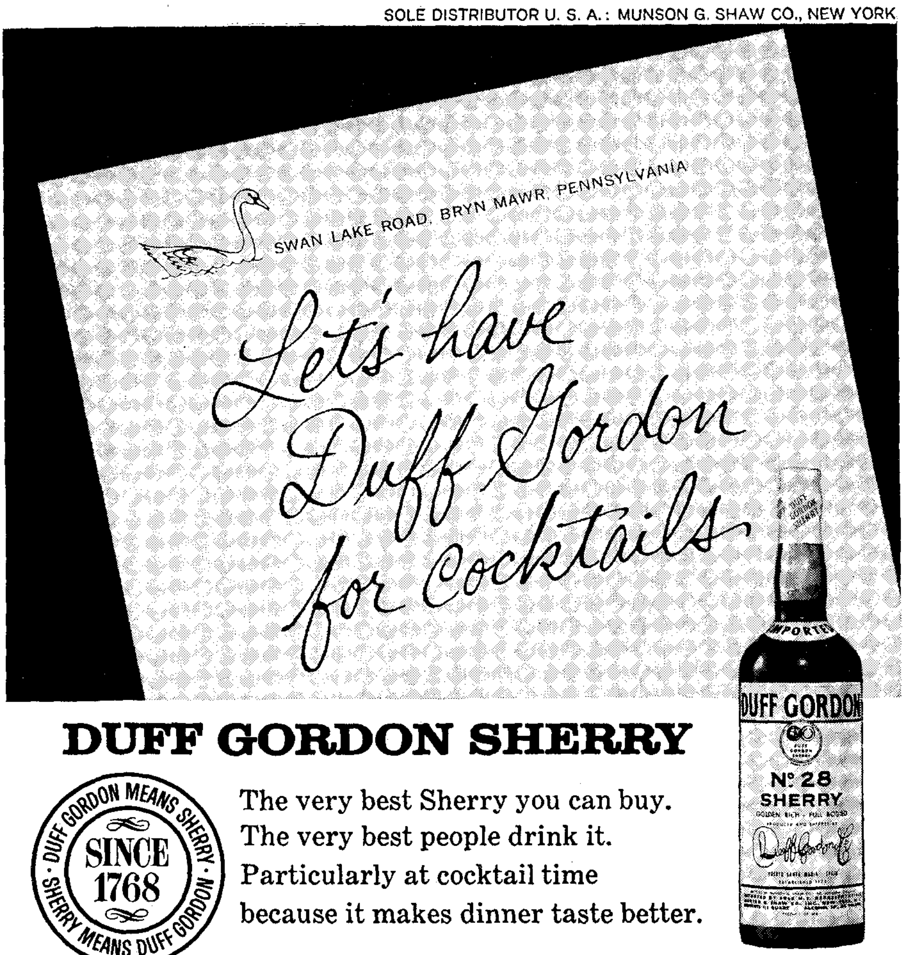
though it is conceived with considerable dramatic skill, is inferior to the one in "Lucia"), and even a near mad scene, sung by Mary in Act III, Scene 2. There is also a lot of wholehearted passion, which builds toward the end of the opera, accompanied by suitably passionate music.

The performance, I am afraid, was not exactly ideal. Mr. Scherman has improved immeasurably in the last few years as a conductor, and he presented a crisp reading of the score. The cast he chose was not, however, terribly well fitted for its task. Least fitted of all—except perhaps in range and loudness—was a tenor, new to New York, named Josef Traxel, who undertook the role of the Duke and sang at times with all the subtlety of an old-fashioned newsboy hawking extras. Grace Hoffman, who was Elizabeth, has the power and substance of a good mezzo-soprano, but her vocal production seemed uneven and her coloratura somewhat heavy. Irene Jordan did better, in the role of Mary, though she, too, had her troubles—mainly with a quality of tone that appeared impeded in some way rather than open. The finest singing of the evening was done by that stalwart basso Raymond Michalski, who took the role of Talbot, Mary's adviser, to perfection.

I AM not an admirer of the Metropolitan's current sets for Massenet's "Manon." The first act looks like something painted on an unlucky day by Grandma Moses, and the third, judging by the position of Notre Dame, puts the Cours-la-Reine on the premises of the Sorbonne. However, I must say that the cast that sang the opera on Wednesday evening of last week was an enormous improvement over last year's. Jean Fenn, who had been off the Metropolitan's roster for a couple of seasons, reappeared as a substitute for Teresa Stratas, who was to have sung the role, and carried it off attractively indeed. She is pretty, she is a good actress, and, above all, she has at least a fair understanding of the voluptuous, passionate way in which this role must be sung if it is to achieve its full effect. Opposite her, as Des Grieux, was Richard Verreau, a tenor with a genuine French-style voice, who, although he faltered occasionally on high pianissimos, gave his part its true idiomatic character. Gabriel Bacquier was an admirable Lescaut, John Macurdy a fine Count Des Grieux, and Paul Franke an especially effective Guillot. All these singers were doing their roles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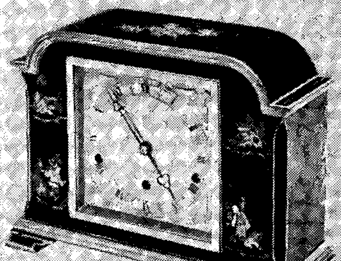

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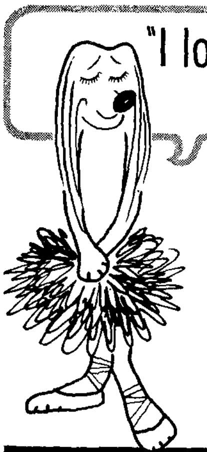

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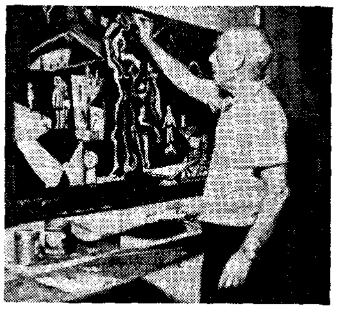

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DOUBLEDAY

for the first time at the Met, all were striving to please, and the result was that the "Manon" conceived by Massenet finally came into reasonably clear focus. Thomas Schippers, who conducted, is still a bit overanxious about matters of ensemble—he can afford to relax even more in his treatment of this touching, sentimental music—but he nevertheless carried out his function far more acceptably than he did last year. I am not a great enthusiast about "Manon" itself, either, but I like to see it well done, and there were a great many in the audience the other night who *were* enthusiastic about "Manon" and who seemed very much gratified by what they saw and heard.

ON Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg and the New York Philharmonic performed Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. I have an affection for all of Bruckner's symphonic works, but this one is to my mind the greatest of them. I say this because nowhere else, in my opinion, has Bruckner attained quite such dramatic cohesion in a first movement, or such lofty, impersonal—I might add cosmic—dignity in a slow movement. There is hardly a slow movement by this master that hasn't a touch of otherworldly magic. But this one is something special, and in listening to it one feels elevated above the universe, watching the planets revolve, and knowing that all this has been going on for aeons, and will continue eternally, to the greater majesty of God and the mystification of man. Mr. Steinberg, who has an affinity for Bruckner, gave the work a solemn, majestic performance, though his touch was a bit heavy, especially in that slow movement, in which he continually allowed the background to overpower the principal theme. The audience, as it always does for a Bruckner symphony, wound up cheering. The symphony was preceded by a Nonet for Strings by Aaron Copland, an effort that seems to me mainly an exhibition of a neo-baroque technique of his own invention, and that contrasts greatly, in emotional scope, with the Bruckner work.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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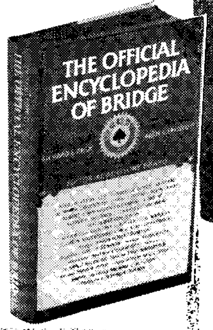
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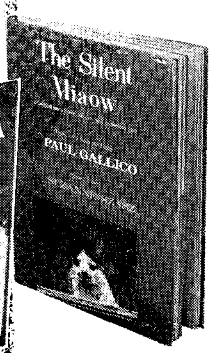
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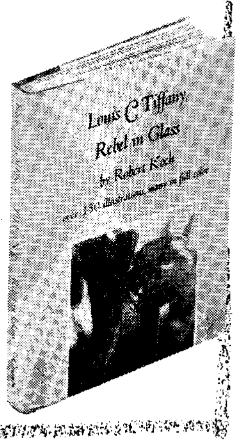
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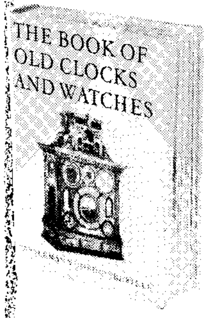
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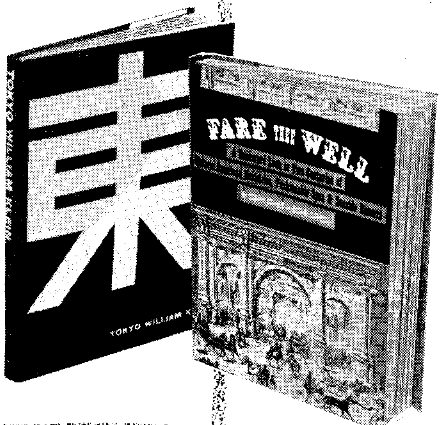
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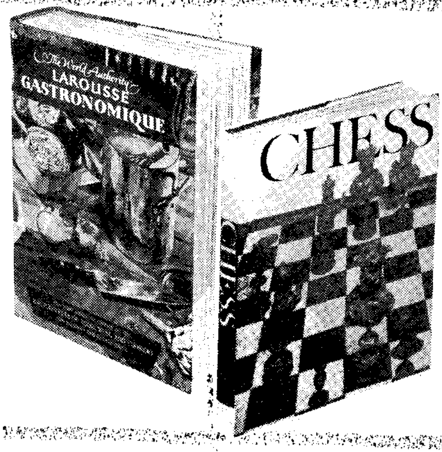
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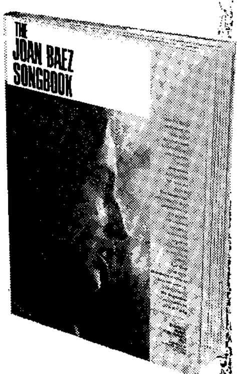
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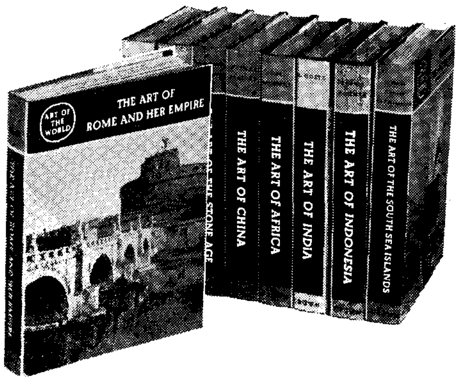
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Five-Thumb Exercise

IT frequently has been observed that bad writing requires no great art. It requires, in fact, little more than a typewriter and thumbs. But to write badly with zest, to exercise an infallible eye for the single word that can make an entire passage ridiculous, to carefully guard one's writing against an inadvertent ascent into mediocrity—these are talents that are given to very few artists. The best bad writing has been the work of poets, and much of it has been preserved for the admiration of scholars in such compendiums as "The Art of Sinking in Poetry," by Martinus Scriblerus, and a more recent anthology, "The Stuffed Owl," by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee.

The eighteenth-century poet who wrote

> The soul, aspiring, pants its source
> to mount.
> As streams meander level with
> their fount

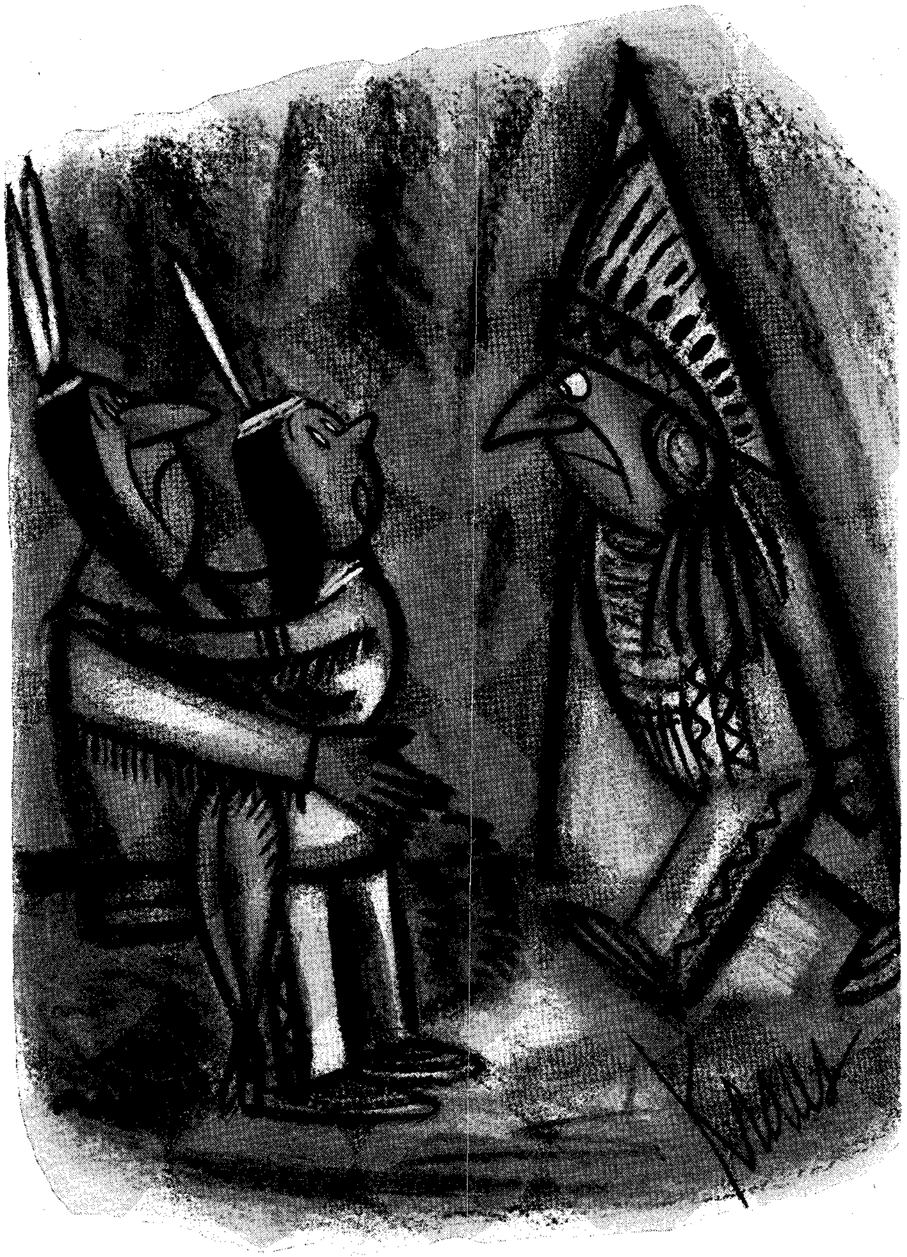
clearly shows a spark of the awful fire, and so does his successor in lineal spiritual descent—Mrs. Julia Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, who penned the mild plea

> And now, kind friends, what I have
> wrote,
> I hope you will pass o'er,
> And not criticise as some have done
> Hitherto herebefore.

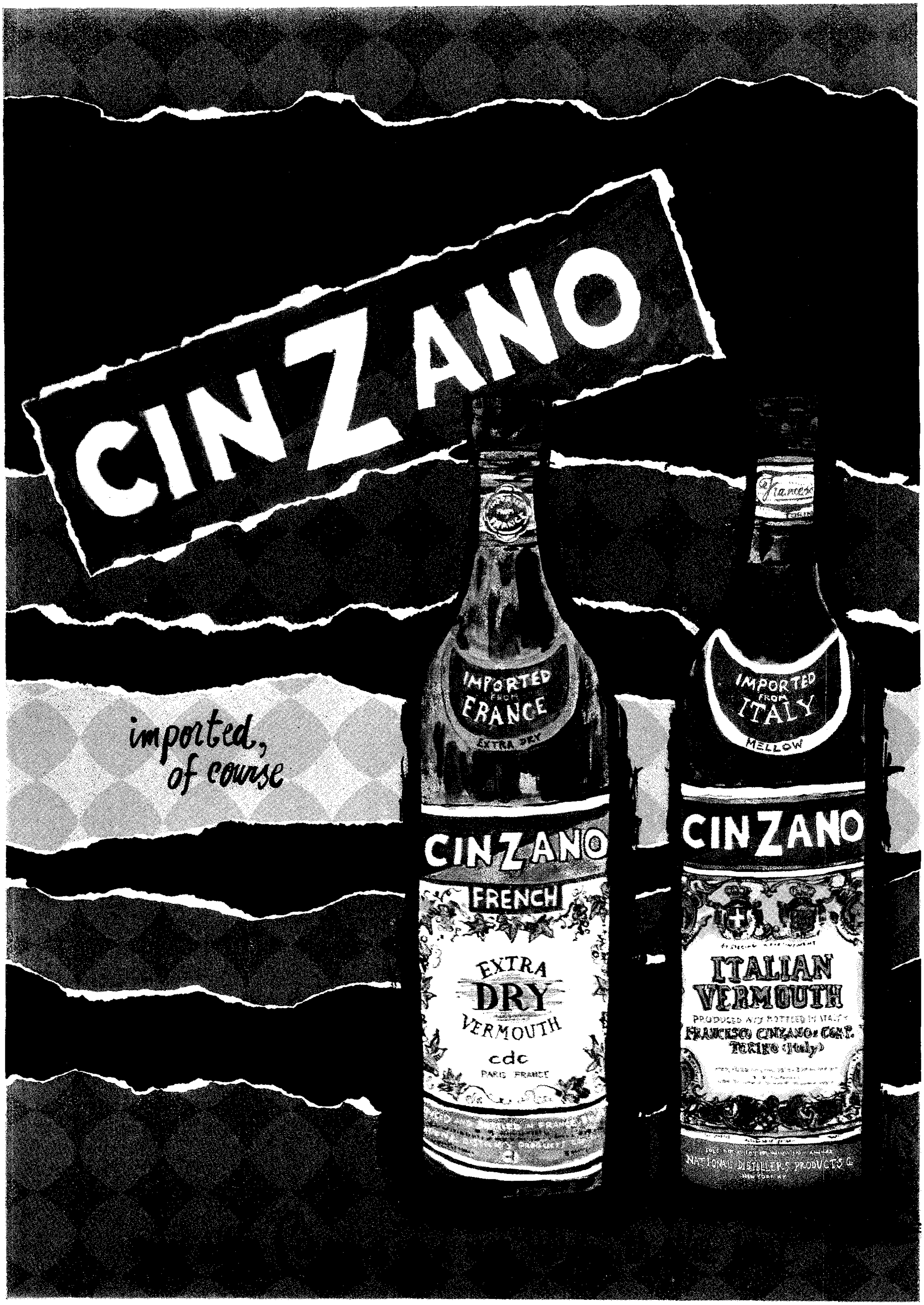
But poetry, with its compressions and intensities, offers opportunities for the display of genius that are not available to the craftsman who labors among the diffusions of prose. A novelist seldom can plunge deeply into bathos with a single line, nor is it easy for him to maintain, over the vast expanses of chapters, a consistently appalling style. A really good bad novel is among the great rarities of literature. It behooves us, then, to pay respectful attention to Paul Goodman's "Making Do" (Macmillan), for it is a fine specimen of the genre.

To be sure, there is much in "Making Do" that is not distinguished in any way at all, and critical duty demands that we touch, at least lightly, upon this deficiency before indulging in the pleasures of stintless praise. The most conspicuous failures are in the story and the characters. The narrative, a wobbling and indeterminate affair, chiefly concerns a middle-aged lecturer and social critic—identified only as "the tired man"—and his immediate circle of studiously nonconformist friends. The tired man is depicted as an intellectual gadfly whose intense concern with contemporary social problems makes him the very life of campus symposiums and conferences across the nation. Indeed, his utterances are quite thankfully received by the other characters in the novel, although the reader might be hard put to it to find in them much more than a confused regurgitation of familiar ideas. The tired man is so generous in the social use of his fading energies that there is some question as to whether he may abruptly disintegrate, like a veritable one-hoss Shavian, but he happily survives the author's darkest hints of his demise. His protégé—a young man named Terry, who is presented as the victim of all that is wrong with America and the world—is more unfortunate. By a process that is neither clear nor persuasive, the social dilemma brings about his collapse into drug addiction and lunacy. We have the author's assurance that Terry is brilliant, but Terry does nothing to support this contention, and his difficulties do not readily bear their attendant burden of cosmic significance.

It doesn't matter. Defects that would obliterate another novel do not dim the lustre of "Making Do." One reads every page with simple and unaffected



"*Well, that was a mighty short powwow!*"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pleasure purely because of its author's elfin way with language. As they pass rapidly through his typewriter, sentences and paragraphs take on an unearthly radiance, a fearful shimmer before which mere criticism stands dumb and wondering. Consider his mastery of anticlimax. How many words, does the reader suppose, are required to raise up a lofty image and then send it sprawling ludicrously in the dust? Fifty? A hundred? Mr. Goodman can do it in six:

> Afterward everybody was exalted, purged, chummy.

A command of the traditional modes of bathos does not, in Mr. Goodman's case, preclude a passion for experiment. His most arresting and fruitful contribution is the enrichment of the art of the novel with the language of social and psychological analysis. Among social scientists this language presumably serves a sober and useful purpose, but its injection into the current of fiction produces chiefly ripples of strange delight. It is one thing to read, for hypothetical instance, a solemn text reporting that "Bootes and Alle, in a study of 187 representative middle-class households, reported that any suburban orgy involving more than eight neighbors tended to depersonalize the sexual experience." It is decidedly another thing to read, in "Making Do," that

> Joanna became momentarily depersonalized.

In the ordinary novel, one does not often meet with depersonalized persons. The concept has an air of science fiction, as if Joanna had wandered into the path of a depersonalizer ray.

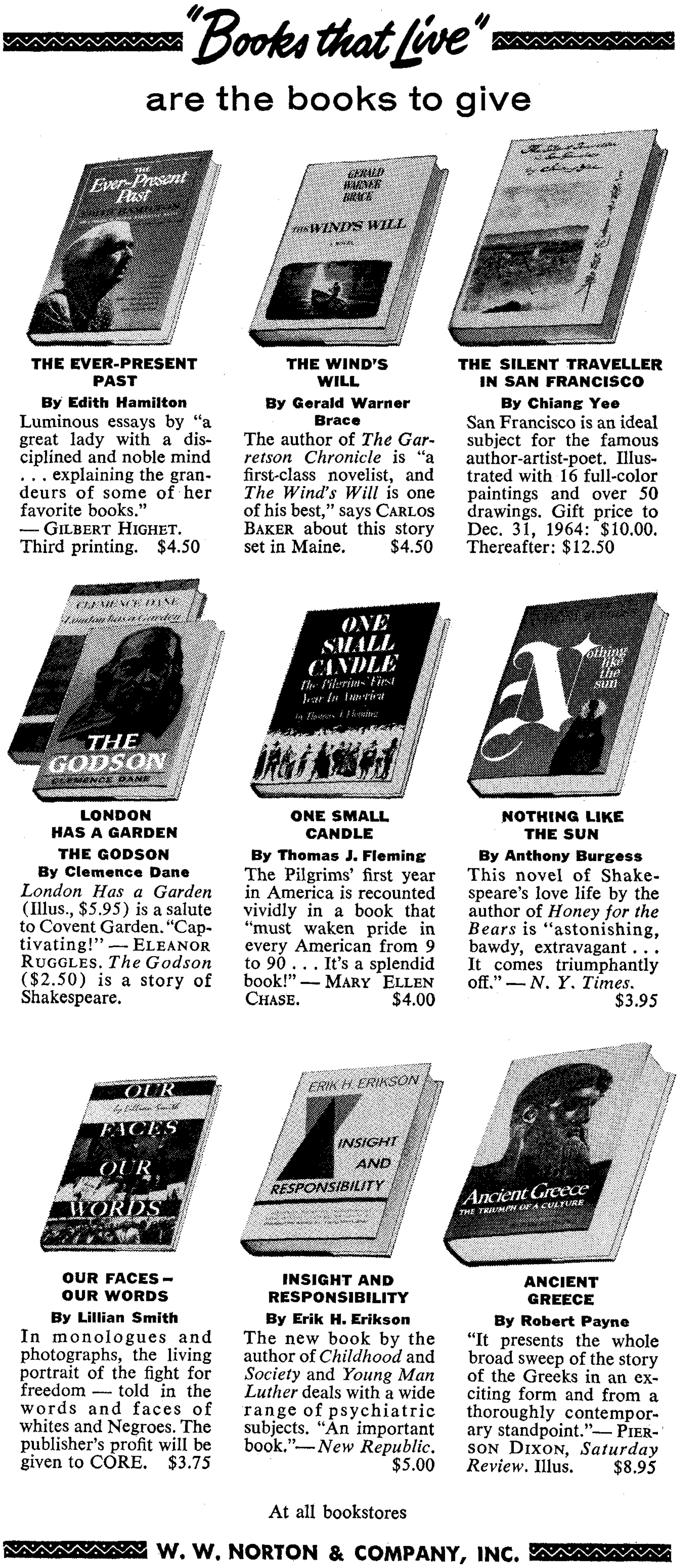
Such experiments in style are frequent in "Making Do." Thus we find the phrases of social analysis embedded in the forms of more familiar artistic conventions; soap opera is strongly evoked by a passage, composed in utter seriousness, that wakens echoes of the tones of numberless announcers:

> Will the young man leap ahead and appoint himself father? Will he, on the contrary, resign from the future and identify with baby? Will he take the baby as a rival lover and proceed to make his home a jealous hell? Will he become an enemy of the entire coming generation and regiment them to the dominant system of society in order to put them down?

Another specimen sentence is lightly brushed by the wing of Torso, the muse of detective fiction:

> He believed in the middle-class family, and his eyes were precise and a little hard.

And still another wants only a sprinkling of umlauts to take it out of Eng-



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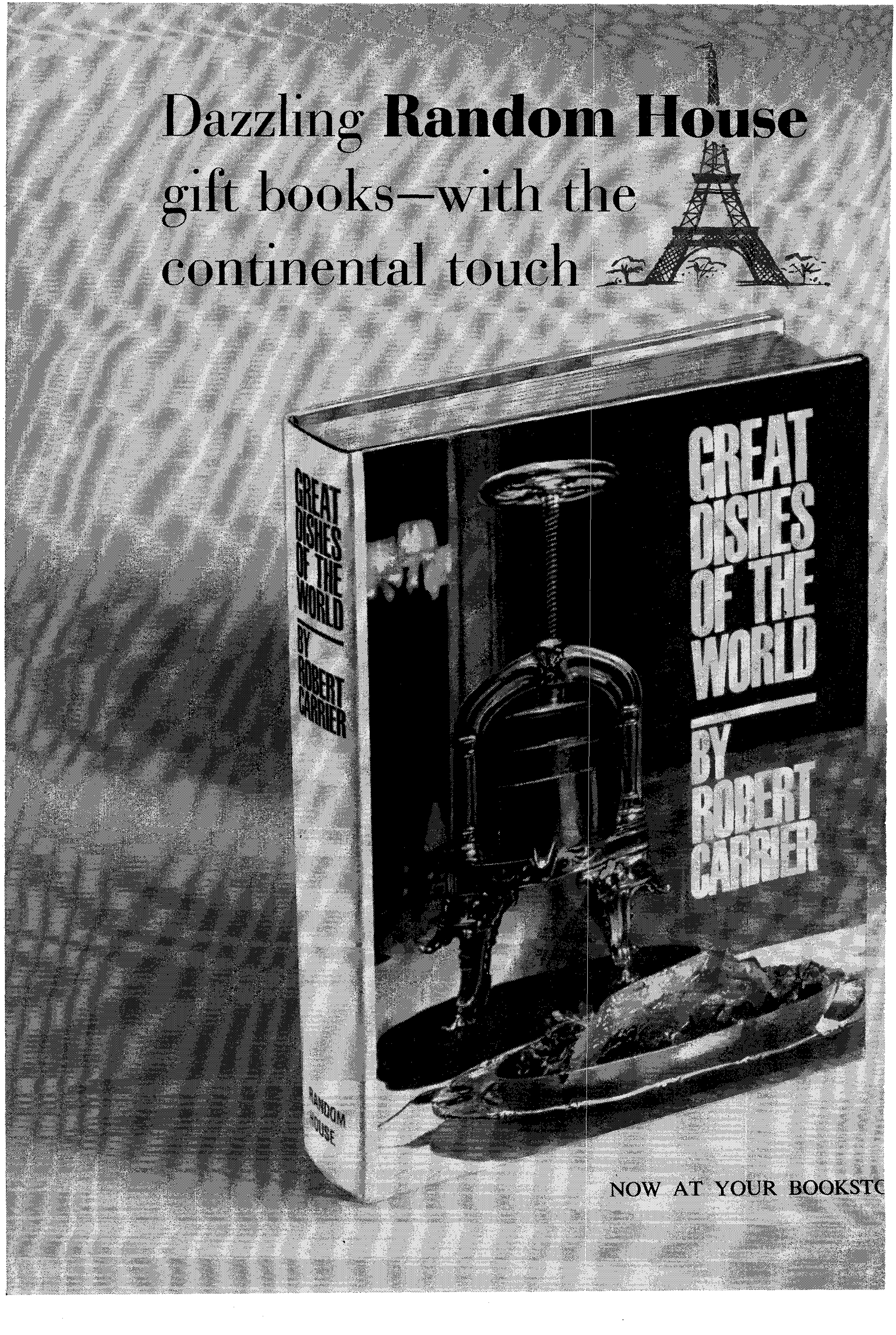
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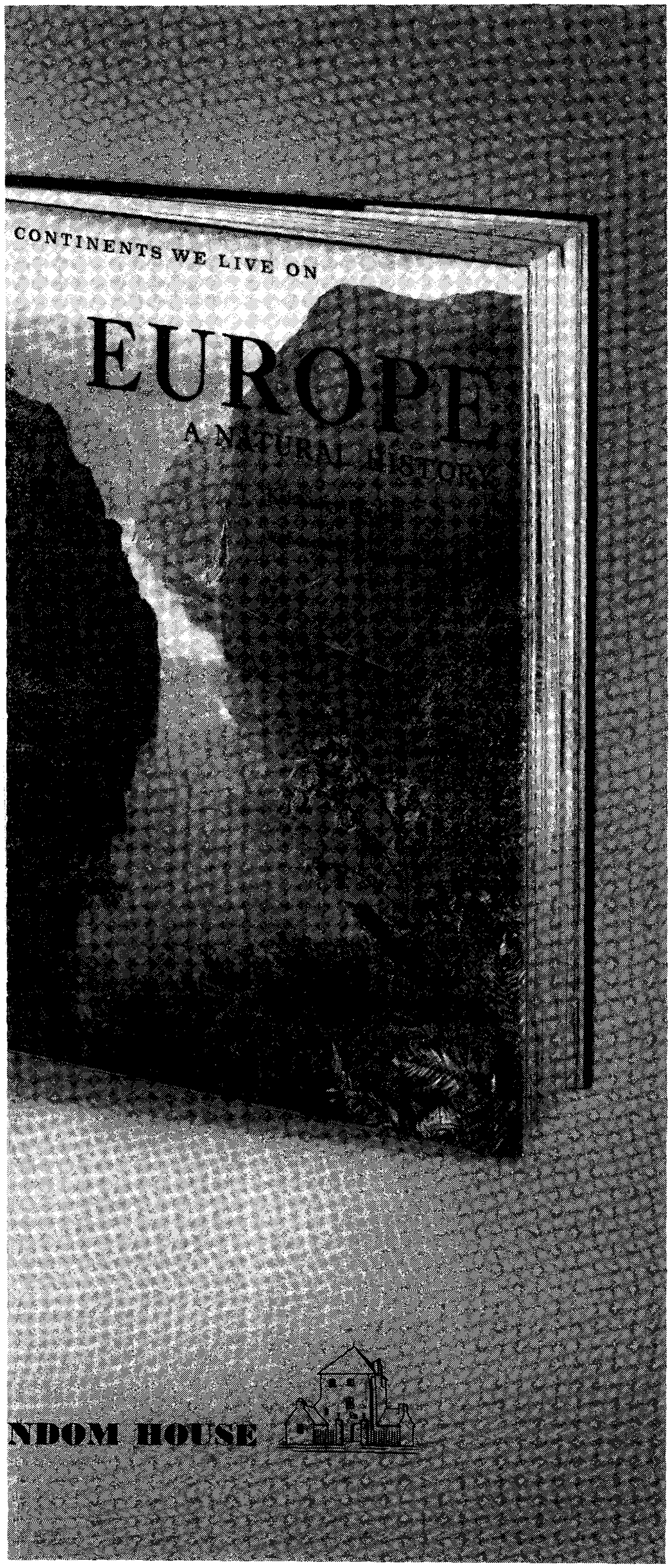

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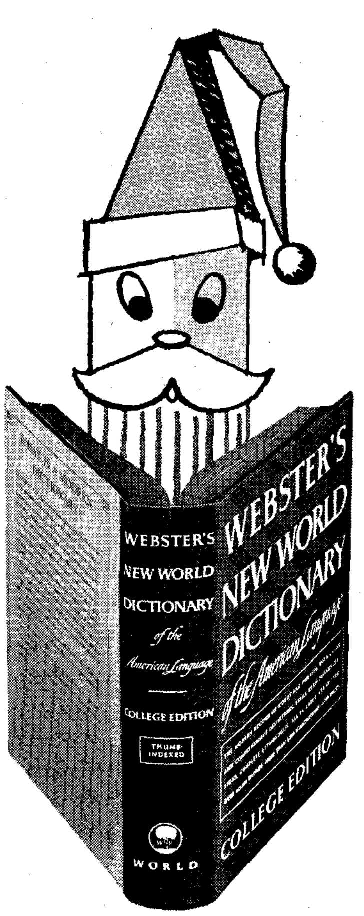

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lish altogether and plunge it into the fog and night of German:

> Yet sexual pleasure too was very good, and he felt an unpleasure because it was himself who was thwarting himself.

Mr. Goodman's happiest and most iridescent effects, however, are produced by the sober tropes of social criticism, without any tincture of other literary conventions. The parents of the intermittently depersonalized Joanna object to her announced intention of marrying young Terry, and the author is moved to observe:

> It was hard to know what they wanted from the girl, unless her father was carrying on an enraged jealous love affair with her, and her mother was torturing her because of it. If this was so, it was sad. But they misinterpreted their terrible passions as maintaining public decency and their station in life—Mr. was a highway engineer who had become a functionary of the state government—while, one way and another, they and their class were destroying the country, its youth, and Western civilization.

When we consider that the young man is a homosexual, a drug addict, a pusher of narcotics, and a certifiable schizophrenic, then it does appear that Mr. Goodman's explanation of the parents' misgivings bespeaks an attachment to the Large Social Picture which is more than ordinarily intense.

It must be admitted, in the end, that the blunt and cumbersome tools of criticism will scarcely serve to penetrate the surface of "Making Do." The novel repeatedly confronts one with sentences in which a seemingly commonplace notion abruptly acquires a twist that obliges the reviewer to withdraw, baffled, reverent, and silent, from the presence of a profound enigma:

> Sitting at the round table, Meg was nursing the baby with a round breast.

There is airy magic in that line, but whence does it arise? Is it possible that the words "the baby with a round breast" tempt one, for the briefest instant and against all reason, to attribute the breast to the baby instead of to Meg? Or is it that the baby is being fed not *at* the breast but energetically *with* it, as one might feed him with a spoon? Or does the mysterious charm of the sentence arise from the use of "round" in two senses, so that the flat circularity of the table is deviously transferred by the mind to the plump sphericity of Meg's breast, thereby creating, on the very fringe of consciousness, a most preposterous image? These conjectures are decidedly finespun, and yet they are much too coarse to sieve out the glamour of the line. The secret of its strange

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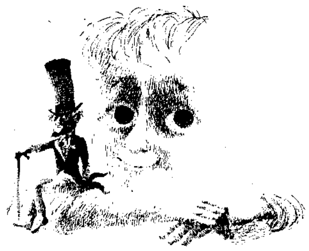

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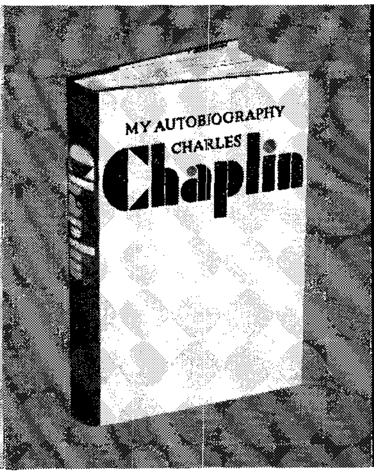
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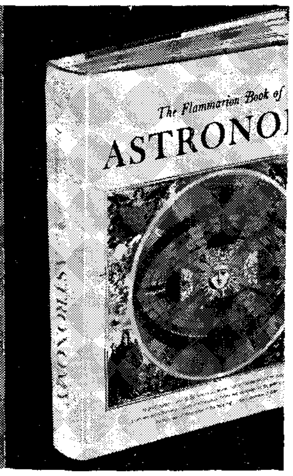
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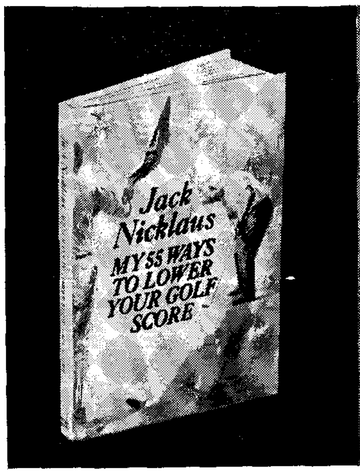
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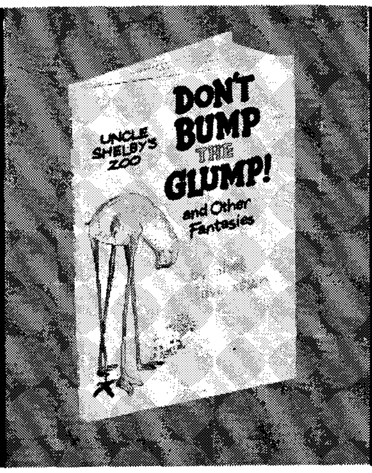
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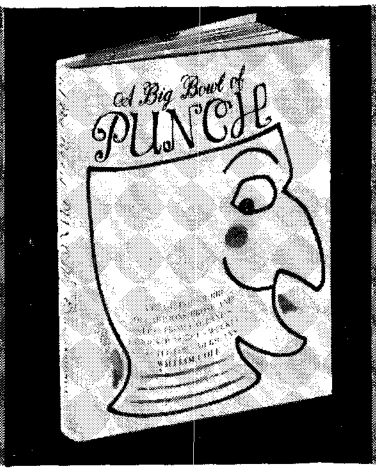
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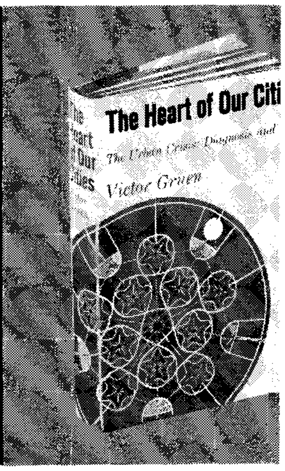
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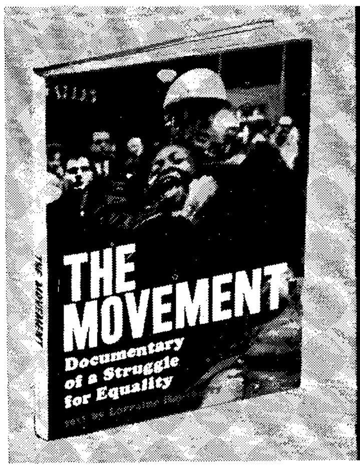
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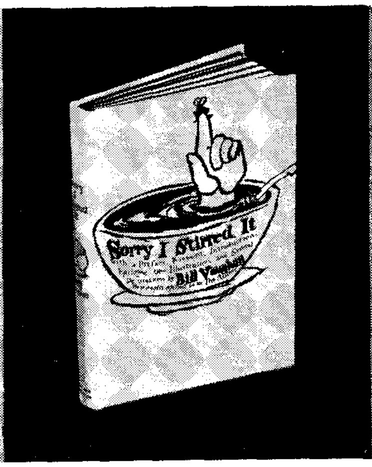
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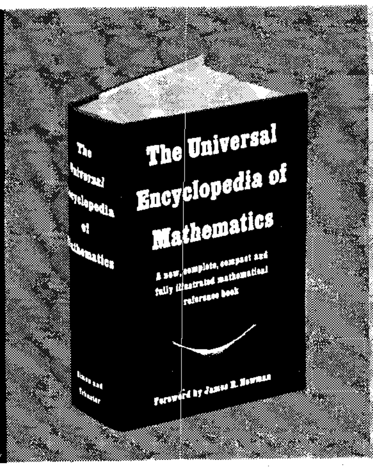
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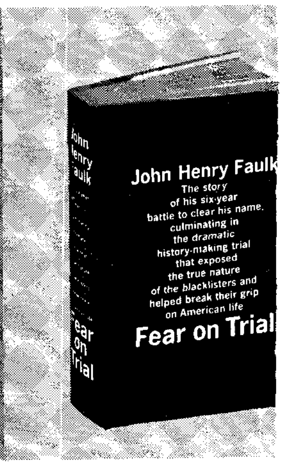
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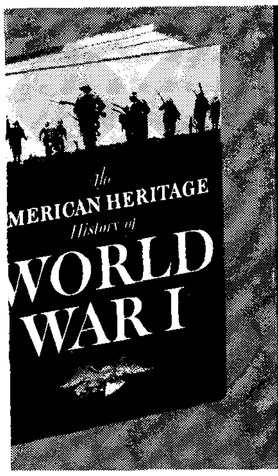
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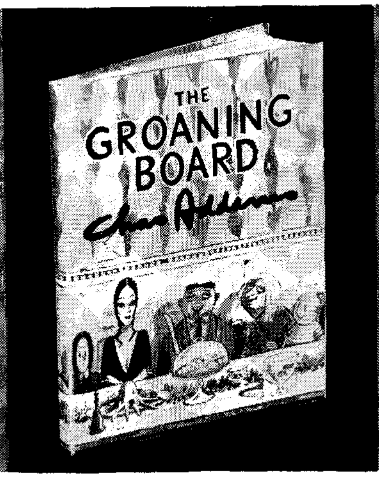
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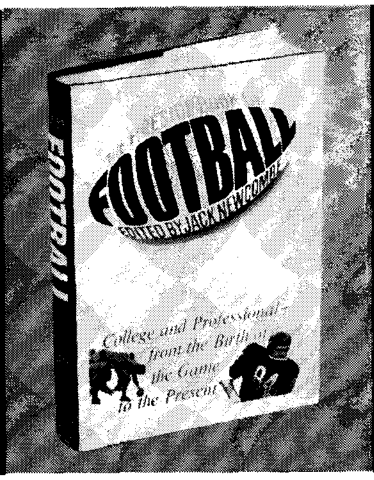
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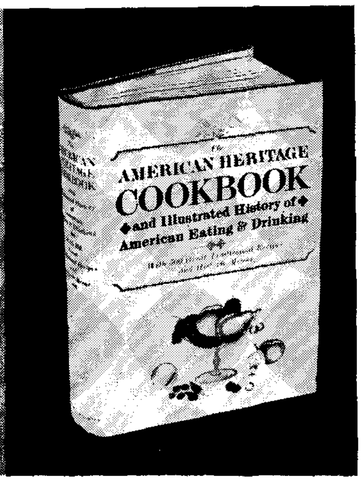
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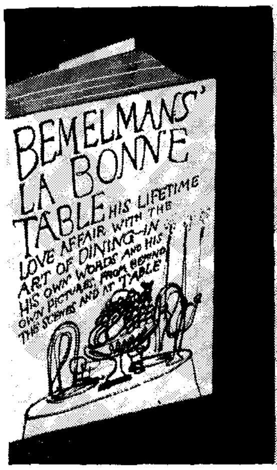
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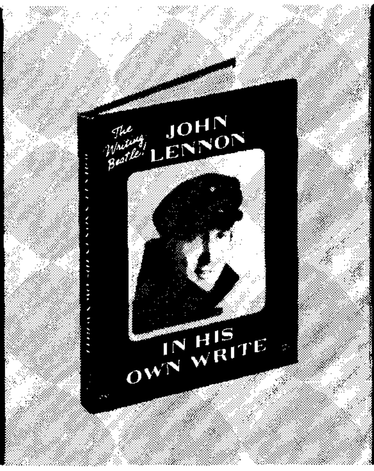
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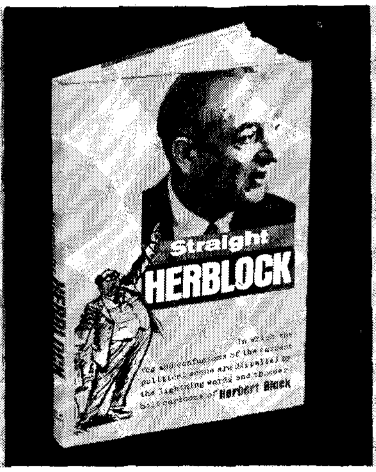
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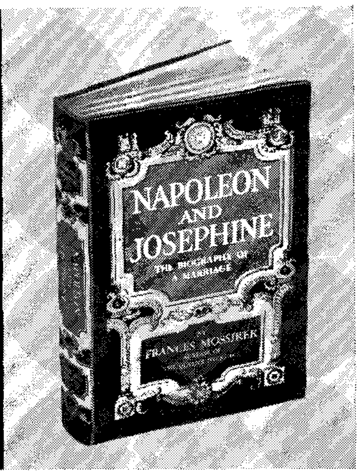
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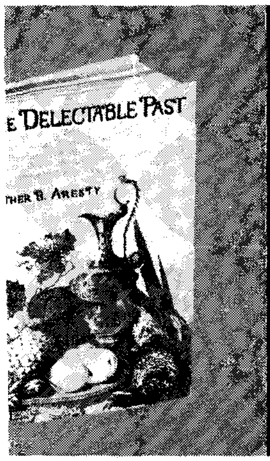
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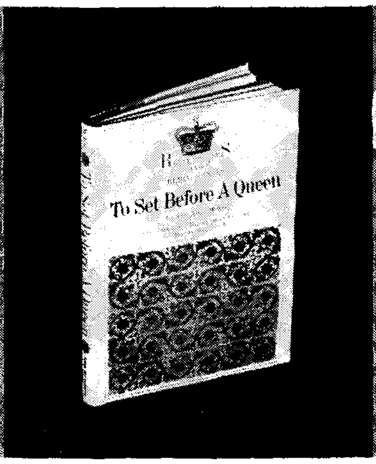
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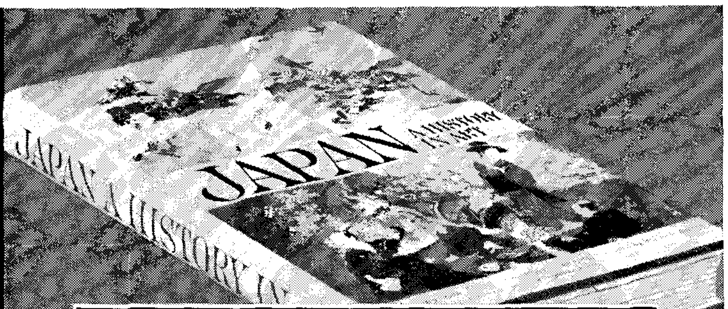
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ond novel, nothing works. The scales of ugliness have been run too often and too monotonously. The rough words are deadened by familiarity. The shouting and satire no longer have the force of real anger or humor behind them. There are still some well-turned sentences, though, and some flashes of intellect. But they are very few and very far between. The reader is drugged into an apathy more profound than the junkie's.

GENERAL

A Traveller in Italy, by H. V. Morton (Dodd, Mead). A fat record of a recent visit to northern Italy. Mr. Morton, who is an old and skilled hand at this kind of thing, is an associative writer; nearly everything he contemplates—one of Pliny's summer villas by the lake at Como, the glass-coffined skeleton of a Renaissance saint, the grand piano still in its place in Verdi's bedroom—brings to his mind a swarm of tangential impressions, speculations and surmises, memories, and antique references. Like all of Mr. Morton's books, this one is full of surprises, probably because life and travel are still full of surprises for him; although it deals with some of the most trodden ground in Christendom, it manages to stay fresh. Photographs. Ten dollars.

The Bridge, by Gay Talese, with drawings by Lili Réthi and photographs by Bruce Davidson (Harper & Row). An extended human-interest story about the construction of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. The author tells something, but not nearly enough, of the problems and triumphs of modern bridge design, scanting the technical side of a great technological achievement in favor of anecdotes about the construction workers' risks and daring, which are, after all, fairly apparent. Can danger, derring-do, and tragedy ever become boring? Unfortunately, yes. The illustrations are very good.

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—*Washington Sunday Star.*

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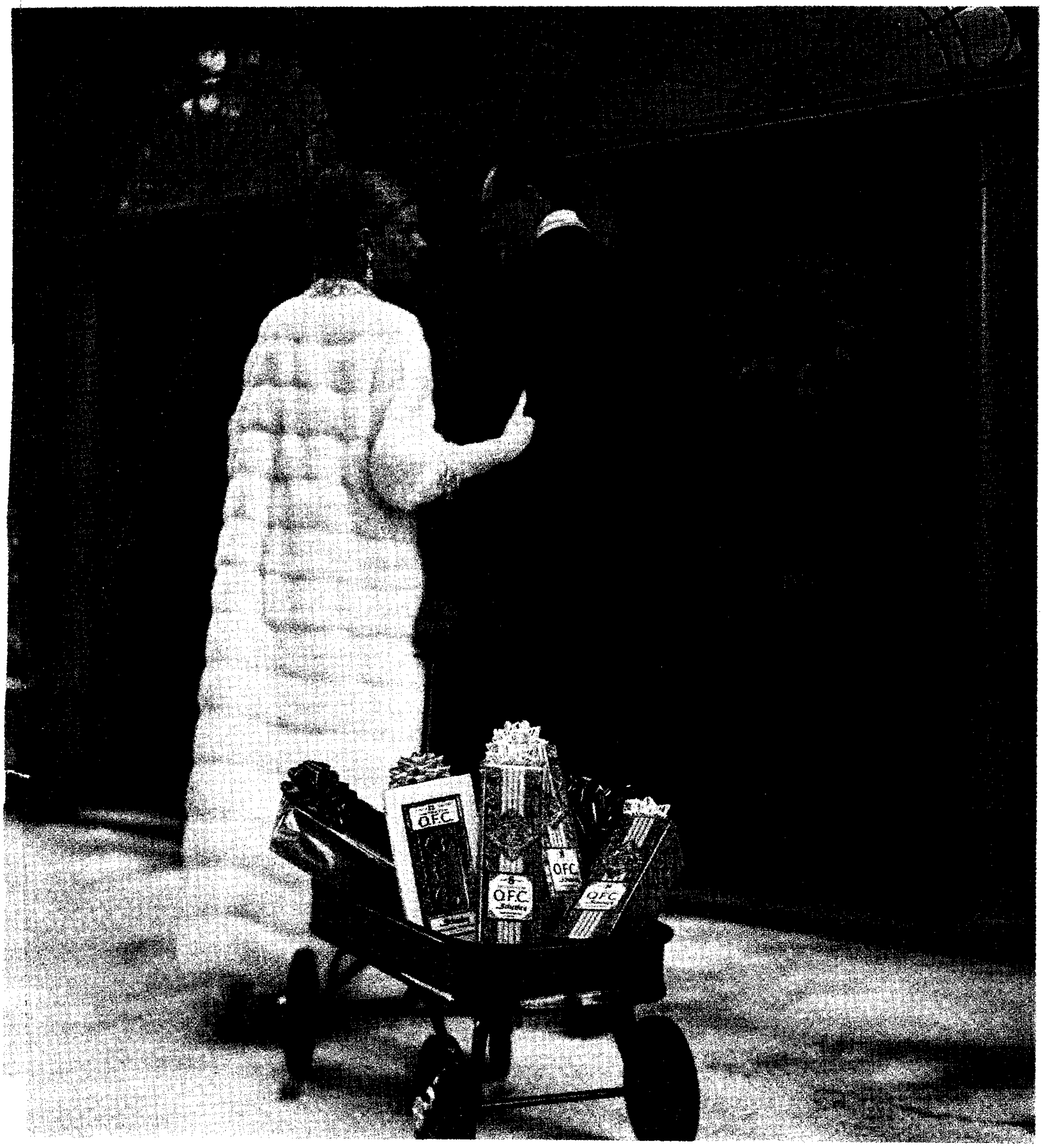
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